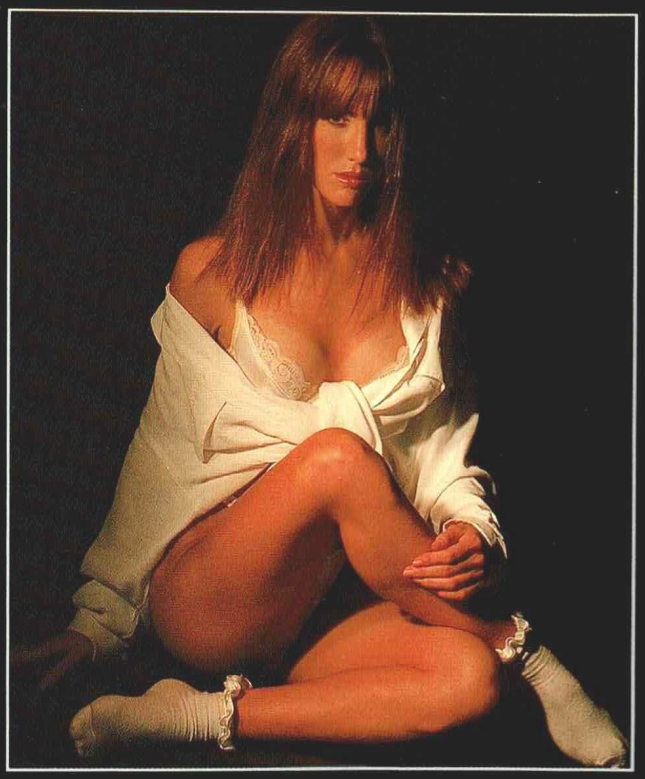
Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
OCTOBER 1990

BLACK LABEL
EDITION



SEX IN THE SURGERY:
the doctor's worst dilemma

BELIEVE IT OR NOT!
10 weirdest forum letters

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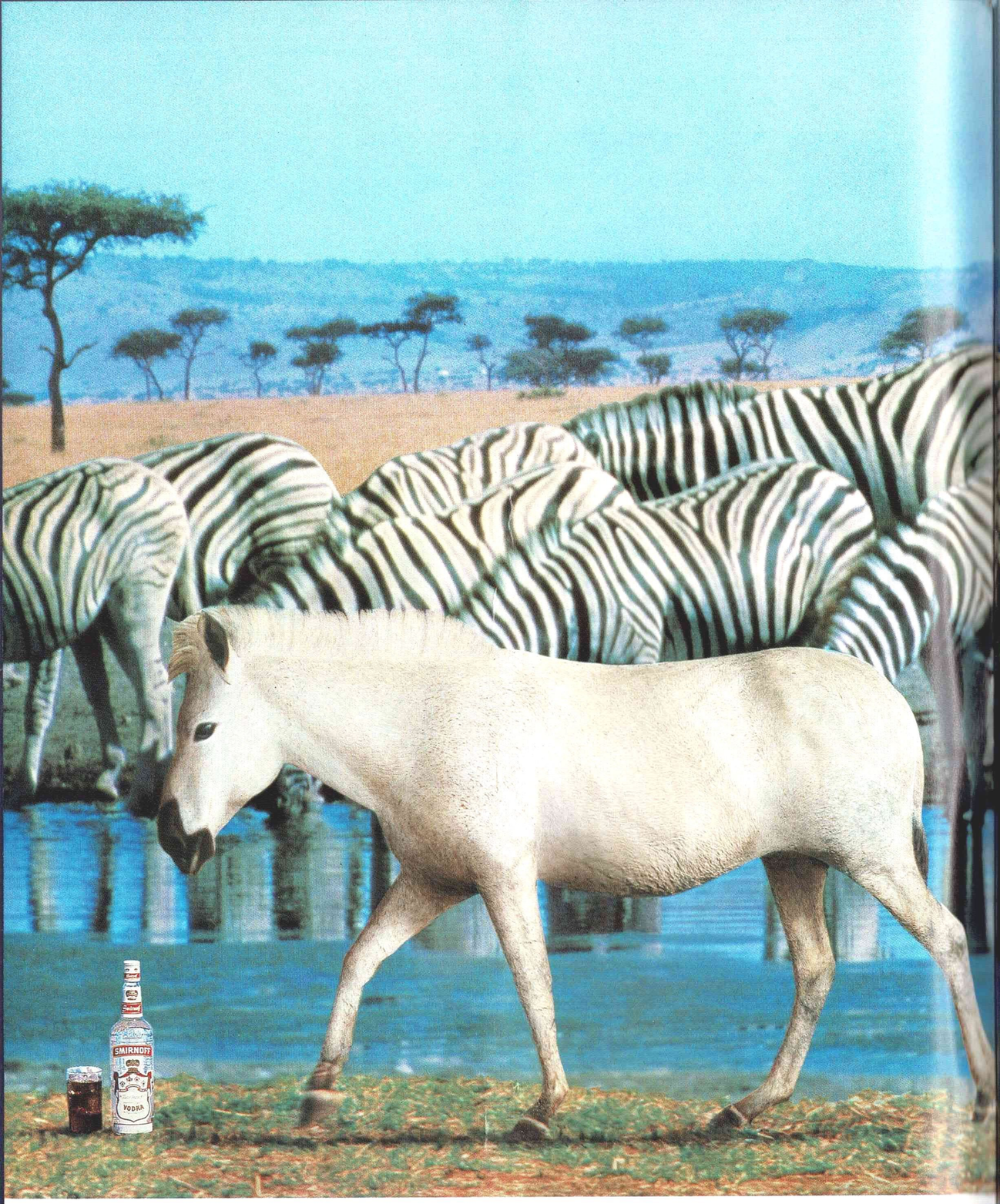

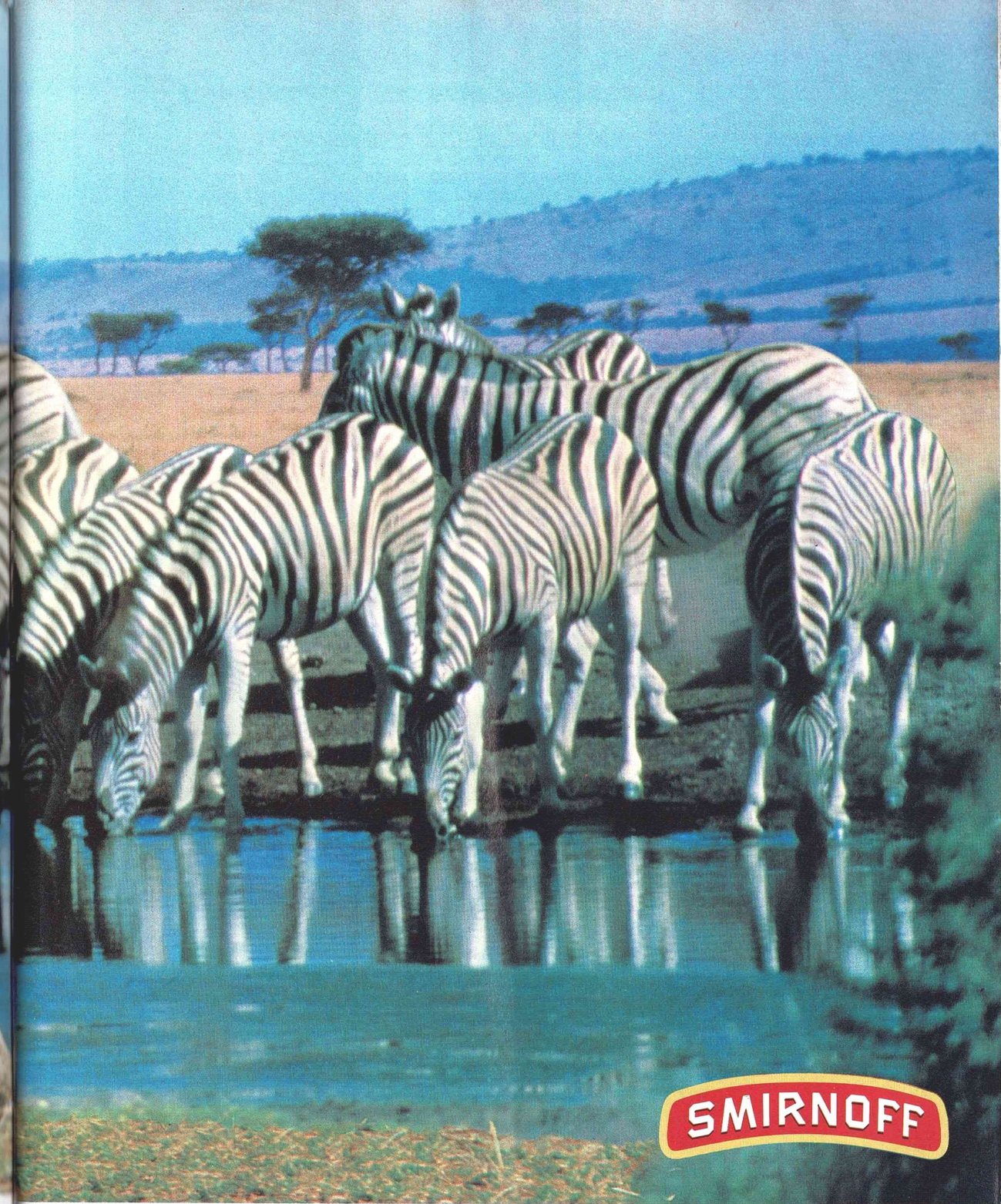

Smirnoff. Too good to stay behind bars.

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Australian
PENTHOUSE
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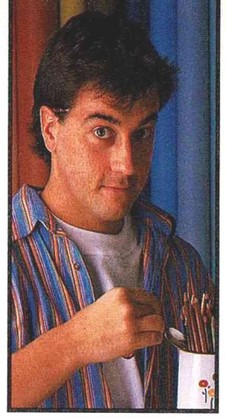
Cover by Bambi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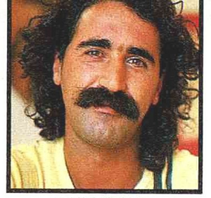
ELIO LOCCISANO

NIGEL BUCHANAN

GREG HUNTER

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*Recommended price only

The Doctor's Dilemma

Pet Of The Month

Pet Hates

Land Of The Giants

HOUSECALL

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA
To paraphrase a famous scribe: "To fuck or not to fuck — that is the question." The ethical answer is no in the case of all doctors, psychiatrists and nurses — but **Robert Pullan** documents some disturbing cases of "overservicing" of patients by the medical profession in a thought-provoking piece on page 34, illustrated by **Nigel Buchanan.**

LOOKING FOR MR GOODBLOKE
Being single is supposed to be bad for your health; hence, the proliferation of services guaranteed to terminate your single status before it terminates you. **Jean Norman** was assigned the task of track testing the entire range of match-making services. The results are hilariously recorded on page 50, with an illustration by **John Mitchell.**

TEN WEIRDEST FORUMS
If you are a regular reader of *Penthouse* Forum it cannot have escaped your notice that there are some very weird people out there. And ten of the very weirdest are represented in all their glory on page 54. **Eric Lobbecke** created the illustrations.

PET HATES
It's an unavoidable fact of life that women maintain unctuous relationships with dumb animals. Not proud, noble beasts like your dog, but neurotic Barbie Dolls with fur. How do you deal with the problem when you shack up together? **Colin Bowles** has some solutions on page 58. **Edd Aragon** is the illustrator.

THE MEN'S ROOM PART 2
Under the supervision of Senior Editor **Greg Hunter**, our randomly assembled bunch of Australian men cut loose through the thorny territory of sex, pornography, mateship, and the $64 question: What do men really want? Turn to **Studio Door 34**'s photographic artwork on page 74.

CELEBRITY SKIN
Ever wondered what Elle Macpherson looks like stark naked? Or Kylie Minogue? Or Julie Anthony? Or even, God forbid, Edna Everage? The answers to all these questions and more are on page 90.

LAND OF THE GIANTS
The Japanese have always been obsessive about sumo wrestling, but now the rest of the world is taking a serious look at a sport which used to be considered a bit of a giggle. **Ian Wilson** explains why on page 88. The photography is the work of **Elio Loccisano.**

INTRODUCING THE TRAVELLING HEDONIST
Al Goldstein, notorious publisher of America's *Screw* magazine, is an unabashed connoisseur of pleasure in all its forms. He knows how to obtain pleasure just about anywhere in the world, and as of now he will be sharing this priceless knowledge with *Australian Penthouse* readers. The first instalment of The Travelling Hedonist is on page 113.

EDITOR
Phil Abraham

EDITORIAL
Creative Director: Mark Thacker; *Art Director:* Tim Donnellan; *Senior Editors:* Corinne Mackay, Greg Hunter; *Copy Editor:* Trish Murphy; *Assistant Art Directors:* Mark Renton, Nikki Brady; *Production Controller:* Brett Fuller; *Motoring Editor:* Peter McKay; *Photographic Director:* Susan Daub; *Contributing Editors:* Paul R. Wilson, Jeremy Cook, Al Goldstein; *Typesetting:* Excel Imaging Pty Ltd.

ADVERTISING
Advertising and Marketing Director: Howard Jenkins; *National Sales Manager:* Sarah Bowing; *Advertising Traffic Manager:* Cynthia Ragga; *Vic:* Bob Gaff, Brown Orr Fletcher Burrows P/L, 95 Palmerston Crescent, South Melbourne 3205. Tel: (03) 696 5188 Fax: (03) 696 5131; *SA:* Tony Giuliani, Cumberland Media, 12 Eaton Street, Cumberland Park 5041. Tel: (08) 373 1142; *Qld:* Sue Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies Pty Ltd, PO Box 247, Kenmore 4069. Tel: (07) 202 6813 Fax: (07) 202 7133; *Japan:* Universal Media Corporation, CPO Box 46, Tokyo. Tel: 666 3036 Telex: 2524665 (KANDKJ),

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Editor-in-Chief & Publisher: Bob Guccione; *Sr VP/Graphics Director:* Frank De Vino; *VP/Art Director & Publisher International:* Joe Brooks; *Art Director:* Richard Bleiweiss; *Managing Editor:* Robert Sabat; *Editor:* Peter Bloch.

ADMINISTRATIVE
Sr VP/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; *Sr VP/Production Director:* John Evans; *Sr VP Associate Publisher:* Don Myrus; *Foreign Editions Manager:* Michael Stevens.

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OCTOBER

A dialogue between readers and editors concerning the content of *Australian Penthouse*. Letters for publication should carry name and address, although these will be withheld on request. Send to Feedback, *Australian Penthouse*, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

feedback

Bumping uglies?

I never thought I'd have anything to write to *Penthouse* about until . . . I was tied down by three melon-breasted Swedish backpackers who used me as a guinea pig as they worked their way through every position in the *Kama Sutra*. (I wish.) Just joshing. Seriously, I never thought I'd be writing to *any* magazine to bumcrawl about how good a story was, but then I read the fiction story entitled Mates (July *Penthouse*). Quite simply this was the best Australian short story I've ever read. Amen. And, just so you don't take me for one of those blokes who swear that they only buy your rag for the articles, let me add that Cathy, who featured in your Mermaid pictorial by Michel Moreau in the same issue, had the best set of tits this side of heaven. Let me at 'em. Phwooaar, I'd bump uglies with that girl any day. Do I get my free subscription now? — *L. Masters, Stanmore, NSW*

Has anyone ever told you you've got talent, boy? For a chance to win a free subscription to Penthouse*, or better, $1000, you'd be well advised to enter the Forum letter competition featured in this issue (in editions where censorship regulations allow). We await your penetrating prose.* — Ed

Yes vote

I enjoy your couples pictorials immensely, especially the ones including males. I certainly don't feel my sexuality threatened in any way, and my girlfriend (who also enjoys your magazine) finds it a real turn-on to witness pictorials with males, especially when the male member is displayed as provocatively as in Stiletto from your June '90 issue.

Hence register our vote as a "yes please" to more of the same in the debate you seem to be having about male models. — *Name and address withheld*

Thought control

I have just finished reading the article in Sex Front in the June 1990 edition of *Penthouse* and I had to turn back to the cover to make sure I hadn't grabbed a *Cleo* or something similar. Instead of being the type of article one would expect to find in an informed "men's magazine" it was more like the one-sided propaganda usually reserved for feminist publications.

Cathy . . . this side of heaven

Unfortunately it is not only the males who fall victim to this kind of prolonged thought control. The percentage of males who are totally insensitive to their partner's needs and who are only concerned with their own egos is very small and there is a growing percentage of women who believe that their role in sex is to lie back, do nothing and blame their partner if they don't climax. If, as the author suggests, women were so sexually evolved, aware and sensitive as to have no problems, men would be bending over backwards to please them. At least the article ended with some good, sound advice, so perhaps a glimmer of hope exists. But let's not fall into the trap of blaming the man for every sexual problem that a woman ever had.

And yes, I've been asked: "Have you come?" by more than one partner on more than one occasion. — *Wayne LeBhers, Qld*

Stunning, not stunned

Until very recently I had been considering letting my subscription lapse, as I felt your pictorial content had been getting more and more repetitive and less imaginative. I always liked your pictures for their taste while being explicit, unlike other magazines where they display unattractive people in less than seductive poses under very bright lights — how clinical and unalluring. I had feared you might be heading the same way.

However your June issue renewed my faith, and I hope things can only get better. Philip Mond's pictures are an example where you get it right: subdued, indirect lighting and good poses as distinct from glare and stunned models (rather than stunning).

If I may add my two-bob's worth on the hetero pictorial issue, I rather liked Stiletto by Suze Randall, and would suggest that you could run one pictorial like that every issue. I get quite sick of the "lesbian" shots where they are just one view of genitals after another. The context is a bit important, you know! Perhaps the ideal couples set is a combination of the two pictorials I have mentioned: explicit, romantic, and above all sensual, not exhibitionist. And don't shirk from showing the male member in its entirety — my wife and I read your magazine together from time to time, and feel cheated by the sometimes coy depictions. A healthy erection is a joy to behold. Perhaps some of your readers feel intimidated or that they have to compete . . . let them turn the page if they want. Your magazine is much more acceptable than those some would suggest we turn to. — *Name and address withheld*

Apology to Mr John Cooke

In the October, 1987 issue of *Australian Penthouse* an article written by Mr David Halpin was published which may have been understood as reflecting adversely on Mr John Cooke, including the suggestion that Mr John Cooke, whilst a Corporate Affairs Commissioner, had deliberately caused investigations into serious crimes to be delayed and that he was unfit to be a Corporate Affairs Commissioner. Mr Cooke was not a Corporate Affairs Commissioner at the time of publication of the issue.

We accept that these suggestions concerning Mr Cooke in the article are totally false and without foundation. We acknowledge that Mr Cooke enjoys a high reputation for honesty and integrity.

The publishers of *Australian Penthouse* regret and apologise to Mr Cooke for any harm, distress or embarrassment suffered from the publication of the article. — *P.H. Editorial Services Pty Limited*

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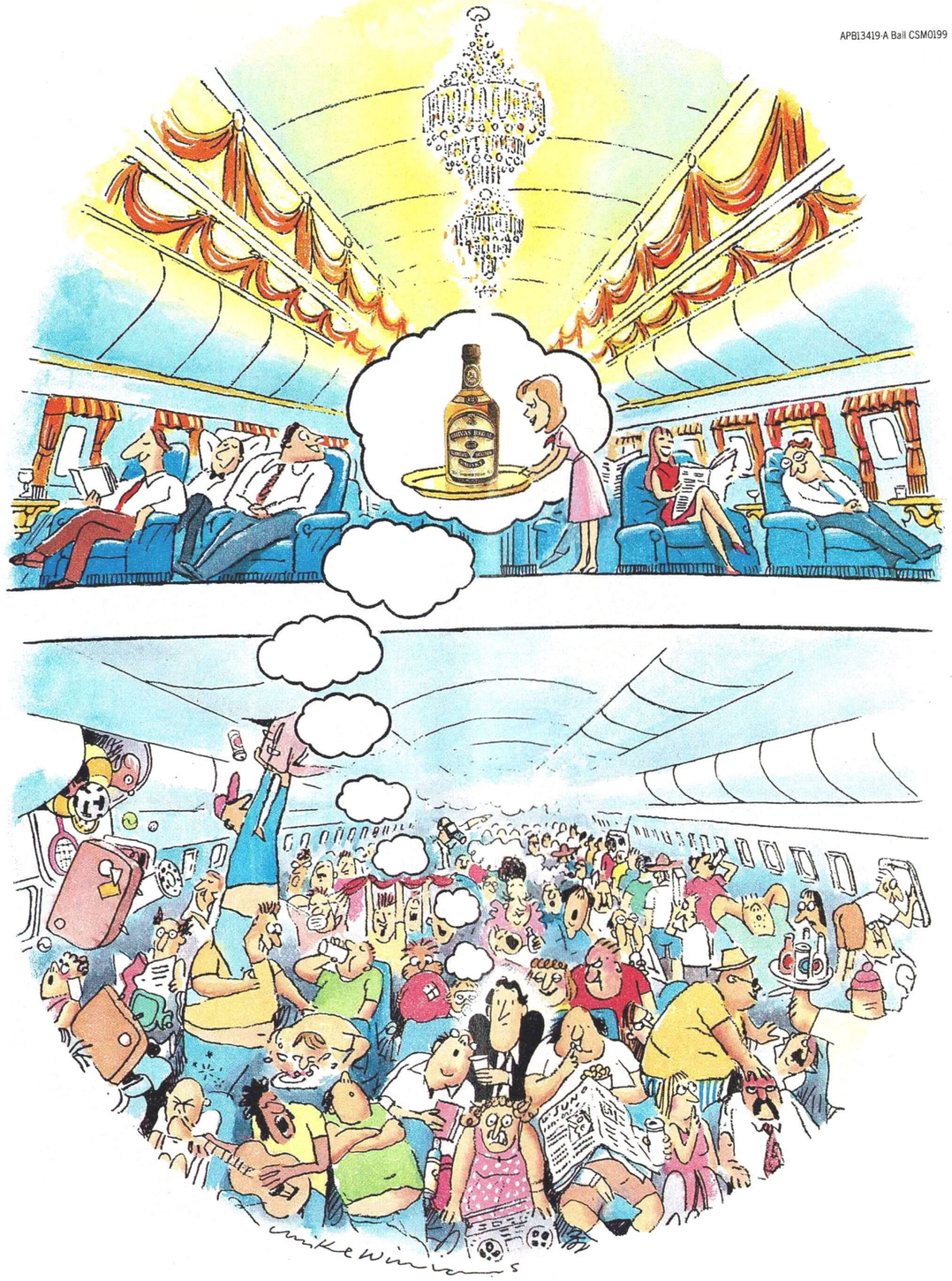

"I knew there was a good reason for travelling First Class."

CHIVAS REGAL

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forum

Melon madness

I was hitching around the remote East Cape area of New Zealand when I had the most amazing encounter with two young students working during their holidays. They picked me up just after noon one day in a beaten-up van. Janie was small, with long, tightly curled brown hair. Becky was your typical blonde — long sandy hair, full lips, long tanned legs. They were working on a farm nearby, they told me, and had just been seeing off the owners, a middle-aged couple, who would be away until the next week.

Both Janie and Becky were dressed in long T-shirts and shorts. Becky was driving, while Janie did most of the talking, explaining that the farm specialised in hydroponics. As she turned to talk to me I could make out the shape of her small but firm breasts, fluttering the cloth of her T-shirt. I shifted my pack to conceal my hardness and tried to sound interested in hydroponics.

When we arrived at the farm the girls invited me in for lunch. I promised to contribute a bottle of red wine, and soon we were eating in the shade of a grapevine behind the house. The wine made us relaxed. After lunch, Becky announced that she wanted to sunbathe. She moved her chair into the sunlight and pulled off her shorts and her shirt. Her breasts were perfectly round and as large as the rock melons we had just eaten. Her small nipples emerged from tender pink areolae the size of a 50-cent piece. Janie obviously noticed that my face was getting redder than a couple of glasses of wine could explain. She invited me on a tour of one of the glasshouses, and I grabbed a quick glance at Becky's luscious torso and long slim legs as we headed off to check out some tomatoes and watermelons. Janie showed me round the hydroponics plant, a curious contraption of hoses and canals, with masses of greenery concealing lush fruit and vegetables. I noticed that she did not seem the slightest bit shy of brushing against me as we made our way through the narrow aisles, and towards the end her explanations of all the apparatus seemed to lose their logic, and she seemed short of breath.

At the end of the glasshouse Janie picked up a watermelon and, grabbing a knife which hung from a nail on the wall, cut two huge slices. I protested that I wasn't hungry, but she had something else in mind. She took my hand and pressed the slice of melon it held against her chest. The juices immediately wet her T-shirt, and as she rubbed it from side to side the melon wet the cloth so that it clung to her naked breasts underneath. Then she lifted my shirt and stuck her own slice down the front of my shorts, sending the cool sticky juice into my crotch. Within seconds I was sucking her breasts through her T-shirt, running my tongue over the melon-flavored outlines of her nipples. Janie pulled the shirt off my back and guided me on to a dusty old divan nearby. She broke off some of the red flesh of the melon and squeezed it between her fingers over my chest. Pink juices and small black seeds dribbled down over my stomach. The strength of my hard-on had lifted the top of my shorts so that the melon juice trickled on to the engorged tip of my straining penis.

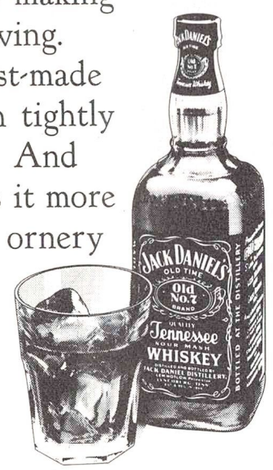
Janie followed the juices down my torso with her tongue. I halted her long enough to peel her wet shirt from her body, and I rubbed handfuls of melon flesh on to her dangling breasts as she began to flick her tongue under the top of my shorts. I flinched when her tongue touched the slimy head of my erect member. Gently she undid my zipper and watched as my blood-filled pole stood to attention. She pushed my clothes to my feet and then parted my legs and knelt before me. Trickling more melon juice on to my penis, she began lapping up the sweet red syrup and covering every inch of me with her saliva. I clutched the sides of the divan and felt as if the vessels in my cock would burst with pleasure.

After some minutes of this I told Janie that I would soon come. I asked her to stop because I wanted to prolong my enjoyment. I stood her up and positioned her with her back to me, facing the divan. She giggled as I gathered her long hair in one hand and pushed her head slightly forward, and then squeezed more melon juice on to the back of her neck. Then quickly I followed the little red mound down her back with my tongue. When it reached her buttocks I was already on my knees and was slipping her shorts and her panties off her. The dribble of juice entered the cleavage between her baby-soft buttocks and I told her to lean forward. I pulled her fleshy pads apart and watched her delight as the melon juice trickled into the depression of her anus. Putting my hands around her thighs I hoisted Janie upside down, waited until she had settled herself on the divan, and then continued tracing the track of the juice with my tongue. She gasped as I flicked as the red pool which had collected in her anus, and then again as I squeezed the last of the juice on to the red fleshy lips of her vagina. I ran my tongue around both sides of her tunnel entrance, and then slid it between the flaps of skin and began to coax her already erect clitoris.

Janie had steadied herself with one hand and with the other was pulling my penis down towards her outstretched tongue. She ceased this as soon as I dropped one of the small elliptical melon seeds from my hand into the opening of her vagina and pushed it deep into her with my tongue. Janie gasped and became delirious with pleasure as I

We took this picture on Mule Appreciation Day right here in Lynchburg, Tennessee.

A TENNESSEE MULE has a whole lot in common with a Tennessee whiskey-maker. They're both good, and stubborn.
For seven generations in Jack Daniel's Hollow we've refused to budge from a whiskey-making method called charcoal mellowing. That's where every drop of just-made Jack Daniel's is seeped through tightly packed charcoal before aging. And nothing (not *even* aging) makes it more mellow. So when folks call us ornery and mule-like, we're quick to agree. You see, if we hadn't been so stubborn all these years, our whiskey wouldn't be so smooth.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

APB 13652/A SJD 0275

forum

searched for the seed and finally extracted it again. I moved back from the divan and allowed her to get back on to her feet. Now was the time for consummation. Janie took the melon seed from my tongue with her own, and then knelt and very carefully placed it on the tip of my love-hammer. She then lay back on the divan and spread her legs wide. I moved towards her and slowly caressed the swelling lips of her cunt with my rod. Then, with the seed still attached to my member, I thrust deep into her supple body, and began to slam her repeatedly against the back of the divan.

Janie hugged me to her and squealed with pleasure. Sweat dripped from my forehead as I watched my hard marble pole appear and then disappear into her tunnel. Then Janie tensed up and began pumping her impaled body at a furious pace. I felt an enormous wave of pleasure surge thorugh my spine as I came, and felt the semen flow down the underside of my penis. Collapsing into a heap, Janie and I hardly had time to catch our breath when we were showered with yet more melon juice and spatterings of cool flesh. We looked up to find Becky standing over us holding the remainder of the melon. What followed is another story. — *name and address withheld*

On the road

The other night my lover and I were on the way home from a comedy show. We had an hour's ride ahead of us, and we weren't on the road long before our thoughts turned to sex. Loving to play the tease, I decided to make the most of what I was wearing — a hot-pink dress with buttons from top to bottom. I slowly unbuttoned my dress, first exposing my tits, then my thighs. The reaction I got from my man was all the encouragement I needed to continue.

Even with the air conditioner on in the van you could feel the heat blasting between the two of us. I removed my panties and bra, leaned back against the passenger door and stretched out, putting one leg on the back of James's seat and the other on the dashboard to bare my now-wet and hot pussy. It has always been one of James's fantasies to watch me masturbate so I began to circle my clit with my thumb, then eased my middle finger in and out of my sopping hole.

By this time it was obvious that James was having an extremely hard time keeping his eyes on the road. I thought it would be best to cool things down a bit, so I swung my body around and put my head in his lap with my feet against the door. Within seconds his hands were between my thighs, his fingers on my throbbing clit driving me crazy with lust.

We were both so aroused that we didn't notice we had an audience until we heard the sound of a horn. I looked up to see a semi in the next lane. The driver was hooting and shouting out of his window while keeping pace with our van. Knowing I'm a bit of an exhibitionist, James decided to play this for all it was worth. He continued rubbing my clit at a frantic speed, bringing me to the brink. It was all he could do to keep one eye on the oncoming traffic as I wriggled and squirmed around in ecstasy. This was the best bit.

He turned on the interior lights, giving the trucker a perfect view of my naked body writhing in orgasm. We then sped off down the road, thinking we were leaving our audience behind. A short way down the highway, we came upon several other truckers, all hooting and waving, and realised that we must have been the talk of the airwaves that night! We decided it was probably best to take a different route before we caused an accident. I wonder if this is what Willie Nelson meant when he sang: "Just can't wait to get on the road again." — *Name and address withheld*

Feat of inches

I've been reading Forum for ten years now and I must say that some of the letters really turn me on. But none more than the articles about oversized cocks. The more I read about them, the more I fantasised about having one bigger than the average eight or nine inches. I set out on a quest to find the cock to end all cocks so I joined a gym in the city which is known as a training place for football players and other serious sportsmen. I would not only find what I was looking for, but stay in great shape as well.

Well, one afternoon when I was changing, I heard this moaning coming from the men's change room. So being the curious person I am, I took a peek through the door. The sight I saw nearly made me faint, and I had to hold on to the door frame to steady myself. There were these three guys pounding away on their dicks, (Rugby Union players, I surmised). One, I'll call him Walker, was more than I had ever imagined — his cock was surely about ten inches long, and I nearly died on the spot. I plucked up enough courage to enter, and as I did their faces became red. I assured them that everything was fine and asked them if they minded me joining them.

Greg, a blond, ceased stroking his nine-inch jammer and began to remove my clothing. I was really hot; my thighs were dripping and my mouth was watering. Colin, the third guy, began tonguing my tits, and proceeded to bite and suck them expertly. Walker moved down to my now wet cunt and started a torture session on my clit, nibbling, biting, and more nibbling. He soon began to thrust his tongue in and out of my aching hole. I was in heaven. While he was busy there I took Greg in my waiting mouth. His full nine inches began to throb as I licked the underside of his shaft and he was soon thrusting in and out of my mouth. I watched as his face became contorted and as he came with full force I drank everything he had to offer.

Colin was soon probing my hot, wet cunt with his eight inches, but I was more interested in Walker. I asked Colin if he was interested in trying something new to them. The state they were in, they were willing to try anything so I got Colin to lie flat on the floor and made my way over the top of him until I was able to move down on to his beautiful dick. He felt great, pumping away — my cunt muscles were contracting and doing nice things to him. When I was sure he was about to come I got Walker to move around behind me. His ten inches were hard as nails, and he was eager for what I had in mind. I leaned forward so that my arse was in full view and meanwhile had to stop humping Colin so he wouldn't come too soon.

Walker paused momentarily to grapple for a condom in his gym bag then brought his full length to my butt and began probing. He started to push forward into me, first one, then two, until about six inches were buried in my arse. He pulled out a bit and then, losing his mind for a moment, thrust his ten inches in to the hilt. I honestly believed I was split in two at that point in time, but as I adjusted to the pain I began to enjoy what was happening to me. Colin proceeded to groan as Walker pounded my arsehole — his muscles were like iron. Greg, who was in awe at the whole scene was becoming hard again and put his great cock in my mouth for a wild sucking session he wouldn't forget in a hurry. Colin tensed as his come began to build up at the base of his shaft.

Meanwhile Walker also became tense as he fucked my arse with his full ten inches. I was screaming between sucks in pain and pleasure as they all found a rhythm — God, it felt incredible being fucked by these mammoth cocks in unison. Colin came first, pounding his come into my cunt and sucking my tits harder than before. I soon followed, having one massive orgasm and then another. As I was recovering, Walker let loose in my arsehole while Greg, who was pushing faster into my mouth blew off and I swallowed everything in his wake.

I had never felt so fulfilled in my life. Greg plopped out of my mouth first. I didn't want Walker to pull out of my arse, but he soon followed and I was feeling empty. Colin became limp inside me and pulled out too.

I was amazed at what I had accomplished with the three of them. Walker moved to my pussy and started to lick my tender cunt, thrusting his tongue in and out, nibbling again at my clit and at the same time jacking himself off. God, he was

Continued on page 104

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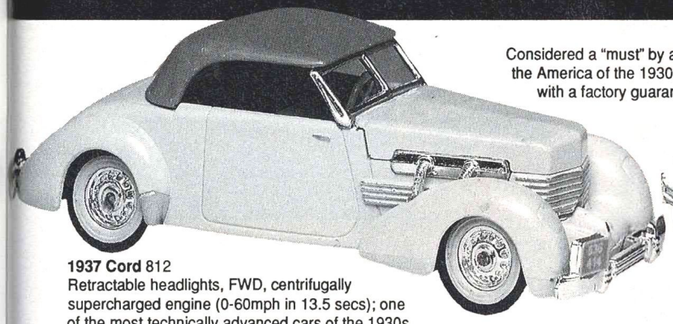

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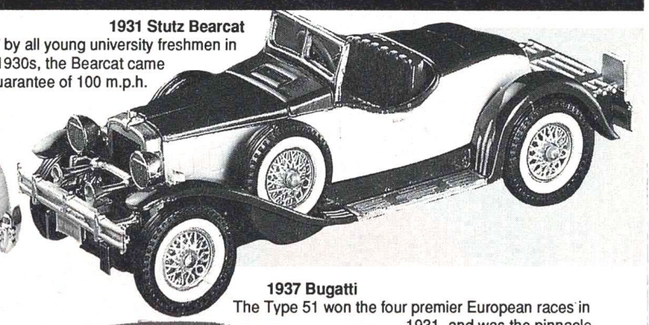

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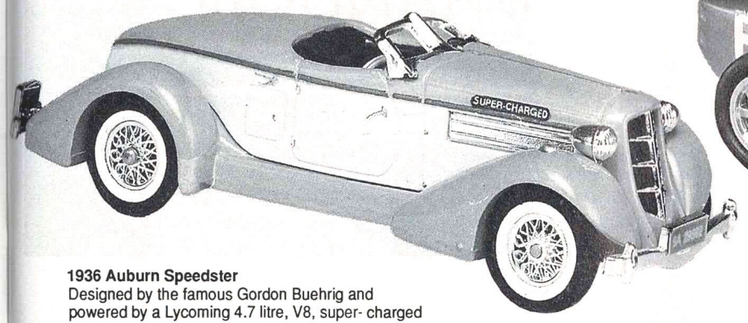

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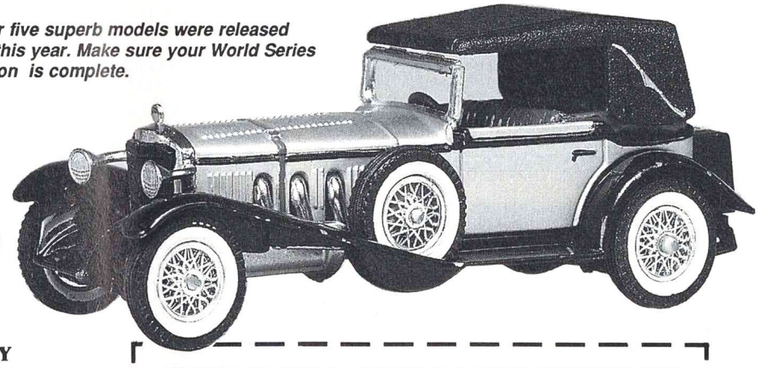

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DOWN THERE FOR DANCING

There are only two human activities in which people move rhythmically body to body — dancing and sex. The lustful energy that gives rise to dance is the reason why new dances, from waltz to rock 'n' roll, have always caused such a furore among the so-called guardians of morality. Lambada has been around for 20 years but it's taken that long to break the ban imposed on it by the arbiters of "good taste."

Dancing in contact with a partner is how we're going to do it in the Nineties. Lambada is just the tip of the iceberg. It brings with it a whole revival of interest in dances such as rumba, cha cha, rock 'n' roll, and waltz — dances we thought died out with the dodo. But they're alive and well and doing better than ever. Everyone, from brickies to barristers, is enrolling in dance classes. The Fred Astaire Studios alone has opened six new studios in the past 15 months to cope with the influx. All over the country lambada classes are popping up like mushrooms. Contact dancing is fun, and more sociable than the head banging we've been doing in discos. It keeps you in shape — aerobic exercise combined with suppleness and flexibility. For all round fitness value ballroom dancing rates with swimming and jogging. And think of the bonuses. Try pressing your thigh against the jogger of your dreams and see how far you get. But if you're dancing, well, that's what dancing is all about. And aren't you glad she's swapped those clumsy Reeboks and shorts for a slinky little red number and high heels?

Illustration by Skye Rogers

While contact dancing may be a fun way of keeping fit, the real reason for its current appeal is sex. Movies like *Dirty Dancing* and *Lambada* are breaking down the fuddy-duddy image of ballroom dancing, and bringing it back to its roots. What's going on now on dance floors would have the strait-laced Old Guard reaching for their smelling salts. Jason Gilkison and Peta Roby, the current world amateur dance champions, would be enough to bring on apoplexy. If they said out loud what they're saying with their bodies it would be censored.

It seems incredible that the stately old waltz might have created havoc but when it first appeared in Merry Olde England mothers were locking up their daughters. Lord Byron, who was known to have unlocked a daughter or two, exploded with jealousy when he discovered the object of his desire waltzing with a "huge Hussar-looking gentleman, turning round and round to a d----d see-saw, up and down sort of tune like two cockchafers spitted upon the same bodkin." Cocks may have chafed in trousers, but gentlemen had to wear gloves so as not to be unduly aroused by the touch of milady's fair skin.

Just how far can you take safe sex?

While the waltz no longer has gentlemen reaching for their duelling pistols, the tango remains the ultimate symbol of education. Marlon and Maria in *Last Tango In Paris* showed us just how far a pound of butter will spread, never mind the cholesterol, while Valentino's tango in *The Four Horsemen Of The Apocalypse* had the ladies bending over backwards, swooning in the aisles. In Buenos Aires everyone tangoes. In the bordellos where it originated there were two things that made you a man — being fast with a knife and being good at the tango.

Tango wasn't what Pope Pius X meant when he prescribed the rhythm method. Determined to put a stop to this outrage to public morality, he called for a demonstration of the dance. While it didn't exactly become the "Vatican Rag", he found it "diverting and attractive" and finally gave it the green light.

If contact dancing is being revived it doesn't mean that it has been dead, it's just that in the past 30 years we've got our kicks in other

Dancing is returning to its, er, roots

ways. Fifties' rock 'n' roll was the last time we danced in contact with partners. After that came the head banging. We danced by ourselves, to express ourselves, to get into the music. You didn't have to ask someone to dance with you, you just got up, joined the crowd and did your own thing. So why did the touching stop? The answer, again, has to do with sex. We didn't feel the need to touch on the dance floor because we were touching every which way off the dance floor. We were in the throes of the sexual revolution. It climaxed at the end of the Sixties and just kept coming. There was more sex around than you could poke a stick at.

When we finally came up for air in the Eighties we noticed there had been some casualties. The sexual excesses of the past three decades had a price on them, not the least of which is AIDS. While it mightn't actually have you queuing up to join a monastery, it is putting a bit of a damper on things. Promiscuity is, once again, a dirty word. Some of us are even wondering whether sex with another human being is worth all the trouble. Maybe it's better to stay home and practice on your own. Use mechanical devices, or log into a computer service.

But take heart, things aren't that grim. If we're more careful now of who we're lying down with, we are discovering that there are other ways of touching, of enjoying the titillation of moving rhythmically body to body. Contact dancing is an extended foreplay, a never-ending seduction. It's got everything going for it — it's safe, healthy and fun. Above all, it is erotic. Gentlemen, take your partners. — *Marele Day*

HOLD THE ACTION REPLAY

Technology can really mess up sports. These days sports equipment, sports training, and sports cheating are all subject to technological advances so rapid the average spectator hardly has time to get through a six-pack before he finds himself looking at a whole new ball game.

But what about technological advances in sporting *coverage?* They can have dire effects on sports, too. However, the prevailing attitude seems to be that if it sings and dances and looks like a spin-off from NASA research, let's use it straight away and worry about the consequences later.

Take, for example, those giant video screens they've installed at the SCG and Sydney Football Stadium and the MCG and VFL Park in Melbourne, to which all eyes turn for the action replay whenever there's been a crucial decision. It hasn't happened yet, in the few years that these monstrous devices have been around, but it's only a matter of time before a clearly wrong decision costs some football team a very important game, with the *apparent* proof (camera angles can lie), as far as the punters are concerned, right up there in living technocolor.

Now, it wouldn't just be a matter of the odd heated *opinionated* discussion in the local pubs after the game, in the time-honored tradition of drunken post-match pontification; we're talking about something quite different. What you'd have in this case would be an angry mob of hyped-up supporters convinced they've got *absolute visual proof* that their side has been robbed. I reckon the result could be very ugly.

Hands up anyone who'd like to be the referee when this inevitable event takes place? Maybe it'll happen at this year's Winfield Cup Grand Final. Maybe the next. Maybe a State Of Origin decider. Or maybe the VFL Big One in front of 100,000 already fanatical fans.

The last is least likely. Because League is a very low-scoring game by comparison with Aussie Rules, individual decisions are far more critical. According to the Rugby League Referees' Co-ordinator, Dennis Braybrook, the refs are not worried at the moment about any possible threats to their safety posed by the Big Screen. But you know what? The Rugby League hierarchy hasn't even thought about the implications for crowd control of instant video feedback. Two gentlemen who've had a lot to do with the whole Sydney set-up are Paul Broughton, NSW Rugby League Projects Manager, and Don Furner, Chairman of the Australian Rugby League Selectors. Neither of them had pondered a potential riot scenario. Furner admitted: "No-one has considered the long-term consequences of this technology." Presented with the problem, he said: "You're always going to get conflicting opinions. Hopefully people will be well-disciplined enough not to become unruly."

Maybe. Ever been to Lang Park for a State Of Origin clash? Far be it from me to put shit on the footy-loving inhabitants of that fair state — they're probably no different at heart from the south-of-the-border mob — but if they can orchestrate a full-scale can-throwing fiasco just because "King" Wally Lewis cops ten minutes in the sin bin (in the second Origin game of 1988), just imagine what they *might* do in the following circumstances: 1. Lang Park gets a giant video screen. (Again, only a matter of time. The Lang Park Trust hasn't got the bucks at the moment.) 2. NSW and Queensland locked at 1-1, with the decider at Lang Park. 3. With five minutes to go, Wally Lewis sails over the line to score the try that puts the Maroons in front. 4. The ref disallows the try, ruling Lewis didn't ground the ball cleanly. 5. The giant screen says it all: Wally apparently scored a fair try. 6. NSW wins the game and the series.

I wouldn't want to be standing in the referee's boots for all the money in Russ Hinze's bank account. And if I was, I wouldn't want to come off in anything less than a Panzer.

Photo by Ross Hanson, Live Action

When that scenario was put to Don Furner, he replied jokingly: "You know what I'd do? I'd turn the bloody thing off! So they wouldn't see it! Ha!" Maybe there'll come a time when it won't be a laughing matter.

The video action replay was an incredible technical advance in sports coverage. Its initial effect was to cause just about every sport you can name to launch into an orgy of introspection: should we have every controversial call subjected to video analysis for confirmation, delaying the game and trampling on its traditions, or bugger the video and stick with the good old "human factor"?

In every case but one, as far as I can gather, they commendably went for the human factor. (And of course, it didn't matter if a rabid fan watching at home thought the replay proved his team had been robbed; the most riotous thing he could do would be to kick the shit out of his telly.)

The one exception was American Football. The central referee in gridiron can have his decision reversed by a panel of adjudicators sitting up in a box surrounded by a mass of video screens showing replays from a dozen different angles. And it's a downright controversial system; in fact it's the *only* item of concern to the American and National Football Leagues at present, and every year the officials vote on whether or not to trash the whole idea.

In the latest American season the officials found that when it came down to video decision time, in 60 percent of cases the adjudicators couldn't agree on the correct option for the referee; and that in 18 percent of those cases, the majority decision was later proved to have been wrong. Now they've introduced a law to restrict the length of the delay to two minutes at most (it used to take an eternity sometimes), which could only heighten the error rate. And the fans both at the ground and at home are constantly getting the shits with these omnipotent arbitrators. At least they can sympathise with a ref who only gets to see something once. Paul Broughton and Don Furner have both studied the American system extensively and they agree that what the Yanks thought would be a quantum leap forward for their game is proving to be a millstone around its neck.

One day that Giant Screen is going to cause a Giant Headache for sporting officials

That's why introducing video technology to help referees isn't even on the Rugby League's agenda, even though it's a subject that gets plenty of space in the media. Furner: "We are not prepared to go into video decision-making until we've got a foolproof system." Fair enough.

Photo courtesy Action Graphics

The other alternative would be to dismantle the whole set-up. But the fans wouldn't have it. Furner: "We did a survey and found that 94 percent of fans said they enjoyed seeing the replay at the ground. Even though they might disagree with the ref, they want it."

Meanwhile, we have the extraordinary situation where 40,000 people have the chance to see a crucial incident a second time and make their own judgement, while the referee — the only bloke whose judgement matters a damn as far as the outcome of the game is concerned — isn't even allowed to have a surreptitious peek at the Big Screen. He's condemned to a sort of stoical stare at the ground as he awaits the reaction of the crowd. Same goes for Australian Rules and cricket. How long can this absurd situation go on? — *Greg Hunter*

"Looks like traffic's at a standstill."

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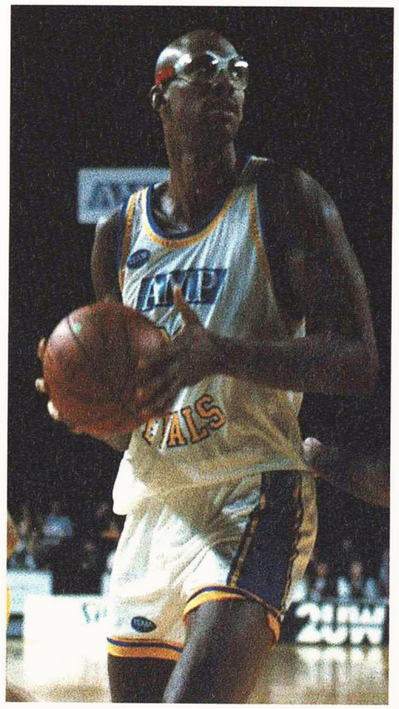
EYES ON THE BALL

Before they did it, the Australian women's hockey team were a pack of nobodies languishing far down the international hockey pecking order. After they did it, they went on to take the 1988 Seoul Olympics by storm, claiming the



Photograph by Vedat Acikalin — LIVE ACTION

women's hockey gold medal and destroying some high-powered reputations along the way. Australian rowers, netballers and shooters are beginning to benefit from it, and soon there will be a clinic devoted to it at the new NSW School of Optometry. In the States, major league basketball, baseball and football coaches already use it to enhance their teams' performances. And be warned: it will be to the sports world in the Nineties what sports psychology was in the Eighties.

The "it" in question is sports vision therapy, a technique designed to improve an individual's visual "fitness." Someone with good sports vision will have mastered a whole range of visual skills, such as the ability to look out of the corner of his eye, judge distances accurately and change eye focus quickly. Surprisingly, you don't have to have good eyesight to have good sports vision. There are plenty of top sportsmen and women out there whose eyesight is poor but whose sports vision is excellent (Martina Navratilova, Clive Lloyd, Martin Bella, Arthur Ashe, Greg Healy, Geoff Boycott, Geoff Lawson and current English opening bowler Devon Malcolm, to name but a few).

If a sportsman isn't fulfilling his potential, it could be due to any one of a number of factors, such as physical fitness, diet, or mental attitude. How is it possible to tell if poor sports vision is the villain? According to Perth-based optometrist Steve Leslie, a sports vision specialist and part of the team that assessed Australia's men's and women's hockey teams before the Seoul Olympics, "Coaches should be on the look-out for athletes who are consistently making the same errors (especially late-game errors), are having trouble with specific skills that don't seem to be technique-oriented, or don't seem able to perform under pressure.

"When we ran sports vision assessments on the hockey players, we found that in 90 percent of cases we could predict how a player would perform, what his strengths and weaknesses would be. In one instance, it emerged that a member of the women's hockey squad had excellent eye tracking skills but lousy peripheral vision. We predicted that she would be strong on intercepts and good in defence, but her passing might not be up to scratch. This turned out to be the case."

Unlike poor eyesight, sports vision can usually be improved through specific training and repetitive exercises. Ian Paterson, Secretary of the Optometrical Association of NSW's Sports Vision Committee, nominates three stages in sports vision therapy: protection, correction and enhancement. "We advocate the use of protective eye-gear in all sports," he says, "especially rapid-fire sports like squash and badminton and high-impact sports like Rugby League, Aussie Rules and karate. Kareem Abdul Jabbar is the best basketball player in the world and no sissy, but he still wears goggles on court.

"As for correction and enhancement, the first step is to put an individual through a rigorous series of tests."

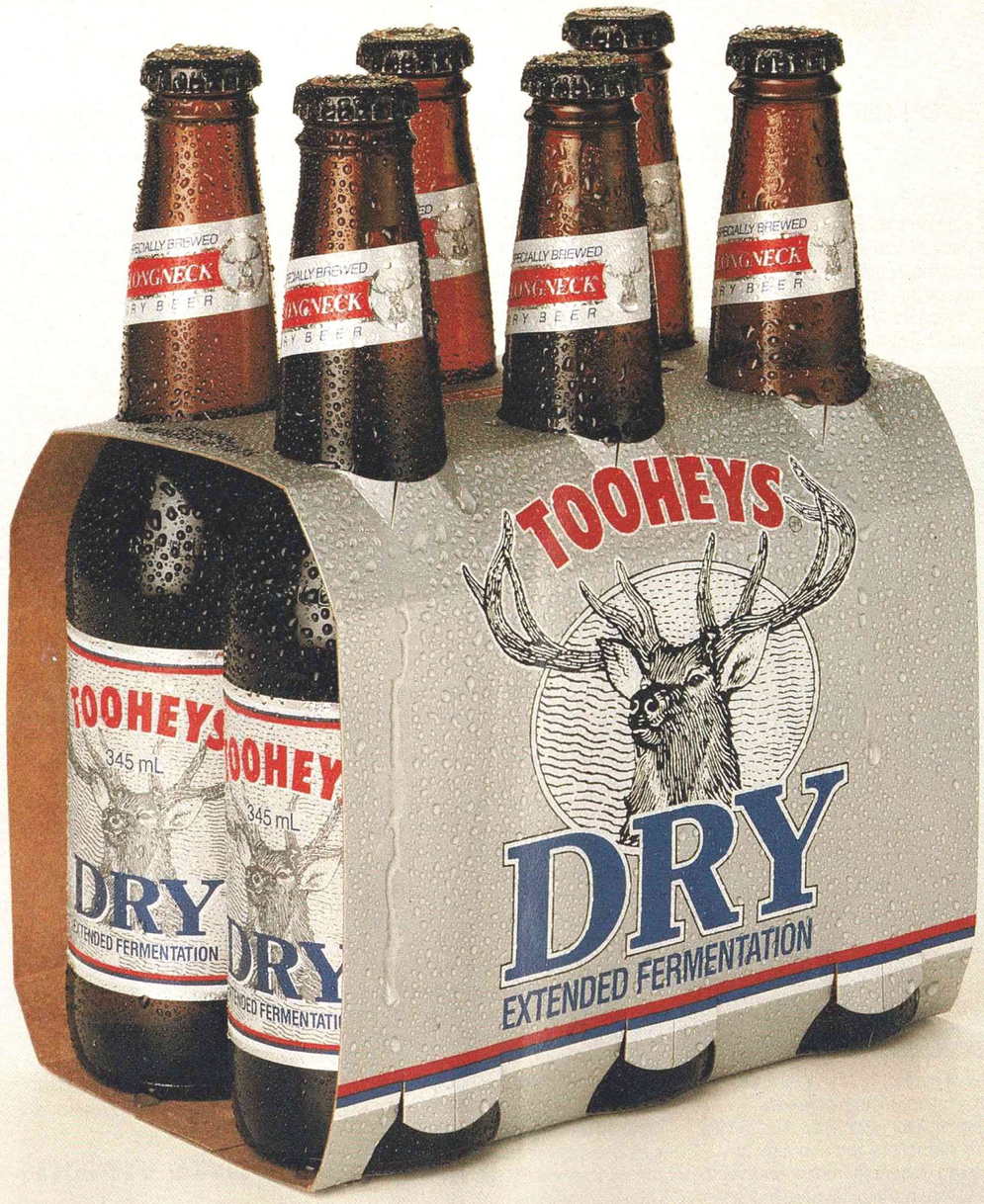
Once the problems are known, corrective training follows. Leslie relates the story of the (unnamed) hockey goalkeeper who, after failing to live up to expectations, found himself in danger of losing his Australian Institute of Sport scholarship. Tests revealed poor visual tracking skills and a lack of awareness of where his goalposts were. "We had him follow a ball swinging in front of him at different speeds while he adopted different positions, sometimes stationary, sometimes moving," says Leslie. "By repeating this exercise over and over, he gained more control over his vision and learned how to orientate himself better. I'm happy to say his AIS scholarship was recently renewed."

In contrast to the States, where sports vision therapy is *de rigeur* for major sports teams and athletes, in Australia it has found most support among the smaller and hungrier sports, such as netball, basketball, hockey, rowing and shooting. To date, the implications of sports vision have been virtually ignored by the football, cricket and tennis establishments. Paterson attributes this to the mainstream sports' "bureaucratic inertia."

Sports vision testing is no simple procedure. It requires special equipment, trained personnel to run the tests, and plenty of brain power to interpret the results. There is only one sports vision clinic in Australia — at the Homebush State Sports Centre in NSW — although another will be set up at the new School of Optometry at NSW University, and there are plans to open a clinic at the AIS in Canberra. However, a handful of optometrists around Australia do have the necessary facilities at their practices.

Sports vision therapy may help you lift your game

Serious sportspeople interested in sports vision assessment can find out where to go in their State by asking their coach or sporting association, both of whom should be able to furnish a list of recommended sports vision specialists. If this fails, contact the NSW branch of the Australian Optometrical Association on (02) 922 2566. — *David Moodie*



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THE HEART OF GRANGE

Penfolds' domination of the Australian wine industry — over 30 percent of Australian wines come out under Penny's stable of labels — is seen as a threatening spectre by some. The good news is that the company is easily Australia's greatest red winemaker, from $7 bottlings up to the pinnacle of Grange Hermitage. If that's the standard, partial monopoly is no bad thing in my book.

The "heart of Grange", and indeed many of Penfolds' other signature reds, is the Kalimna vineyard in the Barossa Valley. Located at the northern end of the Big Valley, it's hard to believe that this tawny-colored property of talcum-powder fine sand over clay is one of the best red wine vineyards in Australia.

Kalimna is but a drop in the ocean of Penfolds' vineyard holdings, now estimated to be a massive 3600 hectares with the recent buy-out of Lindemans. But as Penfolds' chief winemaker, John Duval, points out: "Kalimna's impact is massive in terms of company reputation." The yield of the vineyard is far below what is usually thought of as commercially viable, but Penfolds is in no hurry to change that, because it plays a significant part in maintaining

The secret of Penfolds' success lies in a tawny corner of the Barossa

the intensity of Kalimna fruit.

Until the Seventies, Kalimna split its attention 50/50 between red and white wines. In 1974 it was decided to graft the whole vineyard over to red because of its outstanding contribution to Penfolds reds for three decades. Kalimna shirazes from Blocks 42, 3a and 3b are major components of the 1990 Grange Hermitage, not due for release until 1996. Penfolds release 5000 to 10,000 cases of Grange each year, depending on the vintage. The current release is 1984 and Kalimna shirazes make up the majority of the blend, as they have done since the late Sixties. This stupendous wine should be kept corked until 1992; 2010 if you can manage.

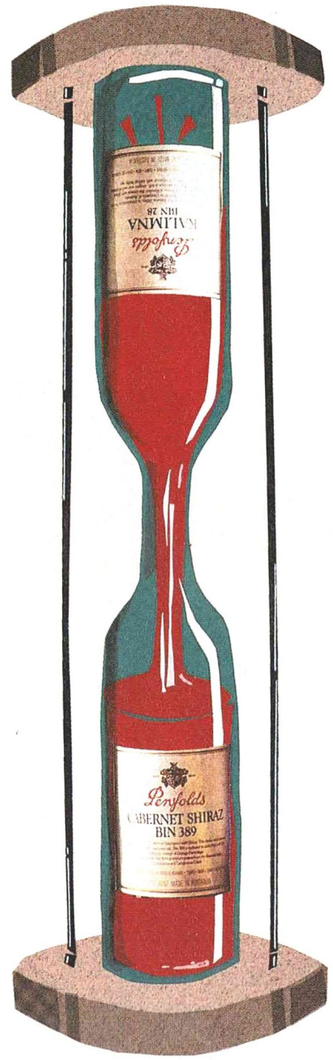
In May, Penfolds released three of its Bin range reds from the 1987 vintage, together with the 1986 Kalimna Bin 28 — the last of the Bin range from the 1986 vintage. The grandeur of the '86 Penfolds Bin range is indisputable and the Kalimna Bin 28 is no exception. The Kalimna qualities of depth, intense lifted fruit and full-bodied flavor dominate, even though the winemakers have blended in some Southern Vales shiraz. A wine to serve at a respectable dinner, you'll get away with a $9 outlay.

Penfolds have been crafting Coonawarra Bin 128 since the early Sixties. The company decided to inject a strong sluice of elegance in 1980 by switching from American to French oak, a move that underscores the wine's cool-climate shiraz character and infuses the palate with subtle oak.

Bin 389 Cabernet Sauvignon is matured in barrels originally used for Grange Hermitage, a practice that has resulted in the wine's nickname of "Poor Man's Grange." Ignore this backhander completely: this bottling is one of the most popular premium reds in Australia. Kalimna fruit is joined by Southern Vales, Coonawarra and Langhorne Creek juice in the 1987 vintage, a ratio of 60 percent cabernet sauvignon to 40 percent shiraz. You won't get any arguments about the fact that the 1987 Bin 389 is an exceptional vintage of the style. Unbeatable value and potential at $14 a bottle, and it should not be opened for another three years.

The history of Penfolds Cabernet Sauvignon Bin 707 is easily traced. A former marketing manager had previously been employed by Qantas and his enthusiasm for the new Boeing 707 transferred itself to his employers' latest product. Yes, we're talking about 1963, when the label first emerged. In the 17 years since then, Bin 707 has won over a dozen trophies and 50 gold medals. The 1987 won this year's Wine Press Club Trophy, the fourth time the trophy has been awarded and the fourth time a Bin 707 has won it. The 1987 has also been one of the label's biggest successes with four trophies and four golds awarded at time of writing.

Bin 707 is only made in small



quantities and was one of the first straight varietal cabernet sauvignons to enter the Australian market. In the early days, Bin 707 was made exclusively from Kalimna fruit but since the late Sixties Penfolds winemakers have injected Coonawarra and Southern Vales fruit.

An impoverished journalist friend once asked me what I thought of Koonunga Hill claret — "What with you being an expert and all." I applauded his discovery that he was drinking easily the best value premium red on the shelves. I don't think that there is a more complex commercial red wine to be found anywhere in the world that could rival Koonunga Hill. The 1988 will cellar well for up to a decade and I can't think of higher praise than that. — *Elisabeth King*

Illustration by Victor Terletzky

LOOKING BACK CAN BE A STEP FORWARD.

The past had a lot to offer. They were the good old days, when the pace of life was just right, and a ride on your motorcycle was the sheer pleasure of man and machine, not a high-tech race.

Today is complicated and frenzied enough without your motorcycle adding to the rush, so, Suzuki is pleased to introduce a new motorcycle that has its roots embedded deep in yesteryear, with none of the primitive hassles those riders had to endure.

The VX800 gives you a powerful, torquey liquid-cooled V-twin with just the right exhaust throb – but without poor carburetion, oil leaks and vibration. It gives you all the character and charm of a traditional twin cylinder sportbike – without pitted chrome, heavy metals and a hard seat. It gives you traditional twin shocks and forks – with none of the flex and flutter of old time suspension. It gives you smooth, reliable shaft drive, not the oily splatter and seized links of old chains.

With the VX800 you'll have everything you recall that was good about riding in years gone by, with just the right amount of subtle new technology to let you revel in it.

SUZUKI

Suzuki supports the Federal Government's "RIDE IT RIGHT" campaign.
Always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing ● Read your Owner's Manual carefully ● Enjoy safe riding.

RIDE IT RIGHT

GRAFT BY NUMBERS

If you have, in any way whatsoever, larcenous tendencies, the following will be the most valuable advice you will ever read: if you want to be a successful crook, and not spend too much time in slam, go into business.

White-collar crime is by far the most lucrative form of illegal endeavor and the punishments

A step-by-step guide to corporate crime

meted out to those rare people who end up on the wrong side of a jury's verdict are fairly benign. I'm not talking about knocking off the contents of the office stationery cabinet or diverting a small portion of the company's income to your own account. I'm talking about running a business and taking down the public rotten; I'm talking of becoming a national figure and strutting the stage of public life and all the while lying and cheating and scheming and squiddling.

Of course, it takes a bit of work to get it all set up. But most of us are capable of a bit of hard work now and then. First off, you must establish a reputation. In the olden days part of this reputation would have included probity, y'know, goodness of character. These days this is not as necessary as being able to come up with a profit. As the early profits are but a drop in the bucket compared to the profits available later on in the scam, it is permissible to doctor up those first profits by either manufacturing them on paper or dipping into your own pocket to supply real cash. These profits are to be distributed widely and generously, although, because money is such a valuable commodity, it may be best to make the distributions in the form of paper.

But before you get to the stage of actually declaring a profit, there are a couple of basic steps. Deciding what sort of business to be in is not hard. It can be anything. You need not know much about it because the trick is to pay somebody else to actually run the show. Finding such people can be a problem, but that's what the job advertisements are for. The most important person in the whole scam, after yourself, is your accountant. He either has to be bent or very dumb. Dumb accountants are okay because you don't have to share the loot with them; but they mean you will have to do a lot of the fancy accountancy yourself, which requires an expertise you may not have. A good bent accountant is a priceless asset and always in demand. They are also very popular in the prisons among the better class of convict.

Once you've got your business and your accountant, you're off and away. While the workers are busy working away at whatever it is your business is supposed to be doing, you and your accountant are busy doing the books, of which there will be at least two sets, possibly more, although the only real tally must be confined to the innermost recesses of your brain. One set of books is a "realistic" picture of the finances of the business. This gives you an idea of how you are travelling and can indicate areas where you might like to lift your rate of defalcation (fancy word for theft). Of course these books will not contain the full story.

One popular code for money ripped off is "management charges." Without any investigation at all I could name three listed companies which do little by way of business but must pay some hundred thousand dollars for administration. This is also legal.

Some sophisticated corporate crooks keep different sets of books for different lenders. They find this necessary because the lenders are not aware of each other. Where do you think last year's profits came from? Not from operations, my friend. They came from the two million bucks borrowed against next year's production which, unbeknown to the lender, was in fact mortgaged the year before to pay that year's "profits." As a matter of fact, we've now come across one of the reasons mining booms are wonderful times for corporate crooks. Because banks will lend money against future production, a good company promoter can "envisage" whatever production rate he reckons the bank will swallow and then borrow against a couple of years at that rate. If he's cautious, he will ensure the debt incurred is against the company, not him and then he can pull the money out of the company by selling it some worthless prospects with dummied-up drill reports, use some of the money to make the company look profitable, then sell the whole lot, debts, lousy prospects, gold-plated lead bricks and all, thereby netting another odd million.

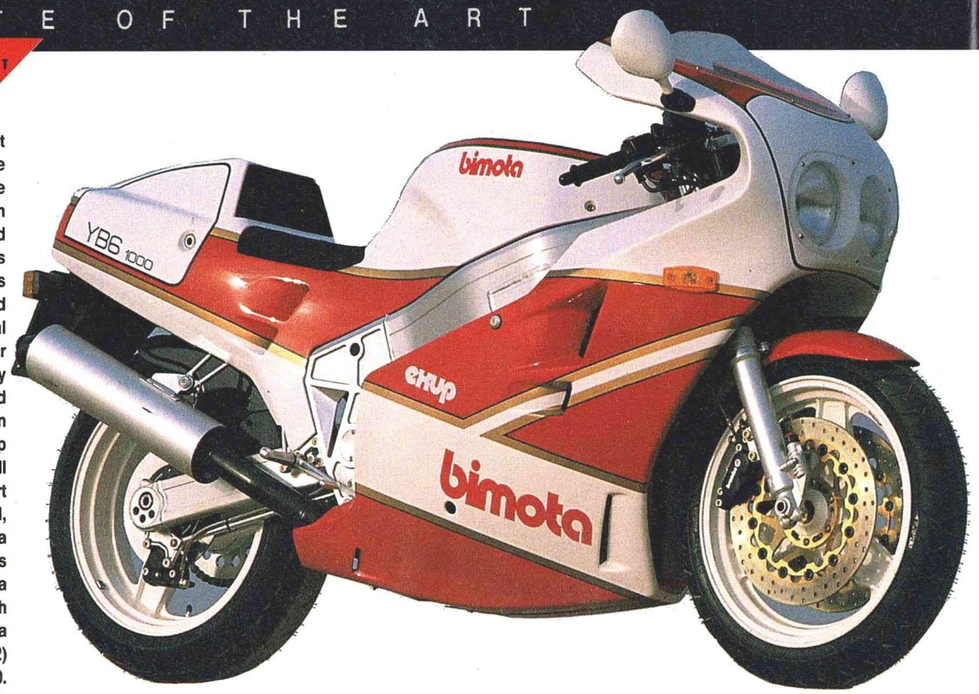
Oh, the ways of the scumbag in a suit are many, but few lead where they ought — that is, to jail. This is because there are so many corporate crooks and so few corporate police; because the laws are vague and the deeds themselves often unprovable; because the crimes are often complex and juries easily confused; and the perpetrators get plenty of warning if charges are to be laid and have ample time to get both themselves and money safely ensconced in, surprisingly enough, Mother England, where it is extremely difficult to find white-collar runners.

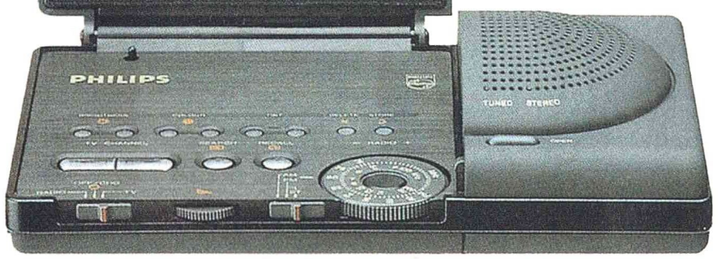
So, little ones, start practising now. Say: "The money'll be there next week. I promise you." Borrow ten cents but only pay back eight cents. Whenever you hear of someone leaving (the town, the job, the school) borrow a tenner from them and keep away from them until they leave. And remember, if you're thinking crime, think business — because business makes it better. — *David Quicksilver*

Illustration by Scott Kennedy

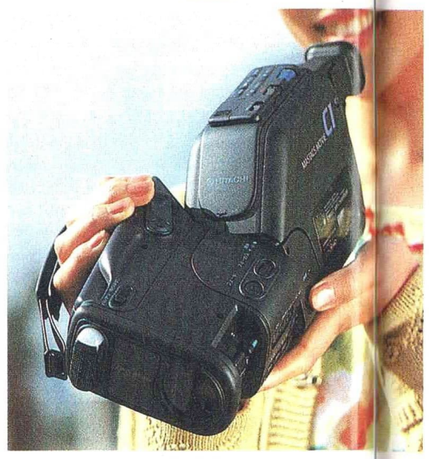
FRONT

You're looking at the fastest streetbike on Earth, the Bimota YB6, up there at the pinnacle of European motorcycle design. Powered by a FZR100 engine, this 185kg muscle machine goes like sweet lightning and handles like the proverbial dream. A test rider for *Australian Streetbike* recently ticked the YB6's five-speed gear box on a West German autobahn, opening the bike up to an easy 276km/h. All torque, and state of the art down to the smallest detail, the YB6 is also rarer than a gay Comanchero in this country. If you've just gotta have one, and you're as rich as dammit, phone Bimota importers Italspares on (02) 759 9690.





Goggle-box addicts can now indulge in style with Philips' new personal portable TV which incorporates a 7.5cm screen yet weighs a modest 500g. Liquid crystals are the key and the 3LC2050's color screen employs the latest in LCD technology to deliver a sharp and well-defined image. When not in use, the screen folds down so the unit can be discreetly carried without alerting suspicion. There's a built-in AM/FM stereo radio receiver for the times when even dedicated viewers can't face what's on offer. Philips Consumer Electronics is the distributor.



"Weight watchers" fever continues to grip the manufacturers of video camcorders with Hitachi announcing it has built the world's thinnest. The appropriately titled VM-C1E Slenda is just 69mm in width thanks to a novel rotating handgrip arrangement. Weighing just 970g, the VHS-C format machine is equipped with a six-times power zoom, standard and long play modes, twin IR beam autofocusing and a color image generator which allows titles and graphics to be superimposed over scenes. Hitachi Sales Australia is the distributor. Expect a price competitive with Sony's TR-55.

Back to basics with Minolta's X-300s, which is a traditional 35mm SLR packaged in a new suit of clothes. Functions such as focusing and film advance are performed manually (it's good exercise), but the re-styled Minolta offers automatic exposure control with facilities to handle difficult lighting situations. The really good news is a price tag of under $600 for a new Minolta SLR equipped with a useful 28-70mm zoom lens. Both are distributed by Kayell Pty Ltd.

While the emphasis may be on miniaturisation, there's still a place for the big-shot camcorder as Panasonic illustrates with the M10 model. This machine takes full-size VHS cassettes (giving up to four hours of recording time without re-sorting to long play) and is equipped to make professional productions. Features include hi-fi stereo sound, a two-speed 8X power zoom, advanced focusing and exposure control, a variable high-speed shutter and even an intervalometer for time-lapse photography. All this costs around $2600. From Panasonic Australia.

Big bass from little boxes is the promise from Sanyo's new portable sound system called the SF5. The neatly styled modular system comprises CD player, twin cassette deck and receiver accompanied by compact bookshelf speakers. Additional low frequency response comes from a separate sub-woofer unit which can be placed anywhere in the room to produce ground-shaking bass. The whole system is remote-controlled and Sanyo Australia offers a variety of stands and mounting brackets for maximum flexibility when it comes to location.

The control panel may look more daunting than a 747's flight deck, but Sony's new audio/video amplifier is a high flier as far as quality sound is concerned. Tagged the TA-E1000ESD (it's getting ridiculous), the Sony amp processes all in-coming signals digitally using 18-bit linear D/A converters and eight-times oversampling. What this means to you is clean, crisp, well-rounded sound from any of the audio or video components you care to plug in. A built-in equaliser allows further fine-tuning of the sound quality while a surround sound decoder allows you to turn your loungeroom into an opera, theatre, church, live concert venue, jazz club . . . The bottom line is $1800 from all Sony ES HiFi specialist dealers.

"SOMEONE ROLL ME A DRUM

SMOKING CAUSES HEART DISEASE*
Health Authority Warning
*Packaging warning required by Government regulation

SAC 9782

WHILE I THROW ANOTHER SHASLIK ON THE BARBIE"

The best things in life are still made by hand.

Many people are saying that there should be more than one mobile telephone network. For obvious reasons, Telecom don't want that.

People who own Technophones don't care one way or another.

As some of you may know, Telecom's monopoly of mobile telecommunications is coming under attack.

If the pressure groups get their way, Australia may soon have two new commercial mobile telephone networks. But unless you have a Technophone, you won't be able to take full advantage of this new facility.

Because Technophones are the only mobile phones in Australia with an automatic "roam" feature with multi-nam registration – one which can automatically switch from one network to the next in order to get the best possible reception.

(Other brands will only ever operate on one network at a time.)

If you've ever been cut off in the middle of a call before, you'll appreciate how important this "roam" feature can be.

That's about as far removed from the Telecom monopoly you could ever want to be.

If you want to know more about Technophone, or the other ways Imagineering Telecommunications is taking big bites out of Telecom, call toll free 008 252 674. Sydney callers 697 8655.

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Telephones, mobile phones, office systems, PABXs. And an attitude that's a million miles from Telecom.

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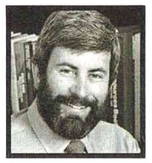


Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

MIND YOUR MOUTH

What is this thing called sexism?

It was a great joke. You nearly died laughing when you heard it last night and each person you've told it to today has burst out laughing. But the girl from the front desk not only didn't laugh, she's made a complaint. She thinks your joke was sexist and that you have harassed her. You're amazed. It was never your intention to offend her, just to share a laugh. And you're confused. The joke didn't seem sexist to you and no-one else has complained. Where are you supposed to draw the line these days?

Before you skip to the next page, dismissing this as "more women's lib", let me make a couple of things clear. First, the scenario above is a real possibility. Complaints of sexist harassment are being made more frequently today and you could find yourself on the wrong end of one, simply out of ignorance. Second, I'm not a women's libber. I'm strongly in favor of *people's* lib, the questioning of stereotyped assumptions about people based solely on their sex. That's what sexism means: assuming that all men are like this and all women are like that, and because of these differences they should be treated differently, often unfairly. In my experience, men and women both lose in sexist societies, even if they suffer some different losses. To the extent that they have been working for people's lib, many parts of the women's lib movement have my full support. But I believe that the noisy minority in women's lib who essentially see men as "the enemy" have only harmed the cause of people's lib. Their aggressive approach to men has only scared off many men from looking at the issues. The extreme nature of some of these women's complaints has only made it easy for traditionalists to ridicule everything to do with personal liberation.

Let's distinguish between sexist and sexual. The phrase "lady driver" is usually sexist because it assumes that all women drive in the same way, usually with the connotation that they drive badly. The statement, "I think you've got a lovely body", is sexual but whether or not it is offensive would depend on the nature of the relationship and the circumstances in which it was said. The statement, "She's got lovely tits", is probably both sexist and sexual, because it treats the woman referred to as a sex object.

Frankly sexual communication may be quite appropriate and not necessarily sexist, such as the flirtatious comments two lovers might make to each other. On the other hand, it might be sexual harassment, such as sexual overtures from an employer to an employee. I will consider sexual harassment in the future; for now let's confine ourselves to the risk of sexist harassment, meaning to give someone a bad time by expressing stereotyped attitudes towards them. I assume you don't want to give someone a hard time, especially unintentionally.

"You could find yourself on the wrong end of a sexist harassment complaint, simply out of ignorance."

It's not easy not to be sexist. We are all products of our upbringing, reflecting the cultural attitudes we grew up with. Even when you make a special effort not to be sexist, it's surprising how much of it has become unconscious and habitual. If you're not sure whether something you are going to say or do might be seen as sexist, a good test is to do a gender-reversal first, in your mind. Just change the sexes of the people involved. Is the joke still funny, if you have men instead of women and vice versa?

Some years ago there was a clever paperback called *Media She*. The authors had taken a number of reports and advertisements from the print media and reproduced them, but with the genders of the people depicted being reversed. The book did more than any lecturing or whinging to show how silly the sexist assumptions of some editors and advertisers were, simply because it was so funny. Try it yourself, in your imagination. If the item suddenly looks silly with the genders reversed, then the original was probably sexist. You can use the same gender-reversal test to spot sexism in your own attitudes and behavior.

But it won't be black and white. Some things you can't honestly see as sexist, someone else may. Responsible assertion means dealing with other people in ways that respect their rights without surrendering your own. You can do two things. First, try to make a reasonable guess as to what is not offensive to this person and, without surrendering your own rights, try to avoid offending her.

Second, when it becomes clear that you have said something that someone sees as offensively sexist, the most effective thing to do is to show you understand and accept how she feels. The temptation is to be defensive: "I didn't mean *all* women drivers are hopeless, so I don't see why you're getting upset." A defensive reply will just inflame the situation because she will, quite correctly, see you as insisting that she sees things as you do.

You can respect her right to her own attitude and feelings, without surrendering your own rights. The basic formula goes like this: "I can see you are upset by what I said and I can understand that, if you see my statement as sexist. I don't see it that way and I didn't mean to upset you, but I accept that's how you see it."

Legally, harassment occurs when someone continues to act in an offensive way despite complaints from the recipient of the behavior. So the onus is first of all on the person taking offence to let you know she is offended. You can help people to be open and honest with you if you set the example yourself and show your willingness to listen when they try to be open with you. Listening does *not* mean agreeing, only that you are showing practical respect for their rights. If someone complains that you have been sexist, then the onus is on you to stop and think. Don't just react defensively. Unless you intended to be offensive, there's no need for you to defend yourself. Think over the complaint. Do a gender-swap exercise in your mind. If you have unintentionally been sexist, say so: "I'm sorry. Now that you point it out, I see that I was sexist. I didn't mean to be and I apologise." Big people, confident people can always cope with admitting their mistakes, especially their unintentional ones. On the other hand, if you really can't see that what you said was sexist, do some assertion along the lines above. Big people, confident people can always deal with others on a basis of mutual respect, even when they differ.

advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Going to Graceland

My wife is an Elvis Presley fan, although she isn't old enough to remember Elvis in his prime. Her fantasy is to have sex at Graceland. She corresponds with a lot of Elvis freaks that she's met through fan clubs, both here in Australia and overseas, and she swears that many of the women have had hot experiences at Graceland, from security guards to masturbating in corners of gift shops. She says male fans like to jack off so they can leave their semen as a tribute to the King. I think these people are jerking each other off with their stories, and I don't want to waste my hard-earned holiday visiting Graceland. Any suggestions for an alternate sex trip?

Such tales of Graceland are obviously exaggerated, since real Elvis fans think of it as Mecca. However, if you can afford it, why don't you send her to Graceland for a couple of weeks alone, or with another fan, so that she can get it out of her system?

Baby oil blues

My wife gives a wonderful erotic massage. She uses baby oil rather than a thick, perfumed cream, and it leaves her hands soft and smooth. Lately she's been travelling a lot on business — taking the baby oil with her. She says she uses it in her bath. But she's been coming home with smooth, soft hands. I'm going nuts from imagining her long, elegant fingers slicking down another man's cock and balls. Short of hiring a private detective, is there some way to find out for sure if she's doing what I think she's doing when she's away from home?

Not unless she brings home an STD. Why don't you try to believe her for your own sake as well as hers? Really, going nuts isn't good for you. When women travel they frequently do little things for themselves that they don't have time to do at home, like massaging creams or oils into their hands to soften them. They also masturbate. Maybe your wife does, too, and maybe she uses the oil to lubricate her fingers and pussy. Some wives just won't admit that they masturbate. This may be the extent of any sexual secrets that she may be keeping from you. Stop worrying about it.

Suspicious mind

My new wife is jealous of my best friend. She thinks that because we spend a lot of time together there is something sexual between us. She keeps asking if she can get involved in the sex. Sometimes, when we're making love, she asks if I suck his dick and how big it is and what it tastes like. I'm not gay or bisexual. Is it abnormal for her to be so intensely jealous?

It's not unusual for a new spouse to be briefly, intensely and unreasonably jealous of the other important people in the beloved's life. Her obsession with a suspected, or imagined, sexual relationship between you and your buddy does seem to indicate more than routine jealousy. Either she was once involved with a bisexual man or she detects an underlying attraction between you and him. Of course, it may be that she's turned on by the idea of a threesome, since she asks about his cock while making love. I'm betting that she'd like to have you both in the same bed. Tell her that that's what you think, and see how she responds. If I'm wrong, at least she'll know what it feels like to be unfairly accused.

Breathing space

My wife was once after me to wear tiny bikini undies. I hate them. They aren't comfortable. I like plain white Jockey shorts, preferably worn to the baggy, saggy stage. Now she thinks I should try silk boxers. She says boxers are loose, flowing and comfortable. But silk is hot in the summer and cold in the winter. Besides, your body doesn't breathe in silk. Wouldn't that be bad for my cock? After all, when I want sex, I take my underwear off, so what difference does it make?

Maybe she would enjoy seeing you occasionally in underwear that hugs your butt and caresses your cock. Saggy white briefs aren't aesthetically pleasing. Silk may not be a perfect choice for extremes of heat and cold, but doesn't it feel sensuous? I don't think your cock would suffocate in silk boxers. She'd probably reach in and coax it out before that happened. Surely you two can work out a compromise. Wear what you want under your clothes, but slip into something sexier when you're alone with her. Sometimes a little clothing is sexier than none.

Too stressed for sex

My girl has experienced a lot of upheaval in her life lately with her job and family problems. She's told me that she's too stressed out to feel sexy. I've been very understanding and supportive, though we rarely have sex more than once a week now. This has been going on for a few months and I'm getting suspicious. Could she be seeing someone else and stringing me along in case it doesn't work out? Do women really lose all interest in sex during times of stress?

Some women do. So do some men. And therapists say that lack of desire is a common sex problem now. But it sounds like you are growing impatient with your role as the supportive partner. I don't blame you for wondering whether her libido is lost, misplaced or merely redirected. After suffering weeks of neglect, one does get paranoid. Insist she go away with you for a few days or at least for one night. If a change of scenery doesn't help, it's time for a serious talk.

advisor

Big all over

Does the size of a woman's clit have anything to do with the number and quality of orgasms? The woman I'm seeing has an unsually large clit — and she has tremendous orgasms. She also has extraordinarily powerful pussy muscles. I can feel them pulling on my cock; it feels like she's milking it when she comes. Also, is there a connection between clit size and breast size? She is well-endowed up there, too.

There is no correlation between the size of a woman's clit and the number and quality of her orgasms. Her strong muscles, however, may contribute to great orgasms. Any woman can strengthen her love muscles by doing so-called Kegel exercises. (Squeeze. Hold. Release. Repeat. More detailed directions are available in many paperback books on sex.) Also, there is absolutely no connection between clit size and breast size. While breast size may impact on the quality of some men's erections, it doesn't influence female pleasure at all. It's just her genetic heritage that has blessed your woman so generously.

Mechanical infidelity

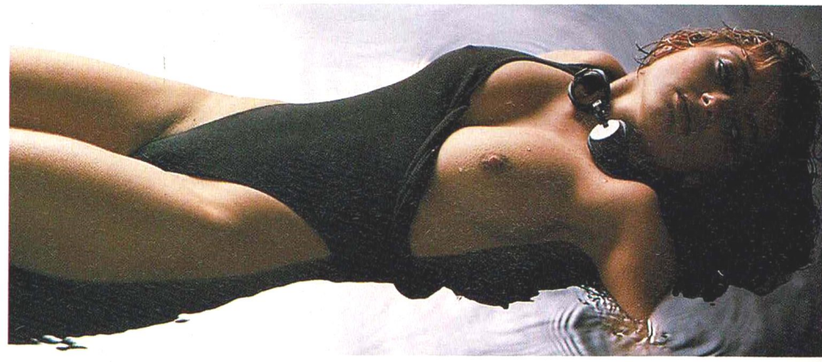
I have the reputation in my neighborhood of being a good amateur mechanic, so people bring me their car problems. Recently a gorgeous married woman asked me to fix her car. She said she couldn't afford to pay me but she'd trade sex for my mechanical services. I was surprised, but I accepted the deal. At first, I flattered myself that she was interested in me and didn't know any other way to proposition me. But I was wrong. She "paid" me the number of times we'd agreed upon, and that was it. Well, somebody saw her leaving my house and told her husband. He called me and was mad as hell. I didn't deny what had happened, and I told him it was over. Now I'm wondering if I should tell him the truth. Would he feel better knowing she'd only made a business deal than he feels thinking she really wanted to be with me? Or should I just let the matter drop?

That's one of the toughest questions I've ever been asked. Turn it around and ask yourself which would make you feel worse. Maybe that's your answer. My gut feeling is that he'd rather think she was attracted to you, but I may be wrong.

Jealous vibes

I just got married for the second time. It's my wife's third marriage. We met, fell in love and married six weeks later. After the honeymoon I discovered that she is secretly addicted to her vibrator. She had used it a few times when we made love during our courtship, but not enough to arouse my concern. Now she tells me that she can only have multiple orgams with a vibrator, and she goes in the bathroom and masturbates with it after we have sex. Is this what killed her other marriages? Can she be weaned from her vibrator?

What killed your other marriage? If you have no more serious problems than her reliance on a vibrator for multiple orgasms, you are blessed. She can "wean" herself, if she so desires. This isn't something you can do for her; it's not like taking a breast away from a baby. Stop treating the vibrator like a rival! Tell her that she needn't hide in the bathroom, because you'd vicariously enjoy her multiple orgasms. Include her little gadget frequently in sex play. When she is near orgasm, gently replace it with your fingers, tongue or cock.



Limping along?

Okay, I understand there's no way to make a penis in its flaccid state become any larger than it naturally is. But is there anything I can do to increase how much it swells from flaccid to erect? I measure almost six inches when flaccid and not quite seven inches when erect. There must be something wrong here. Is there some kind of dietary supplement I can take? Would drinking more liquids help? I am sure that women are disappointed when they see how little the size of my cock changes when it goes from limp to hard.

I know you've heard me say this before, but I'll say it again: flaccid cocks do vary greatly in size. Erect ones do not vary all that much. Thus, a cock that measures three inches when flaccid might double in size when erect. Yours doesn't, and that's all there is to it. No dietary supplement or liquid regimen will change this. I doubt that your partners are disappointed. Your cock size, in either state, is more than adequate. Women are more interested in hardness than size, anyway. You are worrying needlessly.

Pussy worship

Recently I paid a prostitute to let me eat her out. I like performing cunnilingus better than fucking. I am a pussy worshipper who sometimes has trouble finding a pussy to worship. Women think my obsession is odd. This is the first time I've used a prostitute. If she had genital warts, will I get warts in my mouth from eating her out? I didn't notice any, but now I'm worried that they might have been there. If so, how can I get rid of them?

It is possible, though not very likely, for genital warts to be transmitted to the mouth via cunnilingus. This is not something you should sit up at night worrying about, unless you're the sort who loses sleep over the possibility of being struck by lightning or bitten by a deadly spider. Really, I think you would have noticed warts if she'd had them, what with your eyes being at such close range. It sounds like you're uncomfortable about paying for the privilege of pussy worshipping. You needn't be!

Keep them in their place!

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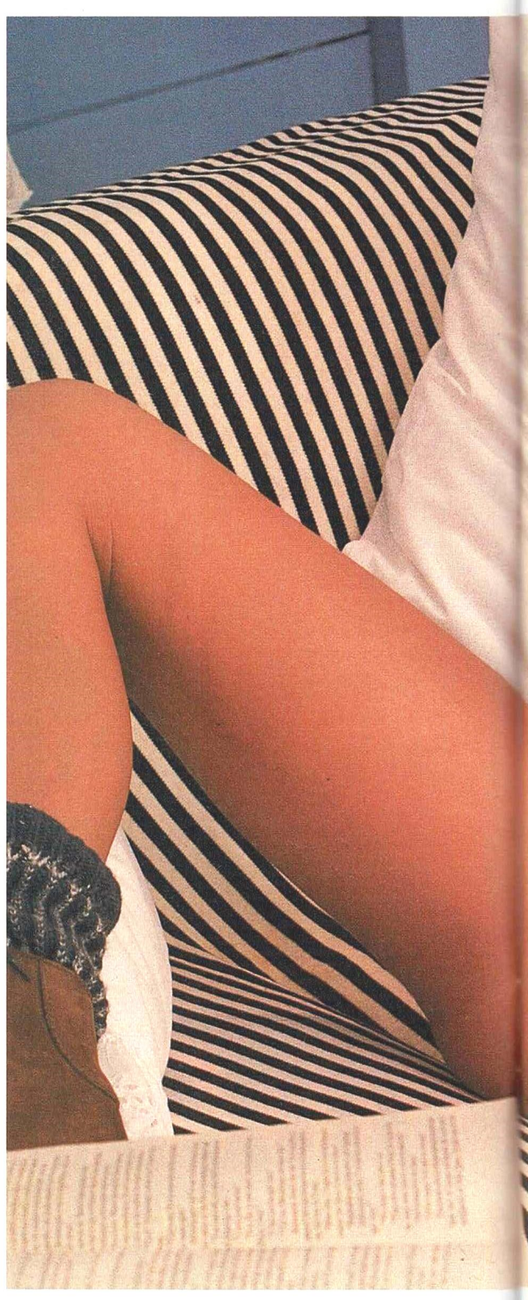
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HANK LONDONER

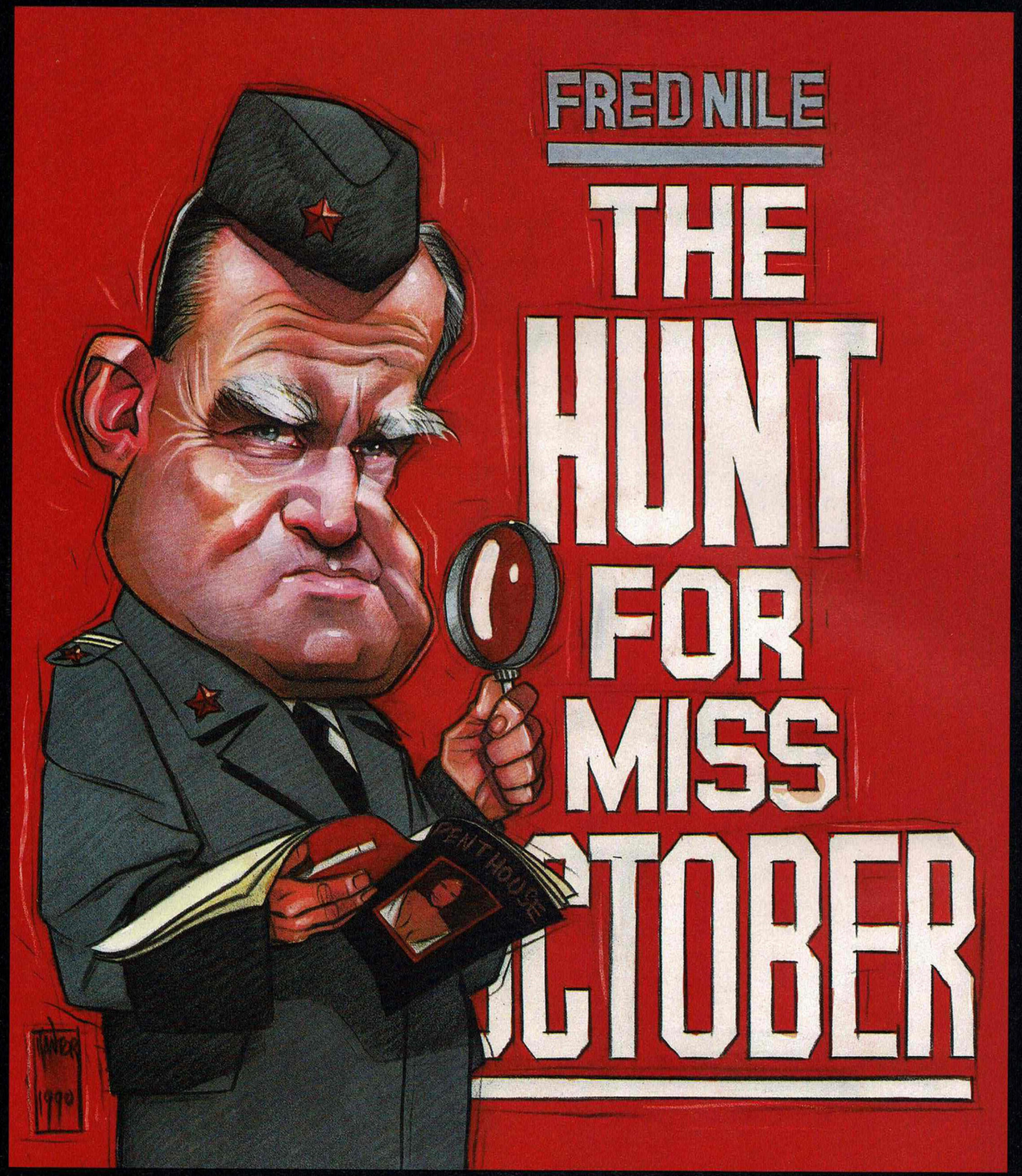
FLOWER *child*

For 18-year-old Michaela Andrews, the Sixties live. Michaela is obsessed by Sixties music, Sixties fashion, Sixties politics, Sixties anything. This very cute design student even peppers her conversation with lingo that would have gone down well at a sit-in for peace in Haight Ashbury. Posing for *Penthouse*, for instance, was a "far out" thing to do.

For one who was born three years after Woodstock, Michaela can teach most of those who actually lived through the swinging decade a thing or two. "I know a lot of over-30s cats who've never even heard of Strawberry Alarm Clock, Malcolm X, Eldridge Cleaver, Timothy Leary, or the grooviest band of all time, The Grateful Dead."

Michaela lives in an inner-city flat (her "pad") decorated, not surprisingly, with psychedlic posters of Jimi Hendrix, Jefferson Airplane and old line-ups from the San Francisco Fillmore, and she's paying her way through tech by selling her op-art design fashions at week-end markets. In her spare time she says she tries to live by the slogan "Make love, not war." You dig?





KANTOR'S GALLERY

In NSW there are currently ten cases of sexual complaint against doctors before the Health Department. Where does the medical profession draw the line between acceptable behavior and unacceptable sexual exploitation of patients?

One day in a Sydney consulting room: an attractive woman patient is sitting in the lap of a white-haired psychiatrist, sobbing her heart out. After three sessions of blinding hatred, suddenly she's crying like a child. The tears, for her, are the beginning of the healing process. But for the psychiatrist, it's a difficult moment and he baulks.

Dr John Ellard is aware that, for the moment, he *is* the woman's dead father. But he is troubled to have her on his lap:

the doctor's dilemma

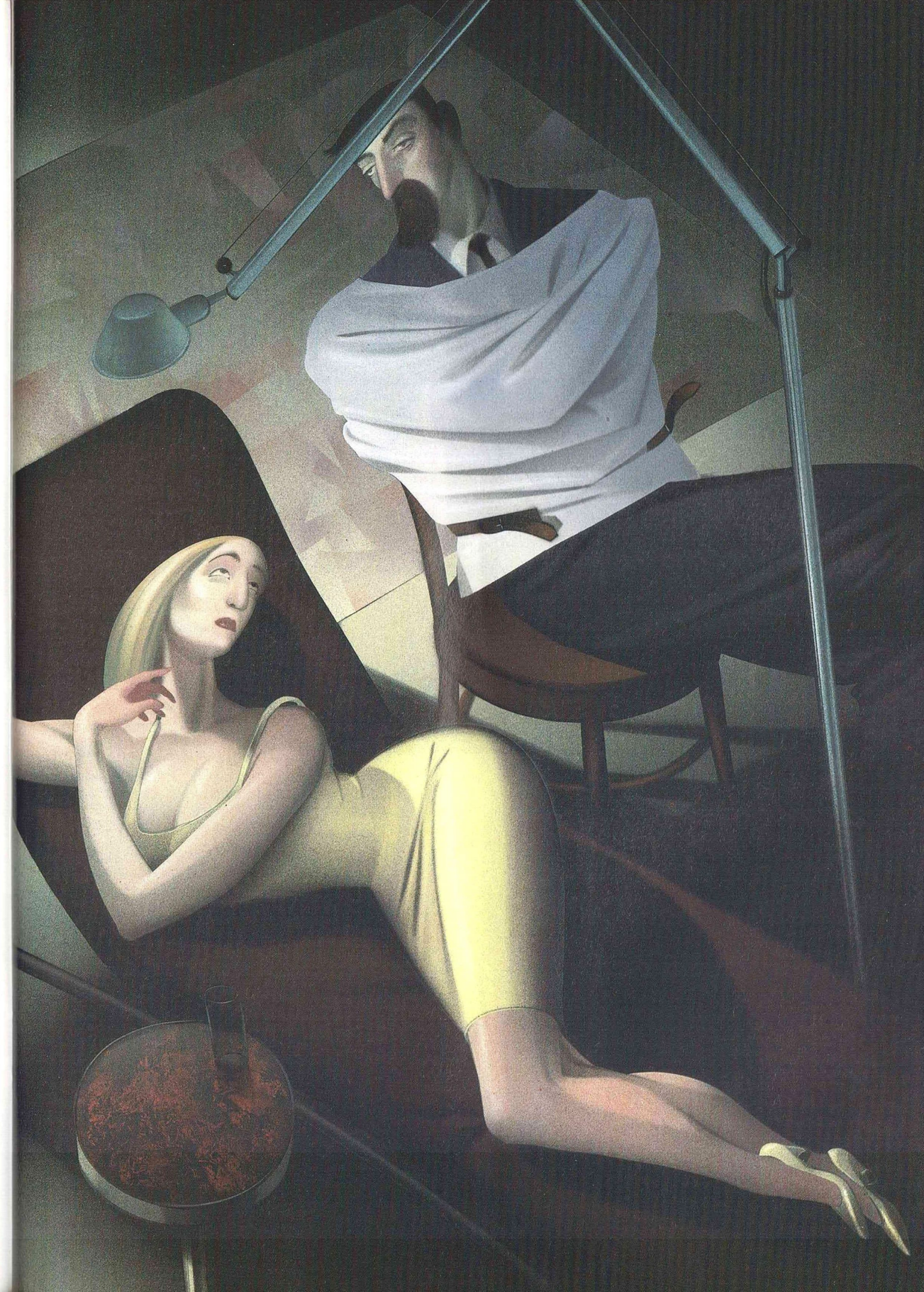
this intimate physical contact is uncomfortably close to a fundamental psychiatric taboo.

Then he relaxes. The woman is resolving an old agony, and is getting better before his eyes. Recalling the incident years later, Ellard says: "It did her the world of good, no doubt about it. I always think that if what I am doing could be published on the front page of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, with pictures, then it's all right."

Ellard's predicament reflects a dilemma which has dogged the medical profession since Hippocrates came up with his Oath more than 1500 years ago. Exactly how far does a doctor go in the comforting of his patients? Where does the profession draw the line between acceptable, or proper, behavior and unacceptable exploitation of the doctor-patient relationship?

BY ROBERT PULLAN

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN



dilemma

The real problem is that nobody seems to be quite sure. It's not so much a fine line between proper and improper behavior as a wide grey area in which everybody has their own opinion.

There are rules, some of them very definite. The first commandment, which has existed since the days of Hippocrates, is: Thou Shalt Not Fuck Thy Patient.

The code of ethics relating to psychiatrists, according to the Melbourne-based Royal Australian and New Zealand College of Psychiatrists (RANZCP), is no less explicit: "Sexual relationships between analyst and patient are antithetic [opposed] to treatment and unacceptable under any circumstances. Any sexual activity with a patient constitutes a violation of this principle of ethics."

In fact, whether it's doctors, shrinks, nurses or sex therapists, the song remains the same — all formal codes of medical conduct forbid sex in the surgery. But every code of conduct has its violators, and Australia is not immune.

There are ten cases of sexual complaint against doctors — three of them psychiatrists — now being investigated by the Complaints Unit of the NSW Health Department. Since 1987, the Department has received 38 complaints — 16 against GPs, eight against nurses, three against psychiatrists and a handful against others such as osteopaths, acupuncturists, chiropractors and psychologists.

These are only the cases that have come to light. Nobody knows what proportion of Australian medicos sexually exploit their patients. Merrilyn Walton, director of the NSW Complaints Unit, says sexual violations are probably under-reported. "There may well be many women out there who don't have anyone to tell, or are too ashamed to tell, or too scared, or who blame themselves. The doctor in the improper sexual relationship usually tells the patient: 'You mustn't tell anyone. I'll be struck off.' Usually we get the complaint six months or a year after the sexual contact ends. The patient has to get over her guilt and distress and acknowledge it was not her fault. It takes time. I can't remember a case when the sex happened the week before."

A national survey published in the *American Journal Of Psychiatry* in 1986 showed that 7.1 percent of male and 3.1 percent of female psychiatrists acknowledged sexual contact with their patients.

Are Australian therapists any different? Given our cultural similarities, it would be surprising if the Aussies resisted Eros and Aphrodite, in the guise of patients, any more than the Americans. But Aussie shrinks hotly deny that idea.

Dr Barrie Kenny, RANZCP secretary, says he'd be "surprised if the rate were anything like that high in Australia", although he admits there is no evidence for that opinion.

Why hasn't there been an Australian sex-and-psychiatrists' survey? "I don't think there have been many complaints," Dr Kenny says. "It hasn't really come to anybody's attention in Australia before — I don't know why that is."

A case that came to light in NSW last year was that of Dr Winifred Childs, the only woman doctor so far to be accused of sexual misconduct. Childs was brought before the NSW Medical Tribunal by Walton, accused of having had sexual relationships with two former patients — one a man, one a woman — as well as having violated patient confidentiality by discussing other patients by name.

Some of the notoriety attached to the case of Childs, who is the ex-wife of ALP Senator Bruce Childs, stems from its statistical rarity and some from the fact that she is bisexual. Most, however, arises from her high standing in the psychiatric community and a fascination with her fall from grace.

> The first commandment, which has existed since the days of Hippocrates, is: Thou Shalt Not Fuck Thy Patient.

Childs, known to friends and colleagues as "Win", has had her work published in respected psychiatric journals, taught postgraduate students at Sydney and NSW universities and supervised trainee psychiatrists at Westmead and Prince of Wales hospitals. Her practice included a high proportion of psychotherapists, psychologists and GPs. She had high peer approval.

Childs is a practitioner of what she calls "humanistic therapy", and quotes Sigmund Freud as the "first great humanist therapist." She is also influenced by *The Road Less Travelled*, a popular book by American therapist Dr Scott Peck, which embraces the anti-nuclear and pro-environment causes. She has been active in "Politics In The Pub" at Sydney's famous Harold Park Hotel, and has been more the teacher than the temptress since she started psychiatry in the late Sixties.

The hearing had elements of soap-opera: sexual anguish, torment and betrayal, talk of depression and suicide, threats to buy guns, love offered, rejected and misunderstood. Pain, it appears, is never distant from psychiatric practice and is rarely a stranger to psychiatrists' lives.

One matter under question by the Tribunal was Childs' sexual relationship with a former patient, "Jane" (all patients' names have been changed in this article to comply with judicial orders). The affair began three months after the completion of therapy. Although there is no rule — and very mixed opinions — on an acceptable time-lapse between therapy and the start of a relationship, the Tribunal considered Childs' conduct improper. A modern psychiatrist who has sex with a patient is immediately in quadruple jeopardy: there is the threat of a civil suit for malpractice, criminal prosecution for sexual assault, being struck off by the Medical Tribunal and the wild card of blackmail by an embittered, jealous or disturbed ex-lover.

It goes further. Dr Robert Ingram, a doctor and lawyer who is Executive Director of Med-Law Consultants and a former chief executive of the Medical Defence Union of NSW, says: "On top of those risks, the doctor can be investigated by the professional body to which he belongs. If a psychiatrist were expelled from the College of Psychiatrists, that would be a major thing. Plus his visiting rights at a hospital would be terminated."

Why would anyone risk copping such a barrage of trouble?

John Ellard, who is the Chairman of RANZCP's Clinical Standards Committee, says: "It's their own psychopathology. And I think we have to distinguish between one-off cases and those who do it repetitively. I think they [repeat offenders] are bloody fools who don't appreciate their special responsibilities."

Apart from the professional repercussions, there is that wild card, yet more alarming because there is no limit to its consequences: blackmail.

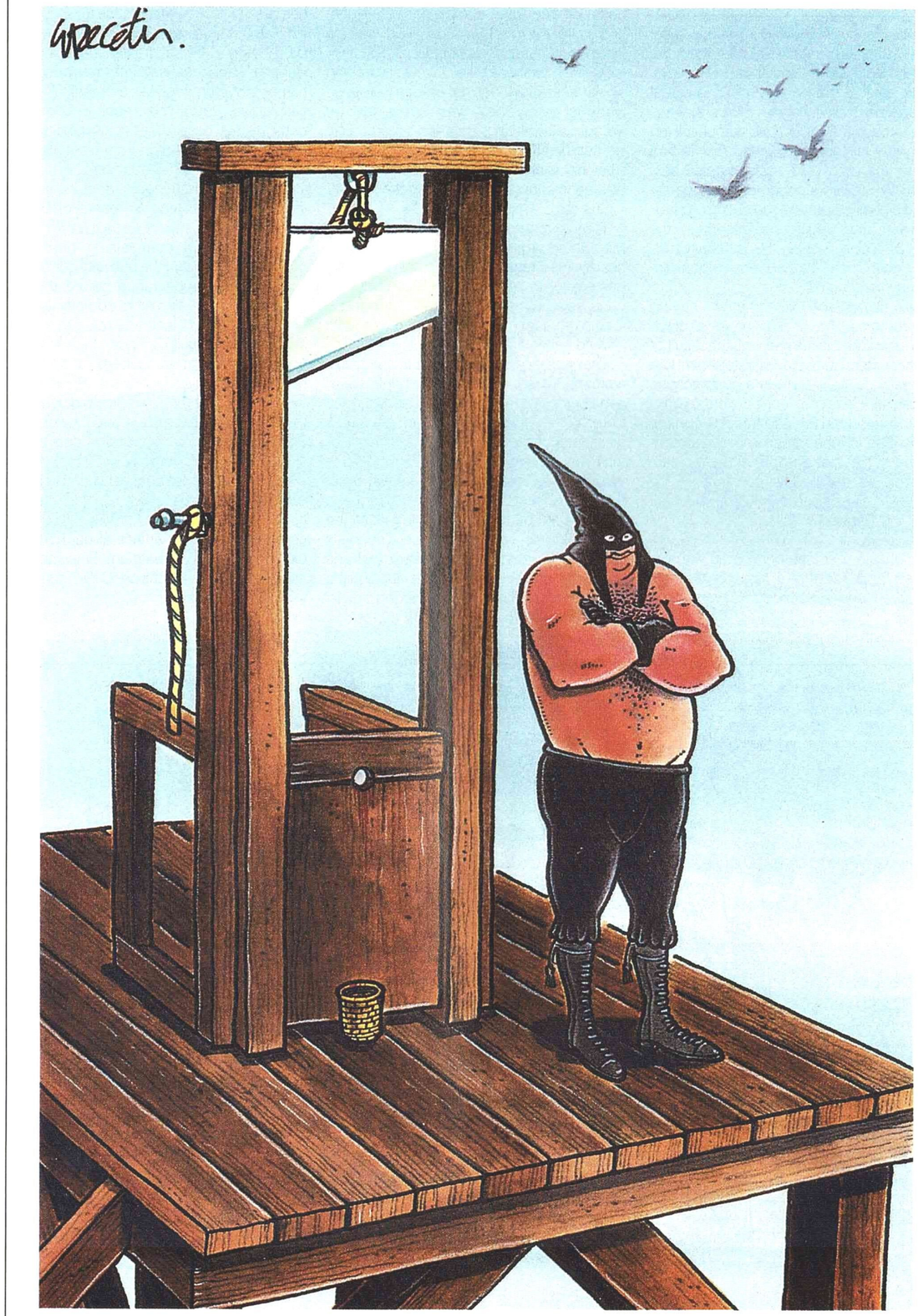
In 1983 Dr James Randall Stewart, who migrated from Ireland to NSW with his wife and family in 1977, was practising as a GP in Hornsby on the northern edge of the Sydney metropolitan area.

A patient, Judith, complained that in July of that year Stewart, conducting a vaginal examination, inserted the gloved fingers of his right hand into her vagina while palpitating her abdomen with his left hand. He stimulated her clitoris at the same time. She said she felt "degraded" by this. When she talked to her husband, waiting in his car outside the surgery, she described the experience as "clinical rape."

After expert evidence from a consultant gynaecologist about whether accidental clitoral stimulation could occur, the Medical Tribunal found itself "not persuaded" that the doctor had deliberately stimulated Judith.

During the next two months, however, Judith, a mother of three, returned to Stewart's surgery and continued to see him there.

According to her account of events, in mid-September Stewart kissed her in his surgery and they talked of their future. A



dilemma

week later she and Stewart agreed to meet at the McDonald's restaurant near the north entrance to the Lane Cove National Park (notorious as the site of Australia's greatest mystery, the Bogle-Chandler murders). They drove through the park in his Triumph talking about how far the seats would recline and whether the car would accommodate sex. Eventually Stewart stopped the car in a secluded area and spread a rug on the ground.

Stewart and Judith undressed. In the words of Judge Thorley, the Tribunal Chairman, Judith then "threw herself upon him seeking intercourse."

A few days later Judith, by then suffering the symptoms of a psychiatric breakdown (which she later maintained was the result of the encounters with Stewart), told him she had nearly driven in front of a bus because she felt life was no longer worth living. Stewart interpreted this as a threat to commit suicide if he stopped treating her, and considered it to be emotional blackmail. However, he declined to continue seeing her. Judith, described by Justice Michael Kirby, the President of the NSW Court of Appeal, as emotionally vulnerable, intelligent and articulate, became consumed with bitterness and lodged a complaint. The Medical Tribunal suspended Stewart for 18 months.

The Court of Appeal overturned the misconduct ruling, largely because Judith had continued to see Stewart after the sexual behavior she later complained of. Unbeknown to the doctor, Judith had been a victim of incest during puberty.

Vaginal examinations involve touching similar to sexual touching. Dr Carl Ferguson Hughes of Sydney was consulted by Maggie, 23, about ovarian cysts. She wanted him to refer her to a gynaecologist. After his examination he asked her if she wanted to know where her G-spot was.

She said: "I might as well."

Thus encouraged, Hughes stimulated Maggie's vagina. He began breathing heavily. His interest in locating her G-spot appeared not to be medical. He took out his penis several times and asked her to touch it. She refused, grabbed his hand and said: "You'd better stop." He did.

That was in 1984. Two years later another woman, Sharon, went with her boyfriend to see Hughes for marriage counselling. They talked of their sexual situation and returned a week later. After talking to the boyfriend for ten minutes, Hughes then saw Sharon alone in his surgery. He asked her questions about the vagina, produced a book of diagrams and then a tube of lubricant. He massaged her vagina to orgasm. In the Tribunal's words: "She next became aware that she was lying on her back on the floor of the surgery with the respondent having sexual intercourse with her. She did not consent to intercourse."

Both Sharon and Maggie later complained of nervous rashes. Sharon also developed headaches and back and neck trouble. Both felt Hughes had abused their trust in him. Before the Tribunal heard these cases, Hughes struck himself off, removing his name from the register of medical practitioners in NSW. The Tribunal found his behavior was caused by his "wilful desire to seek sexual gratification from his patients", which was "utterly repugnant."

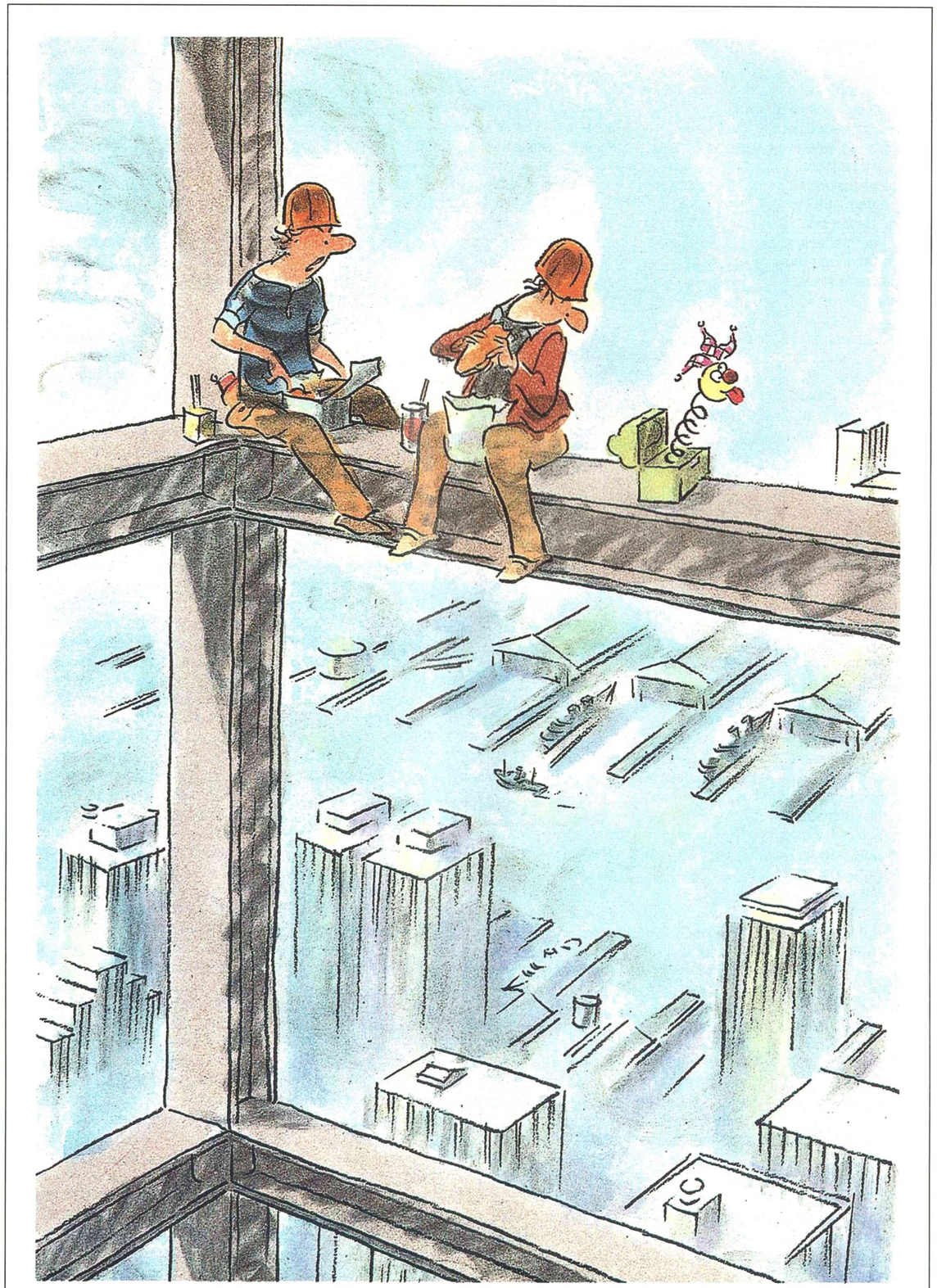
Like most sex offenders, doctors, including psychiatrists, tend to repeat offences. Merrilyn Walton says it is unusual to have only one patient complaining of sexual misbehavior and that the publicity generated by a doctor's appearance before the Tribunal often generates more complaints.

Marion's ex-husband was referred to psychiatrist Dr William Spence, of the leafy, Volvo-ridden Sydney suburb of St Ives, because he was depressed. Spence referred him to another therapist and asked to see Marion. Spence then told Marion she needed therapy for depression and that a sexual relationship with him would help her.

Between early February 1984 and late December 1986 the doctor's records claimed he had treated her 200 times. His patient card for her had no entries about her condition, prognosis or treatment. She was later admitted to the Northside Clinic suffering severe depression.

Spence was 62, Marion 35. She described the therapy from March 1985 to De-

"I'm afraid we don't have anything in a support condom."



"Think of the bright side — we don't have to hear about his wife's sense of humor anymore!"

cember 1986 as "cat-and-mouse games: there was continual physical contact but no intercourse." Sessions were in a soundproofed converted garage. Spence told her: "You can do whatever you like in here — no-one will hear you."

Another patient, Robin, had an affair with Spence from 1983 to 1988 while he treated her for depression. Spence admitted the facts of both affairs, and the Tribunal struck him off. Although the strategy has not yet surfaced in Australia, some US psychiatrists suggest that doctors who exploit patients sexually are themselves sick. They therefore need treatment, and in turn, can be cured. The altered language shows how politically expedient this can be: the "sex criminal" becomes the "sexually impaired physician." If the problem is a sickness, rather than a crime, there is no question of blaming anyone, least of all the medical profession.

However politically useful such an idea might be, there might still be elements of truth in it. After all, ordinary people who exhibit sexually offensive or criminal behavior can often be treated and cured.

On January 14, 1986, Dr Gil Kleiner, an ear, nose and throat specialist practising in Marrickville, a blue-collar Sydney suburb, examined a four-year-old girl. Something about the girl touched a nerve in Kleiner's brain: he masturbated in front of her — something which, according to the evidence, he had never done before.

Nor had he consciously felt turned on by a child before. Afterwards he erased the incident from his memory so completely that when the police questioned him about it four months later, he had a total lack of recall. When his memory returned, he pleaded guilty, entered therapy with a psychiatrist and always had an adult present when he was seeing a patient under 16.

The Medical Tribunal, expressing regret, struck him off. However, the Court of Appeal said that a reprimand was enough, accompanied by an order that Kleiner continue with the conditions he had imposed on himself.

All doctors invade patients physically. A syringe in the ear or a hypodermic in the buttock is something easily tolerated by most patients. Though our physical intimacy is violated, the doctor, whether a man or a woman, is at a safe emotional distance. Most of us identify a clear behavioral boundary and if a doctor checking for melanoma starts to lick a nipple, we know that boundary has been breached. Psychiatry differs in that our physical intimacy remains intact, but our emotions and feelings are probed. It is the psychiatrist's job to penetrate the emotional barriers that we develop to protect ourselves. Here, the boundaries are far less clear.

In the case of Win Childs and her patient Jane, a sexual relationship began three months after therapy was finished. As an adolescent, Jane had been sexually abused by her stepfather. Queensland psychiatrist Dr Michael Spelman and Sydney psychiatrist Dr Anne Banning gave evidence of the parallels between incest with a parent and sex with a psychiatrist. Both father and psychiatrist say: "Don't tell anyone"; both are trusted figures of authority. Both violations involve a betrayal of trust. Having been violated by her stepfather, Jane was more vulnerable to Childs' sexual betrayal of trust.

Banning thought it inappropriate for a therapist even to become friends with a patient during therapy or just afterwards: "The therapist is engaged to look after the patient's needs, and in a friendship both look after each other's needs. That's the difference."

Counsel (for the Complaints Unit): "Is it proper to touch patients, or must there be no physical contact?"

Banning: That's difficult. I mean, the College [RANZCP] talks about a handshake being fine."

> "If a patient walks in, takes her clothes off and says, 'I long for you', can you say, 'Therapy is concluded' and unbutton your shirt?"

Counsel: "What is your view?"

Banning: "Yes, a handshake is fine."

Counsel: "Let's go on from there."

Banning: "It's better to avoid physical contact."

Counsel: "It can never form part of the therapy?"

Banning: "It's better to avoid physical contact."

On the question of touching, Banning and John Ellard, both orthodox, reputable shrinks, are poles apart. As long as the touching is publicly acceptable, Ellard reckons it's okay. The RANZCP's Barrie Kenny puts a third point of view:

Penthouse: "Is it okay to shake hands?"

Kenny: "Most psychiatrists would say yes because it's an ordinary interaction, an ordinary form of greeting. I don't think there would be too much dispute about that."

Penthouse: "What about touching a patient on the shoulder in a comforting way?"

Kenny: "I think most psychiatrists in most circumstances would consider that perfectly normal and helpful."

Penthouse: "Would you say that where the patient finds the behavior erotic, it is always improper?"

Kenny: "Not necessarily. You can't always predict how a patient is going to interpret your behavior. A patient might feel your welcoming smile and the greeting, 'Good morning, how are you?' is a seductive ploy. You can't say that if the patient sees it as erotic, it necessarily is."

Dr Barry Blicharski, of Balmain, Sydney, took a much more relaxed view, although he didn't approve of psychiatrists actually fucking their patients.

Before the Tribunal, Counsel for the Medical Complaints Unit asked: "What if the patient said to the therapist: 'I love you and I want you for my woman', and the therapist said, 'I am available'? Would you see any impropriety if the relationship was consummated there and then?"

Blicharski said the answer required some hair-splitting. He would want to know what had been said before that. Finally he said if the therapist terminated therapy and the patient was overjoyed, a fuck right there and then would be "rather too fast" but "not a matter of impropriety."

When cross-examination resumed the next morning, a possible reason for Blicharski's attitude became apparent. Mark Lynch, for the Medical Complaints Unit, asked him: "Have you ever been involved in a sexual relationship with any of your patients?"

Blicharski: "No, I haven't."

Lynch: "Have you ever been involved in a sexual relationship with any of your former patients?"

Blicharski: "Yes I have."

Lynch asked when the relationship began. The question was disallowed.

This led to the matter of how much time should elapse between the end of therapy and the beginning of a sexual relationship. What is okay? A month? A year? Never?

Ellard thinks "never" is sometimes the answer, and a month out of the question. Although the Tribunal found the three months in the Childs case improper, there is no general ruling. It is up to the discretion of the therapist.

Ellard: "If a doctor takes a splinter out of a patient's finger in casualty and three months later they meet at a dinner party and go off to bed, I have no problem. I'm always happy to forgive people who rush into each other's arms and go off together forever into the sunset."

Penthouse: "If a patient walks in, takes her clothes off and says, 'I long for you', can you say, 'Therapy is concluded' and unbutton your shirt?"

Ellard: "You can say: 'I'm giving up therapy with you because of my desire for you and you should see Bill over here who's okay.' If you've only had three sessions I don't see why you shouldn't turn up in six months' time or a year."

Penthouse: "But you can't turn up next Tuesday?"

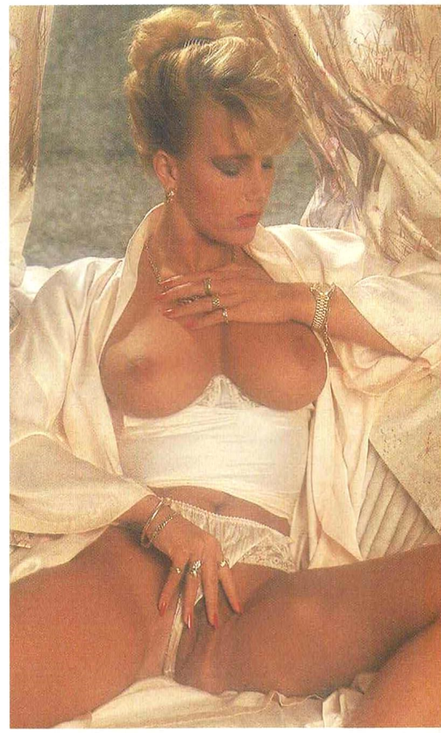
Ellard: "Oh no."

Continued on page 126

POWER PLAY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JO HAMMAR

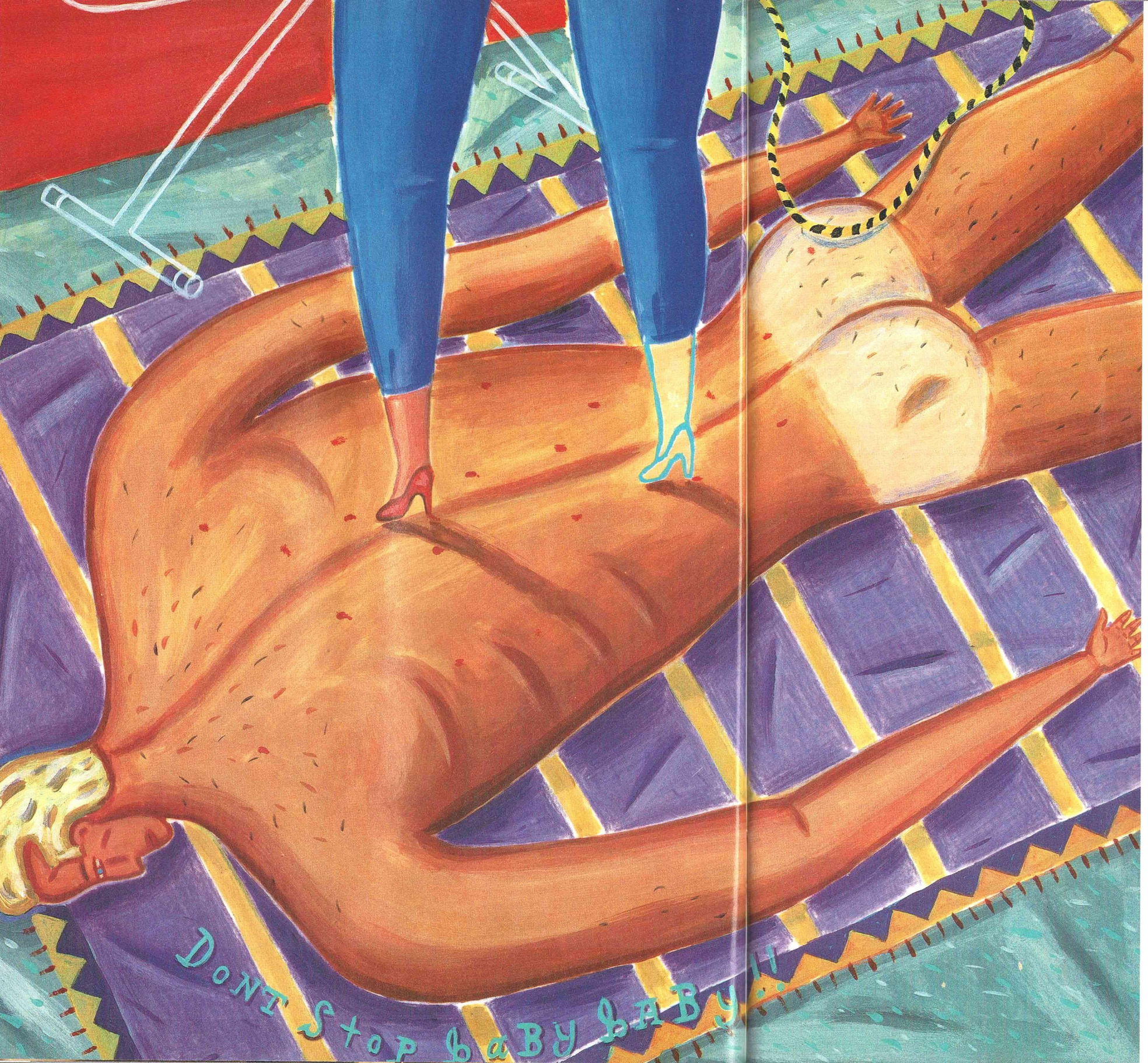
Equestrienne Domina Ivanovsky doesn't dream — she makes plans. "I consider what I want from life, and then I go out and take it." And who would dare to stand in the way of this ice-cool Leo beauty? When not entertaining at her country estate, Domina dons breeches, boots, red coat and top hat and schools thoroughbred horses in dressage.



"I adore riding, especially big stallions," she says. "I like to feel the power of a tempestuous horse between my legs, and know that I have total control over him. I like to take a wild beast and teach it submission and obedience. My horses love me because I look after them, but they always know who's in charge."

"Men?" she says. "Hah. They should be like the horses, big, beautiful, strong and loyal. If they are not perfect, I teach them how to best please me. And I know how to please them, too. Oh, yes. I have very high standards. I give the best, but only to the best."

Domina has one ambition — to ride the Lippizanas, the famous dancing white stallions at the Vienna School. "They are the most perfectly trained horses in the world," she says. We think she could train anybody, given half a chance.



When you're a lone sock in the laundromat of love, you've gotta learn to take a few tumbles

BY JEAN NORMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN MITCHELL

LOOKING FOR MR GOODBLOKE

Once upon a time it was sexy to be a single. It's hard to pinpoint the exact period when this was so. Historians bicker over whether it was the late Seventies or early Eighties. In any case, nowadays Single is utterly uncool.

Admitting to single status provokes pity from people who once would have been jealous. "There must be *something* we can do," they say wretchedly, as if you'd said you were dying after a long illness. "It's not fair. You're so *nice*."

Single=instability, immorality and all-round sleaze-bucketry. Even the Australian Institute of Health says Single is sick. Its studies show that the 18 percent of the population who've never married drink and smoke more than any other sector of society. They also eat a hell of a lot more shit food and don't exercise as much. That goes for both men and women.

Although I know some glamor girls who are freaking out about impending spinsterdom, their problems are nothing compared to those of single blokes. Single women are more likely to get into debt and bite their nails than married women, but university research says spouseless men are a zillion times likelier than their married mates to: (a) get liver disease; (b) go bonkers; (c) become alcoholic; (e) die in an industrial or road accident; (f) get murdered; (g) kill themselves anyway.

WHY AREN'T YOU MARRIED???

That sounds like a plaintive parental plea, but actually it's a title in the Self-Help section of your local bookstore. This and dozens of similar books are crowding out the volumes on coping with nervous breakdowns, depression, multiple sclerosis and schizophrenia. See? Single *is* a disease.

MR GOODBLOKE

I couldn't believe men would be keen on crappy-sounding publications such as *Man Power — How To Win The Woman You Want* and *Dial A Woman — How To Choose The Correct Woman For The Successful Relationship.*

"Oh yes they are," said the shop assistant. Apparently they blush, dither and mumble that it's for their brother/dog/best mate, but they buy these books.

Dial A Woman reads like *Cosmo* for boys and is all about using sales and marketing techniques to be in love for the rest of your life. Rosalind Neville, who's previously managed weight loss clinics and shopping tours, offers this advice on how to keep a girlfriend:

- If she says, "It's in my handbag," take it to *her* to open. Never open it yourself.
- Never put a wet towel on her bed even if she does.
- Never try and use a dildo on her that's been used by another woman.
- Never give her a single flower in a plastic cylinder.
- Remember, if she gets you too easily, she'll drop you easily.

According to *Man Power* by Tracey Cabot (who also wrote the companion volume *How To Make A Man Fall In Love With You Forever*), too many Mr Rights fall for Miss Wrong. They become obsessed with "witches, bitches and crazy ladies. Women who have a neurotic need to use them in their own personal agenda without caring what happens to them."

All of this is by way of preamble (I'm a very talkative woman) to my actual assignment, which was to go out there and utilise whatever facilities are currently available for single ladies to help them find Mr Right.

I could have begun my quest in a nightclub or singles bar, but experience tells me Mr Rights are seldom found propping these bars up and besides, I read an article in the paper suggesting they were populated entirely by insomniacs, drug addicts, sexual deviants and no-hopers, and none of these was on my shopping list.

I found Introduction Agencies in the *Yellow Pages* between Interpreters and Invalid Aids. Both these latter services would have been helpful for the kind of dates I've been going out on. So I decided to start at the very top: Partner Search.

John Cougal is a corporate headhunter who says he's 50 but looks years younger. One night he decided to start the ultimate upmarket "dating agency." Cougal cracked up when I asked him how much his services cost. "We're absurdly expensive," he laughed hysterically. "But our clients are all loaded." You know those high-profile powerbroker blokes? The creeps you hear circling overhead in their company choppers and see diving into limos occasionally? They get the love blues too.

Cougal says Partner Search is no more a dating agency than headhunting is an employment agency. "If someone wanted me to find them a particular type of person for a $100,000 per annum job, I wouldn't advertise for someone. I'd use my connections, because there'd be a really narrow group of people who'd fit the bill." Same goes for finding people partners.

So how does he do it? He grinned: "We use private detectives in some cases. Supposing someone asked me to find a middle-aged, single lawyer who wasn't a dickhead or a crook. I wouldn't have a clue where to look. But by utilising private detectives we can find out what sort of place this person would be likely to frequent. It helps hone things down a little."

Also, if the client's especially high-profile the prospective partner will have to be checked out to make sure that they are who they say they are and there aren't any nasties lurking in their background.

Loads of loot won't necessarily buy Cougal's services. He says he's knocked several people back because they had "rigid and unrealistic expectations. We offer a Rolls Royce service, but we can't go ahead if it's going to be well-nigh impossible."

It sounded great, but I was no further advanced. I couldn't afford his services — and no, he didn't think I'd be suitable for any of his Captains of Industry clients. "You're too young for them," he said with exquisite tact.

It was then that the classic single girl's option occurred to me. The thought of becoming a "sugar daughter" to some pervy old man implanted itself in my befuddled mind. I rang a poofter friend for some advice. I asked him whereabouts dirty old hetero wankers found their fragments of fluff, and he advised me to peruse the personal pages of the brothel rag *Naughty Sydney.* Before even getting to the sugar-daddy section I was transfixed by a tormented plea from a bloke "happy to pay good money" to any female willing to stand on his bare back wearing tight jeans and stilettos while she was doing the ironing.

The next advertisement was more *moi.* He was "a sincere, reliable, married gent" who wanted to take care of the right girl's every need and could offer a luxurious apartment if required. Fantasising about an "older gent" in the Clint Eastwood vein and an unlimited charge account at David Jones, I scrawled a reply explaining my circumstances ("Sir, I am utterly unemployable and also looking for Mr Right" etc) and enclosed my cheesecakiest picture.

Almost as if he'd been lurking in wait at his PO box, he wrote back immediately.

"Dear Penelope Lane,

"My ad was very sincere in that I want to meet someone young and attractive who likes the idea of being my lady friend and allowing me to take care of her properly. *Let me tell you that I am married with a family and am not the type to hurt* anyone *— hence the need for discretion."*

His ideal woman was soft, feminine and knew that if she made him happy she could have anything she wanted without even asking. The bit I liked best was where he said if the relationship finished he'd ensure Miss Right walked away with "something worthwhile."

Barely able to contain my greed, I rang him up and wasn't even disconcerted that he sounded more like a sugar great-grandfather than a sugar daddy. "Geoffrey" said he wanted us to meet to see how we "mutually reacted."

We agreed upon a coffee bar in Kings Cross and I had the place staked out by various friends in case G was a thrill killer with a thing against gold-diggers. Beady with avarice, my eyes swivelled wildly around the crowded room. He'd said he'd be wearing a red shirt and there he was. I wished I'd written to the guy who wanted a woman to do the ironing on top of him instead. He was not 50, as he'd said. To be kind, he may have been too old to remember his age.

"Ahh, dear little Penelope," he beamed fondly. I simpered something inane back and that was the last word I snuck in for the next two hours.

As I was about to faint with boredom he suggested we go and have a look at the "luxurious" apartment. Everyone bullshits in their personal ads, but this flat was merely pleasant. Or it would have been if it hadn't been decorated with scungy old junk-shop style prints of topless negro women and David Hamilton rip-offs of girls in straw hats and muslin feeling one another up.

As we sank into the vinyl couches I realised my career as a sugar daughter was already over. Over and over again he told me how sensitive he was, which tends to indicate a tyrannical maniac. I decided I'd rather work at McDonalds than put up with another second of his patronising bleating. I was about to get up when he said "Penelope, darling" and leaned over to kiss me. I screamed and dived away from him. I left him reeling in a backflow of ill-considered excuses and apologies and that was that, although he did send me a very nice Christmas card that had been painted by an amputee who'd had to use his toes.

I decided to try some other options.

Dating services can be found in front of the *White Pages*, sandwiched between Cricket Line and Depression information and alongside the Herpes — Yours For Life — Helpline. Ringing up the Under 30s category, I was exposed to an epic mini-series of an advertisement for an already over-exposed agency. I slammed the phone down. Why call a 0055 number and *pay* to put up with self-promoting drivel designed to coerce you into paying more?

I went to call up my horoscope line and it had been changed to "a 24-hour service for ladies looking for fun, friendship and romance." Clearly, it was fate.

Tijuana Brass played in the background as a dizzy-sounding gal explained I could be out with Mr Right that very night! I simply had to listen to the guys' recorded messages and after one had "struck the right note" call another number quoting Mr Right's code number, and they'd give me his home number. No fuss, and no boring old checking up of my character.

"Hi there. I'm 7860," said the first chap seductively.

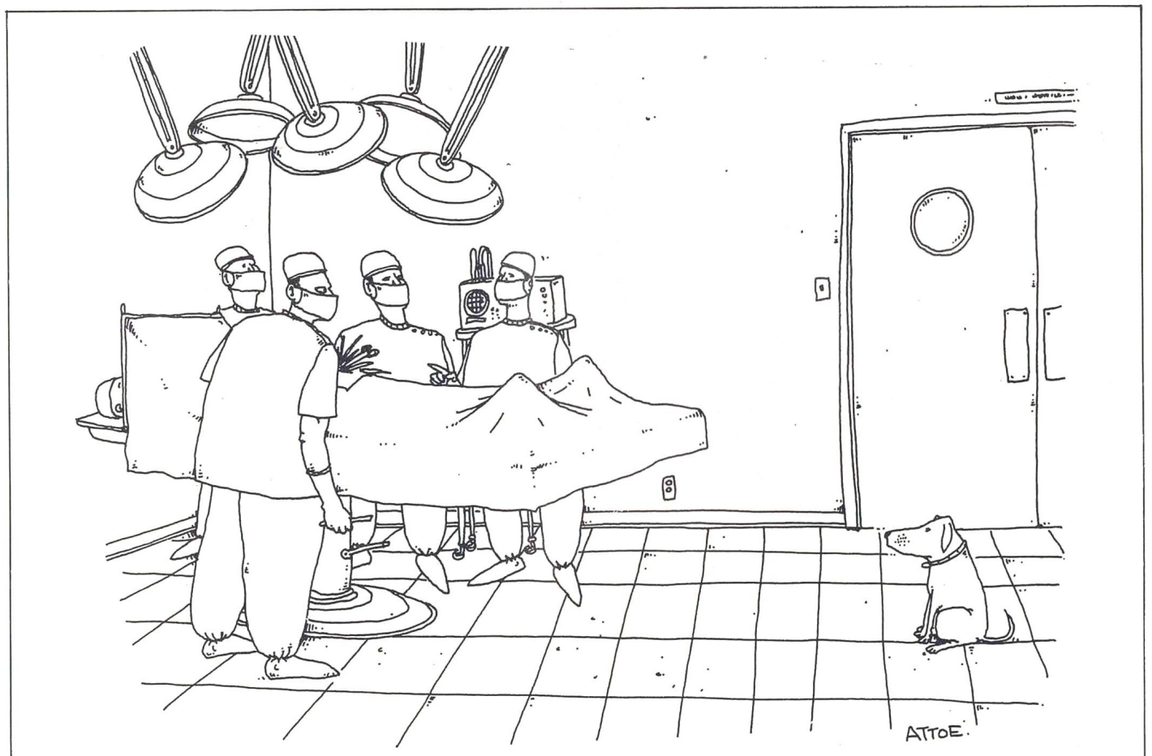
He was 27, five feet eight, and would be interested in a permanent relationship with *any girl* who was *easy going and into anything.*

7861 sounded pissed off. He said if anyone dared ring him expecting him to be "generous, secure, independent, professional or a businessman" he'd slam the phone down. But he was "conscientious, articulate and sensitive." 7861's Miss Right had to be capable of expressing her feelings and thoughts but not if they were "extreme left or right wing, upper or lower class views."

7862 was a six footer, a non-smoker who enjoyed "intimacy" and the great outdoors, and was willing to have a serious re-

Continued on page 94

"Read that part again about black holes sucking up the universe and everything in it."



"Maybe he wouldn't hang around here so much if you stopped feeding him table scraps."

SEX, SEX, SEX,

10 weirdest

Small packages

My wife Linda and I have quite an open relationship, and I have enjoyed many experiences similar to those that have appeared in *Penthouse*. But recently we were involved in an experience that we consider unique.

We recently went on an outing to one of the local circuses to do a bit of crotch-watching and enjoy the show. People were friendly, crotch-watching was great, and we decided to stop off to see one of the sideshows. Featured was the World's Smallest Weightlifter. I could tell Linda was fascinated and wanted to see this pint-sized man with the bulging muscles. I believe she was mostly interested in the bulge in his skintight leotards. So even though I was expecting a rip-off, I paid the six bucks, and into the tent we went. As it turned out, it was actually the best six dollars I have ever spent.

During the show, Marco, the midget, asked for an assistant from the audience. Linda practically knocked me over, and in a flash was on the stage with Marco. He was glad to have such a good-looking assistant and in no time at all had lifted her above his head with one hand. This really turned Linda on. From where I sat in the audience, I could see her nipples jutting out proudly through her tank top.

After the show, Linda told me to go outside and wait for her because Marco had asked to talk with her for a few minutes. When she emerged from the tent she told me that Marco had invited her to his trailer for a drink, but instead she had invited him to our flat. She knew that if anything happened I would want to be watching from the closet in our bedroom, which I had especially prepared for that purpose.

I had hurried back to our home and was comfortably situated in my hideout when I heard them come in. Much to my surprise, Linda called out to me, saying that she had someone whom she wanted me to meet. When I walked into the living room I almost fainted. Standing next to my wife and Marco was the most beautiful little woman I had ever laid eyes on. I mean, here was Shirley Temple — curly locks and all — with full, rounded tits. Marco introduced her as his girlfriend, Lilli, who was an exotic dancer. Linda was anxious to begin, as I could tell from the way her hands were all over Marco.

After a few drinks and a few joints of my private stash, I asked Lilli to display her dancing talents. She got up from the couch and began a slow belly dance and striptease. My eyes were glued to her body as she slowly shed one garment after another. When she unsnapped her flimsy bra and freed those beautiful pointed globes, I thought I had died and gone to heaven. Then she shed her bikini panties and revealed her shaven pussy — now I was convinced. There she was, just over one metre of perfection.

Moans of pleasure distracted me from the visual feast. Linda was already hungrily inhaling Marco's rod. What Marco and began a nice smooth stroke, with Linda's long legs locked well over his muscular back.

Lilli was working on my dick while I was fingering her bald pussy. Finally I could wait no longer. Reaching down and easily

lacked in height must have gone to his dick. His tool must have been the same length as his forearm.

Suddenly I felt some tiny fingers working at my belt and fly. I turned to gaze into Lilli's lust-filled eyes. She freed my joint, grabbed it in her delicate hand, and began to lead me to the bedroom. As I glanced back over my shoulder I saw Marco pick my wife up from the couch and head in the same direction.

Once we were all in the bedroom, clothes flew in every direction. Lilli wanted me on the bed and she began kissing my entire body. After what seemed an eternity she reached my throbbing organ. She tenderly kneaded my balls with her baby-doll hand, while her tongue and mouth engulfed my dick. By this time, Marco and my wife were on the bed and Marco was busy working his thick tool into my wife's snatch. Soon he had it buried to the hilt, picking her up, I slowly impaled her on my slippery rod. She moaned with pleasure as I slid into her gaping pussy and she began riding me. Tight is just not an appropriate word to describe her luscious box. Vice-like might come closer.

Our partners were already somewhere in the ozone when I felt my nuts begin to tighten. With Lilli urging me on, I unleashed a load of come that I might otherwise have considered impossible. I could tell from the look on Linda's face that she too had been places she'd never been.

Before long we were at it again. My wife and I know a lot of tricks, but these two small folk taught us a thing or two. — *Name and address withheld*

Space capades

My unique experience occurred years ago, but because it was so unusual there was never a chance to discuss it without my sounding like some sort of crackpot. For those readers who think that many of the letters written to Forum are faked, I am sure that those people will scoff at this one. But out of the many thousands of people who read this column, I am sure that there must be a few out there who have had a similar experience.

Last December, an associate named Peter and I had set up camp in an Australian mountain range. Early one morning we took our equipment and hiked up to the flats, leaving our two dogs, Brandy and Ralph, behind to watch over the camp. Just before we reached the ridge, we both heard a low-pitched hum coming from a nearby hill. As we walked over to investigate, a pecular cylindrical object flew right over the hill and hovered no more than 20 metres in front of us. It was a small, metal-plated vehicle that looked as though no more than two people could fit inside it. I remember feeling my bones vibrating from the loud hum that was emitted by the vehicle. At that moment I was thinking about all of those starry-night conversations I had had with Pete over which one of us would have the nerve to walk aboard a UFO if given the chance. Before then, I had always put on a macho-bravado act, saying how I would jump at the chance.

Just when I began to turn and run, two horizontal panels separated on the small vehicle and a small ramp rolled down to the ground. Standing inside the vehicle looking out at us while wagging their tails, were our two dogs, Brandy and Ralph. When they saw us, they scampered down the ramp and ran over to us. I now recall that when I saw the dogs, I was terrified at the realisation that this thing had been to our camp already. Suddenly, without a word, Pete walked over to the vehicle and went up its ramp. The panels closed, the hum got extremely loud, and both Pete and the vehicle were gone.

I tried to co-ordinate my rubbery knees to start running, but just as I turned toward camp, I saw three white-robed beings standing in front of me. I remember trying to scream but nothing came out of my mouth.

I recall looking at the being closest to me and seeing that its thin lips were upturned in a curt smile. Even though I saw no-one speak, I heard the word "relax." Through either coincidence or will, a warm chill suddenly ran through my body. I didn't feel threatened at all. Two of the beings had large, soft black eyes that looked very feminine. The white robes that they were wearing were of a thin satin material. As the sun was going down to their right, I remember seeing through their sheer robes small, thin-boned shoulders curving down to flat, nippled chests. Their foreheads were broad while (under their hoods) their heads were bald, reflecting a porcelain-white color. I can't really explain why, but I remember looking at them and thinking just how beautiful they were. Along with the warm shiver that I was experiencing, I remember feeling my cock start to get hard and rub against my dirty blue jeans.

The three beings then sat down in a circle, and without hesitating I sat down with them. The two feminine ones reached up and slid back their hoods. I still can clearly visualise how their soft, bald white heads rolled down to their larger black eyes. Just then, I remember wanting to whip out my hard cock and pump it.

The third, more masculine-looking being reached over and slid down both of the others' robes. Their shoulders looked so small and soft. They had no breasts, but they had erect nipples that must have been been an inch long and were surrounded by lovely aureolae. The being closest to me held out its hand and as before, without seeing anyone speak, I heard the word "please." I instinctively reached over and touched its exposed knee. The moment my hand felt its porcelain-like soft skin, my balls constricted and my blood-swollen cock exploded with wad after wad of thick come. My body never stopped shaking as my cock continued to pump, even after the come was ejaculated. When I lifted my hand off its knee, the orgasm stopped. The two feminine beings quietly slipped out of their robes while I started to tear off my come-stained clothes. To this day, I can still visualise both of them sitting there, with their legs open wide, exposing the most beautiful, bald, white pussies which were dripping a thick clear juice. They both had giant, erect clits that looked to be about the size of a young boy's erect penis.

I leaned over to the closest being and began to lap up the clear juice on its bald pussy. It had a sweet, metallic taste. The

second being then reached over and rolled me on my back. This one quietly mounted my stone-hard cock while the first one sat on my face. They both started to thrust in a circular motion. I remember that the pussy that I was rubbing my face in started to make a sucking sound. Both of them started to rotate a faster circle and I recall visualising alternately rotating intergalactic nebuli. The thrusting became violent, my balls began to constrict right up inside my body, and my throbbing cock prepared to pump the biggest wad that it had ever known.

Just then, I heard a blood-curdling, baboon-like scream. I remember looking up and seeing the third being standing over us naked. I had been so close to exploding my rocks off that I became confused. This being had a long, skinny erection. Its cock must have been the circumference of my index finger and about 20 centimetres long. It threw the other two beings aside and rolled me back over on to my stomach. I looked back and saw it aiming its syringe-like prick right at my arsehole. Then it hunched over my body and gripped the back of my neck with its teeth. With pinpoint accuracy it then crammed its prick up my arsehole. Frantically it started to freckle-punch me. As I think back, I don't recall being afraid or feeling any pain. I just felt rather humiliated. Just then — it couldn't have been more than three minutes — it got its rocks off. I felt like its prick was going to poke out the tip of my cock. Whatever it was pumping me full of, it felt like a warm water enema. It was then that I passed out.

The next thing I remember, I was walking back to camp with my clothes back on. I heard behind me the sound of footsteps. I turned around and saw my colleague, Pete, with our two dogs, Brandy and Ralph. I remember that we just looked at each other and realised that it would have been useless to say anything. And nothing has been said ever since. — *Name and address withheld*

Pav lover

My friend Sean and I arrived home early one evening and were alone in the house — or so we thought. We went into the kitchen to get a beer but we'd run out. I got pissed off, but Sean said not to worry for he'd just spotted an incredible vision of tasty delight. There before us lay a succulent kiwifruit pavlova, radiating its creamy virginity in the warm glow of late afternoon. I felt an unexpected but familiar tingling in Little Grant and saw that Sean too had a raging boner. I guess you could say that we both have a sweet tooth. My throat was dry as we both moved toward our frothy temptress.

While Sean stripped and lay down on the counter, I gently caressed our eager companion in anticipation. I plucked a slice of juicy young fruit from the cake and brought it to my quivering lips. Then I lifted our moist mate and placed it on Sean's heaving chest. The exquisite weight of the pav was too much for him and he shot his

Continued on page 136

PET hates

What is it about women and animals?

HUMOR BY COLIN BOWLES
ILLUSTRATION BY EDD ARAGON

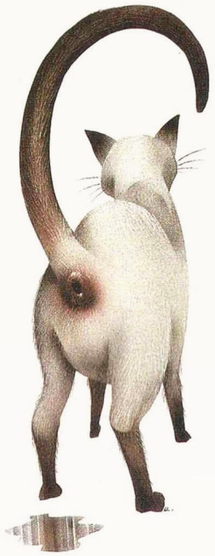
So you've invited her to move in with you. You're feeling pretty pleased with yourself: she has the face of a Michelle Pfeiffer, the body of a Kim Basinger, the voice of a Susan Sarandon ... and, wait a minute, a long-haired collie that looks like Lassie.

You didn't think of that, did you? It's one of those unpleasant but unavoidable facts of life, like menstruation and premature balding; but the truth is, some women maintain an unctuous relationship with dumb animals, so when you move in together, it's a case of love me, love my Tiddlekins. And that's where the problems start. Here's a few tips on how to handle the situation.

FISH

Anything in a bowl does not pose any real threat to your new relationship. You may find it pretty hard to understand why she showers so much doting affection on an axolotl called Clive, or a hermit crab called Thucydides, but providing she doesn't ask you to take the damn thing out for a walk, you should ignore it.

pet hates



CATS

Women have a neurotic and perverse attachment to cats. Cats are lazy, preening, self-satisfied, smug, and overfed. They are Barbie dolls with fur. The truth is, a woman's cat is her alter ego. She treats her pussy — so to speak — as she'd like *you* to treat *her*. Once you accept this fact, you'll realise why men and women have so many problems getting on with each other. Cats bring out the worst in any woman. An otherwise intelligent, rational and articulate female will address something called Aloysious Tum-Tums in a voice usually reserved for the brain-damaged or the very young. She will ask a quadruped that has not moved from the sofa since early morning — even to piss — if it has been a good little Tummykins. She will tell said feline — who has plumped itself in front of the gas fire without moving a muscle for approximately 24 hours — that it is getting a fat little tummy-wummy, as if this is an incredible surprise. She will then enquire of this self-obsessed furball whether it loves its mummy-wummy.

No man worth his salt can possibly live with a woman *and* a cat and expect it to work. It's not just waking up in the morning and turning over to nuzzle your lady's soft, warm, pink breasts and finding your nose inserted up the soft, warm, pink rectum of Aloysious Tum-Tums. It's not just taking out your favorite loafers from under the bed and finding Tummykins has vomited last night's tin of chicken in white mackerel sauce all over them. It's not just the smell of cat's piss in the console of your Nissan Exa or the new Jag shirt that puss has used as an underblanket during its afternoon siesta and which is now covered in three inches of cat's hair and which still smells like an Indonesian urinal after three washes. What will finally break you is the look Fluffykins has in its eyes after you have your first fight: the smug glare of triumph as she sits stroking it, instead of stroking you, and muttering to it under her breath what a bastard Daddy (that's you) is. The choice is simple. If you move in with a woman who has a cat, the cat has to go. Here are some options:

1. You put the cat in the washing machine on the Heavy Wash cycle and then take it to the tip. This is environmentally friendly providing you use bio-degradable washing powder. You then claim that Tummykins must have run away from home.

2. You shoot Aloysious Tum-Tums point blank with your .22 as it's lying asleep on the barbecue. This is brutal but satisfying. You then put the blame on the bloke next door.

3. You throw it under a shire steamroller and then stick the remains down the back of the sofa and tell your girl she must have sat on it by mistake.

4. You throw it down the septic tank and replace the lid.

5. You put it in the microwave and feed the result to Clive the axolotyl.

6. You keep throwing it out on the expressway until it doesn't come back.

7. You buy a Doberman Pinscher and forget to feed it for a few days.

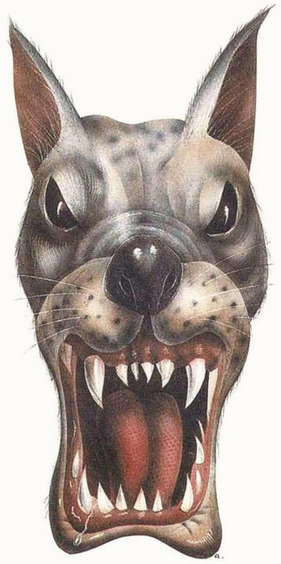
8. You spike its sardine livers in aspic with radium chloride.

9. You sell it to your local Vietnamese restaurant and imply that Aloysius Tum-Tums must have run away. Then you take your girlfriend back to the restaurant that evening and eat the little bastard with noodles.

A cat only has nine lives. One of the above must work. Remember — it's you or the cat.

DOGS

There's nothing wrong with dogs. A good dog can be energetic, robust, fun-loving and sometimes even useful. The real problem arises when she brings a mutt into the relationship which is none of these things. There are three types of dogs that you should be wary of: yappers, shitters and trained killers.



Yappers: Yappers are almost always small, fluffy, and chicken-livered. From the moment you let her move in, her yapper will bark at you as if *you* were the intruder. Yappers start barking at around five in the morning and continue yapping long into the night, often at things not evident to ordinary mortals, like dust particles, neutrons, plankton, cosmic radiation and flu germs. The sort of woman who owns a yapper is usually a totally worthless human being, such as a prison officer or an advertising account executive. You should get rid of her immediately. If she has some other redeeming human quality — such as really big tits — then you should get rid of the dog. The best way to do this is by putting it in the boot of your car, taking it for a drive to the city limits and toe-punting it into a disused quarry.

Shitters: Dogs with Irritable Bowel Syndrome are almost always cross-breeds. Her dog may seem harmless enough initially but when you find grogans in your walk-in wardrobe and diarrhoea over your Persian rug, you known you have a shitter in your midst. Shitters are also compulsive chewers. They can digest anything from Nike joggers to leather sofas. Women who own such dogs talk to them as if they were children: "You naughty little boysie-woysie. Who chewed the tyres off Daddy's Landcruiser?" Both woman and dog should be ejected immediately.

Trained Killers: Any woman who owns dogs such as a German Shepherd, a Rhodesian Ridgeback, a Bull Terrier or a Doberman Pinscher should be avoided at all cost. Although generally passive and softly spoken, they actually harbor a lot of suppressed aggression against men which they express through their dogs. Although they won't admit it, they secretly enjoy it when Brutus bales you up against a wall and snaps at your balls with his yellowed fangs, or when Rocky jumps on your back in the bedroom and rakes your spine with his claws just as you are about to have an incredible orgasm. Going with such women is like hanging around with Mike Tyson's wife: one day you're going to get very badly hurt. Never live with any woman who has a dog that's bigger and uglier than you are.

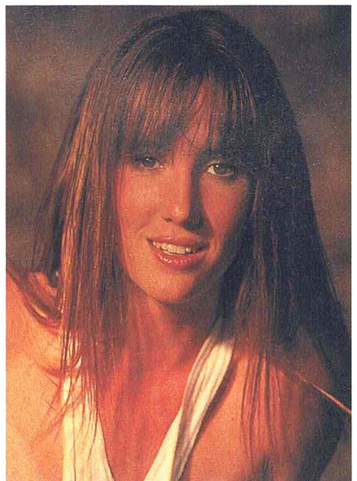
The only other pets to watch out for are piranha, cockroaches and ferrets; and don't bother with any girl who seems to like her ant farm more than she likes you. Better still, find yourself a girl who does not bring any other form of life into the relationship except herself. And if she screams at the reticulated python you keep in the bath, give her her marching orders. Anyone who would upset a poor, dumb animal is not worth bothering about

KELLY

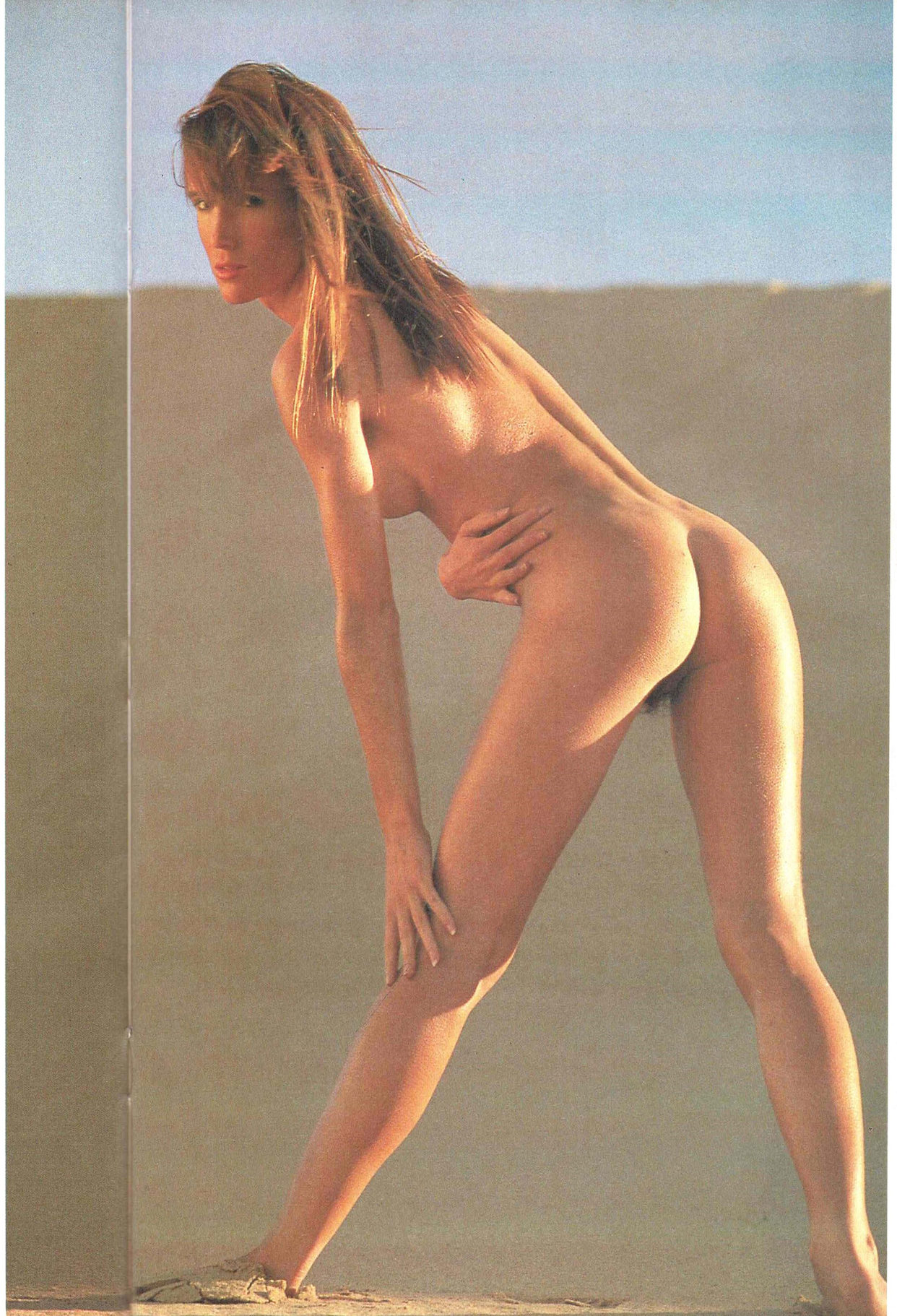
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BAMBI

Hair, make-up and styling by Bambi; white shirt and white socks by Cash Palace (02) 360 1565; black bra top by Risk (02) 331 4276; brown Akubra hat courtesy of ABC Costume Hire, Sydney; brown pony cowboy boots by Wheels and Doll Baby, Crown St, Sydney; denim mini and black hat by Dirty Looks, Sydney.

BUSH BABY

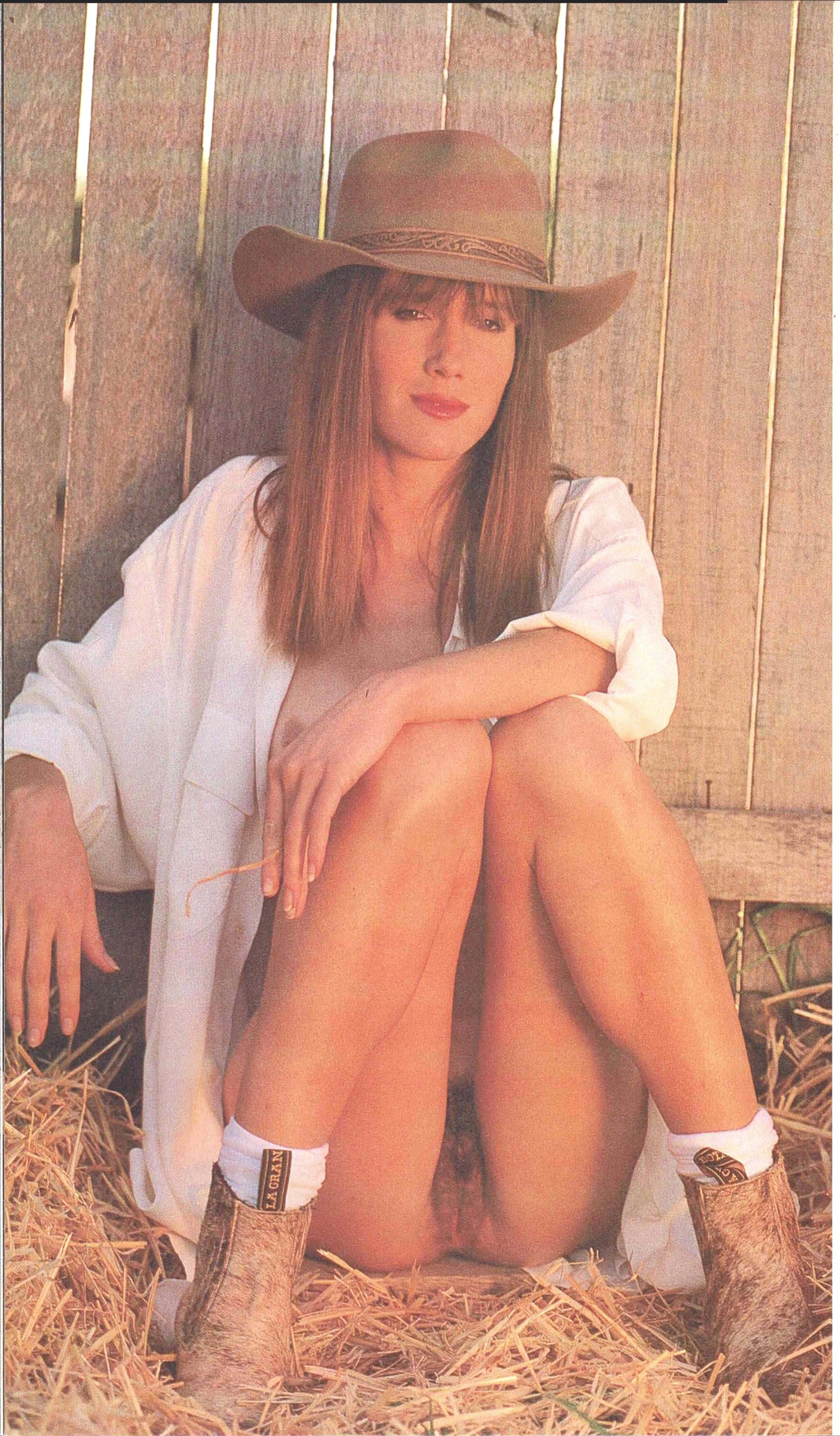


"I'm a person of extremes, an individualist," says smoke-eyed Sydneysider Kelly Hall. "I can laze in the sun all day, or go dancing all night." Kelly, 21, has travelled all through central Australia, and has an affinity for the bush and the desert, and places like Alice Springs. "Life is definitely different out there!"



"Australia has got everything, and I love it all," says Kelly, who prefers things *au naturel* — she enjoys staying in places that are authentic, rather than ritzy and it's the same with her tastes in men. She likes approachable, unaffected men who make her laugh, and if they are sexy along with it, that's great. Kelly, an Aries, is attending a small business course and hopes to start her own business. She hasn't decided what, yet, but is thinking about an unusual restaurant or cafe in the city.

A keen traveller, Kelly dreams of visiting exotic places, particularly South America. One of her favorite fantasies, she confesses, is making love at night on a beach in Rio with a carnival going on around her — "a celebration with sparklers, fireworks, dancing and laughter". Another is having fun in the back of a tour bus while crossing the Simpson Desert.



Kelly admits that she likes to live dangerously, although she sometimes imagines lying around and being totally pampered. She loves cocktails, especially Margaritas, and spicy food. She would far rather go out for a romantic dinner than to parties, and would dearly love to trade in her Datsun for a sleek, sexy Lamborghini. We say good on you, Kelly — go for it.

PART TWO

Penthouse rounded up half a dozen Australian men to discuss (and debate) what it's like to be a male in the Nineties

the MEN'S ROOM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID IACONO & MATTHEW SCROOPE (SD34)

Last month, in Part One of the "men's forum", a randomly assembled bunch of blokes collectively representing the Australian male aired their grievances on a range of subjects relating to the question: "What's it like on our side of the fence?" They discussed men's dreams and women's dreams, the pressure on men to change, emotional repression in men, the feminist agenda, and, implicitly, the age-old conundrum: why can't a woman be more like a man? This month inhibitions are cast further aside and the boys cut loose under the increasingly lax supervision of *Penthouse* Senior Editor Greg Hunter.

To refresh your memory, the participants are:

Chris, 32, advertising executive, married

Dick, 28, real estate salesman, single, in relationship

Mickey, 27, flight attendant, not in relationship

Serge, 37, teacher, single, not in relationship

James, 32, journalist, single, not in relationship

WHAT MEN REALLY WANT

Penthouse: Only two of you guys are in relationships. What are you all looking for in a woman?

Chris: Her sister.

Mickey: I like a girl — like my last girlfriend, who I've just broken up with — who's got good qualities but isn't out to flaunt what she's got, who's just a basic, good, honest, down-to-earth person.

Dick: I like a girl who doesn't mind me doing what I want to do, but if I do what I want to do there's no time for them, and they get the shits.

Chris: You shouldn't bring a lady back to your bedroom if your girlfriend is already lying there . . .

Dick: That's it! Motels!

James: My last relationship broke up ten days ago and I'm still trying to sort it out.

Serge: You guys don't seem to be in terrible pain, do you?

James: I'm just trying to think what I actually want out of a woman. I'm 32 and the longest relationship I've ever had lasted three years, and that only once. Am I sort of going for too many instant thrills, and not looking for something that's a bit more what I am in the long term?

Chris: You might find that a composite of women — like four or five of them — could provide what you're looking for. They could all contribute something different. But then again, there might be some legal barriers . . .

James: Every guy thinks the same way. Ideally I'd like to fuck one, talk to another, have dinner with a third, have another to come by with a car and an AmEx card . . . I just want a woman who primarily I can talk to, and who's open-minded, so you don't have to fuck with the lights off.

Dick: I reckon it's never the actual kill but the thrill of the chase that's half the fun. The kill is the physical side of it, but in the morning you just feel like: "Okay, fuck off, see you later."

Chris: That's a Sensitive New Man's attitude.

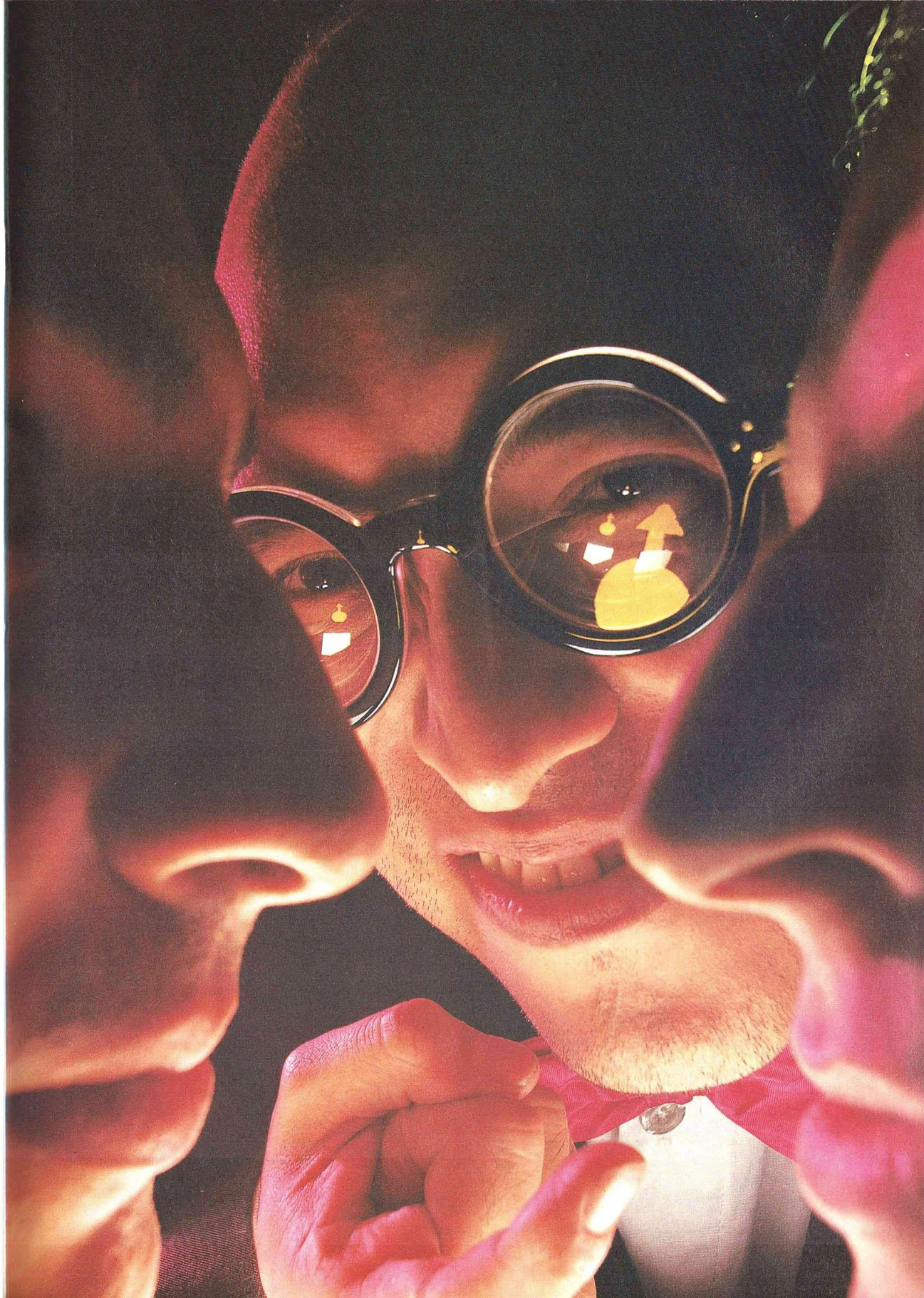
Mickey: If you go out looking for the perfect woman it never works and you end up with a bush pig. It's the old saying: "Go ugly early and beat the rush."

Serge: I'll tell you what I want in a woman. I want someone who will make my life something it hasn't been before.

Chris: *(Whistles)*

Serge: I know it's a fucking tall order. But I used to go out with this woman who had three kids, and we had a relationship on and off for about three years — really stormy — but this was a woman who actually made me see things, or understand things, or feel things, or do things that I had never experienced before. You know, Chris, how you talked about going out there and making someone laugh in a bar; well, fuck, I want someone to make *me* laugh. I want someone to come around and show *me* something that I really love, something I've never seen before. I'm a fucking greedy cunt now. None of this "I'm gonna be a macho man provider" — I'm fucking greedy. I'm selfish.

Chris: You want to get into the passenger's seat. You want a role reversal. If you could relate it to driving — most of my life I do the driving, but the times when I do



get in the passenger's seat I think: "I've driven down this street a thousand times and I've never looked at that house in that particular way." I think you're saying that you want someone to offer you options that *you* get to choose from.

Serge: It's a bit more than that. It's a human being who comes along and enriches your life because they are what they are; someone who adorns your miserable existence by saying — well, they don't say it, but it seems this way: "Look, you've been chasing this miserable thing called a cunt all your life, and you've found out it doesn't really matter." You guys know that — after three or four times you start to get sick of it.

Dick: Speak for yourself.

Penthouse: Is there not a certain arrogance in assuming that all the desirable characteristics of a woman, represented by Chris's "composite woman", ought to be available to us? Or that we ought to be able to spread ourselves around because "no one woman can give me everything I want"?

James: I think the grass is always greener. It might be arrogant, but men all want the same thing. I've worked out that if you have a list of desirable characteristics, you've got to figure out which are the ones that you *can't do with-out.*

Dick: Are we as bad as women? Are we all waiting for Miss Right to come and knock us off our feet, just like women?

James: I am.

Chris: Sure. We're all dreamers. The day you stop dreaming is the day you've given up, the day you start actively compromising — rather than passively compromising.

James: Did you compromise then, actively or passively, when you got married, Chris?

Chris: No. Not at all. I was very fortunate.

Serge: What were the desirable characteristics in your wife? Was she able to give you something you hadn't had before?

Chris: I believed life would be worse without her than it would be with her.

Serge: That's a fucking terrible thing to say.

Chris: No. I think it's about as honest as you can get. To actively *not* marry her was to say: "I think you're great, but I'm still looking."

Penthouse: With a microphone thrust in our faces *most* of us would say that we warmly embrace the changes in relations between men and women; that we're all looking for an intellectually challenging and exciting woman, and so on. Is there a retro push in the back of the mind, a feeling something like: "I wish it could all be as simple as it was 15 years ago" or "I wish women were easier to handle than they are now." Anything like that?

James: I have been pissed off by the two women in my life who were incredibly ambitious and incredibly good at what they did. I was quite happy to be the little man at home, and they didn't mind that for a while, but then they decided they wanted a more exciting, more go-getting guy . . .

Chris: Than you, James? I don't believe it.

James: That's what most career women want. And there are all these other women who don't particularly interest me who want an exciting, go-getting guy too, and you sort of feel you've either got to be an exciting, go-getting guy or you're up the duff. And in my most bitter moments I think this: feminism has changed me, in that I'm much more prepared to deal with women as equals than my father apparently was, and yet I don't think women have yet swung around to the same degree. They're not prepared to have a man who's perhaps a little less ambitious than them, or a bit more giving than them.

SEX, LIES, ETC

Penthouse: Has anyone ever felt sexually threatened by the so-called New Woman?

Dick: You're the giver; they're the receivers.

Chris: Eh?

Serge: What?

Chris: Did *they* tell you that?

Penthouse: This guy's beautiful. I love this guy. *(Laughs)* To put it another way, has anyone ever had, for instance, an episode of impotence resulting from an encounter with a woman who's been extremely sexually demanding or overbearing?

Mickey: There's a lot of girls out there who like to take the driver's seat and let you just lie there and cop it sweet. I'm not going to argue with that. I can handle it. I always get it up.

Dick: It's happened to me. I just put the hands up and said: "You win. That's it. I'm gone." It hasn't embarrassed me or her or anything. I just said: "You think it's easy, don't you?" And after a fairly hefty session, by the end of it, I couldn't perform any more.

Penthouse: No, no. I'm talking about episodic impotence. When you couldn't get it up in the first place. When you thought: "This woman's too much for me — I can't do it."

Chris: Only once, when the woman alerted me to the fact that the bloke hammering at the door was her husband.

Dick: It's happened to me. Fucking oath. It doesn't worry me. I just said to myself: "I don't want to be here. This girl — she is *wild.* And this is not my speed." Before that I was going: *"Come on."* But . . . nope.

Chris: Was this the first time you'd been out with her?

Dick: Yeah.

Serge: Oh dear.

Chris: Does it count if you couldn't get it up with your sister?

James: I *always* got it up with my sister. *(Laughs)* I have had sexual encounters of the very torrid kind with very aggressive women and I didn't find myself impotent as a result, but I didn't enjoy the sex either.

Chris: What a professional! There's room service here if you want to give us a demonstration.

James: It was boring sex; demanding sex. And I guess a lot of women get the same thing. I tend to think: "Oh well, you can't have wonderful sexual interaction all the time." And I just say: "Well, I'm going to fuck you and you're obviously going to get your rocks off whether I do or not" — and I don't come. I've never had any trouble getting an erection; for me, especially the first few times with a girl, it's coming that I have trouble doing — especially if they're aggressive.

Mickey: I can't help it!

Chris: James is very stingy with his sperm. Especially on the first date. He'll say: "Look, I'll give you a fuck but I'm not going to leave you any souvenirs."

James: We were talking earlier about eyeballing a woman — it's only window shopping; you have no great desire to go over and rip her clothes off and fuck her, you know? You're just thinking: "What a gorgeous girl." The thing that annoys me is that women invariably feel threatened by that. Why can't they just join in the fun and say, "Yeah, she's really gorgeous." And then that's over and done with.

Chris: I think some women can.

Mickey: They can. You can be smutty with a lot of the girls I work with — they're very worldly. I sleep with some of them, yet I've never fucked them. We'll go out and get wasted and hit the sack together. They respond to you just as a friend. You've got to play the game with them . . .

Serge: I'll play.

Mickey: And they can treat you then as a friend, not just as a member of the opposite sex.

James: This intrigues me: can you then get down to the nitty gritty with them, and be soft and sensitive with these girls who you also talk smutty with?

Mickey: Fuck, yeah. The exact same girls. One girl in particular — I can talk dirty porking talk to her, sleep with her but not have sex with her, and spill my guts to her about my ex-girlfriend.

Dick: You're playing the futures market.

Chris: Yep. You're putting the ball in front of the pocket.

Dick: You might say you sleep with them and you don't touch them and all the rest, but I bet the thought's in the back of your mind that one day . . .

Mickey: I wouldn't do it. I'd lose all trust with them. I can have female friends like that.

Chris: Why should you deny them that small happiness?

Penthouse: What about this observation: "A man falls in love with a woman's appearance, then learns to love her. A woman falls in love with a man and then learns to love his appearance."

James: My view on all of that is that basically, like it or not, be it instinctual, hormonal or whatever, it's part of the way we are made in order to propagate the species. Somebody has to be sexually aggressive and want to go around doing a lot of fucking so that we can survive as a species. Simple as that.

Mickey: And that's the male.

James: That's the male.

Chris: Sure. Otherwise, there would be no building industry.

Penthouse: Men are often told they don't understand female sexuality. What do women not understand about male sexuality?

Mickey: I don't think they understand how strong our drive is.

James: I don't think it's that. I think they don't understand how *brief* our drive is. Most guys — I mean, you get a girl, you take her home and fuck her, and whether it takes you three seconds, three hours or three days, once you've come, you want to sort of walk away, have a shower . . . You're not really interested in hanging around.

Serge: That's right. If the woman has nothing to offer, if she's been a pampered fucking vacuum cleaner that just sucks in everything that you have got to give her, what are you going to hang around for? What's she got to offer?

James: No. I think the sexuality is quite different. Women are much more into afterplay . . .

Serge: No. I've just found that . . . they're boring. If a person's boring, they're boring. It doesn't make them more interesting after you've come.

Chris: Women don't want to read fishing magazines after they've had sex as much as men do.

Mickey: I reckon women have more sexual drive when it comes down to it. A guy likes to have his root and afterwards it's looking pretty sad and sorry, but she wants to keep going.

Serge: You've been getting around with women over 30, haven't you?

James: You have to learn to use your mouth. You *talk* your way out of it. There's no doubt women are becoming more demanding in those situations.

Serge: I think we should all drop our dicks out now.

Penthouse: Why?

Serge: Why not?

Penthouse: If you were a woman reading a transcript of this whole thing, what do

you think your reaction would be? "Pack of Neanderthals"? Or what?
Chris: *Caring* Neanderthals.
James: Sluts with a conscience.
Chris: Crimeless victims.
James: I find it really interesting that Serge wanted to know the size of everybody's cock.
Penthouse: Are we still sitting around worrying about the size of our dicks?
Serge: No. But let's do it anyway.
Chris: No. The important thing is just to have one.
Serge: Just to fill people in . . . (*Laughs)*
Penthouse: How are the Nineties shaping up for men? A good decade?
Chris: I think people realise the AIDS scare isn't as serious as people thought.
Dick: I don't know. I think with the introduction of AIDS, the zipless fuck is gone.
Penthouse: Is that something you lament very deeply, Dick?
Dick: Certainly.
James: Did you ever meet the zipless fuck?
Dick: No. But that [the fantasy] was half the thrill, wasn't it?
Mickey: What's the zipless fuck?
Penthouse: It might be represented by: "I don't know your name, but let's fuck." Near-anonymous casual sex.
Dick: It's like playing Russian roulette. It's a guilt trip. You go out and fuck something stray, and you wake up in the morning and think: "Fuck, have I done it now?"
Mickey: Once they [women] get on the piss, they don't seem to worry about it.
Penthouse: Do you think there's no major risk if you're not gay and don't use intravenous drugs?
James: I don't use intravenous sex. I'm not in danger. *(Laughs)* I keep condoms by my bed, but I never pick up stray fucks anyway.
Mickey: I always end up blowing them up or filling them with water at parties, and that's as far as it goes.
Chris: I think the AIDS scare was a beat-up by some vested interests who wanted to put across a total untruth — that everyone was equally at risk. Any other advertising campaign [than the Grim Reaper] that contained that big a fib would be dinged off the air straight away.
James: I think what the AIDS scare has done is that it has removed even the fantasy — let alone the reality, if ever there were one — of the zipless fuck. And I think what that in turn produced was the removal of this cavalier attitude that you can fuck people without any repercussions. And I think that's a good thing. People in my experience now find they have to deal with a personality as well as a body, and that's made the game a bit more honest — but I don't think it's changed the way you score a try, to keep the metaphor going. Actually, I prefer the basketball analogy: I dribble before I shoot.
Chris: You can't beat ten minutes in the Head Bin.
Penthouse: Do you agree with the now widely held view that the AIDS "scare", and particularly the Grim Reaper campaign, was a conspiracy on the part of homosexuals to relieve the pressure on them, protect their hard-won rights and avoid a witch-hunt by casting AIDS as a problem faced by everybody in equal measure?
James: Only if Siimon Reynolds and Ita Buttrose are gay.
Chris: I don't agree, James. I think they were out there as agents in the field.
Dick: AiDS frightened the shit out of everybody in my circle. I was scared to pull myself off.
James: Well, I've done a bit of medical reporting and . . .
Chris: A bit of amateur gynaecology . . .
Dick: As in: "I don't know much about it, but I'll have a look."
James: . . . and there is still quite a lot of sober concern, not just among the gay and upper-echelon health Mafias, about bisexual activity — particularly suburban bis who are keeping their bisexuality secret and visiting "beats."
Chris: The classic Volvo with the baby seat in the back.
James: But it happens. I don't think the AIDS scare was a total scam. Probably it was overpublicised, but for the better, I think.
Chris: I don't think you can justify misinformation as a good thing.
James: I don't think misinformation is a good thing, but I think the heightened AIDS consciousness . . .
Chris: . . . amongst the wrong group. It put the shit up a lot of people who didn't deserve that, and made a lot of people who *were* in high-risk groups think: "Well, I don't have to worry because we're all in the same boat." So the very people who had to change their attitudes didn't.
James: That's bullshit, because it's quite clear that the gay community has changed its attitudes quite profoundly.
Chris: No. You're talking about the gay community, not the closet gay or closet bisexual community, who if you like were the most potentially dangerous group of people, and who were thinking: "Well, it's not me" and walking away from it, because they were not targeted accurately.
James: It's not that they're not being targeted — it's just that they're impossible to find because they're so secretive about it.
Chris: You don't *find* them. You speak to them via the television, and they find themselves if the message is right.
James: I have a question. *Penthouse* runs an advertising slogan: "Men who like

Major Anthony Nelson makes a fatal mistake.

Continued on page 134

CELEBRITY SKIN

AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE PRESENTS

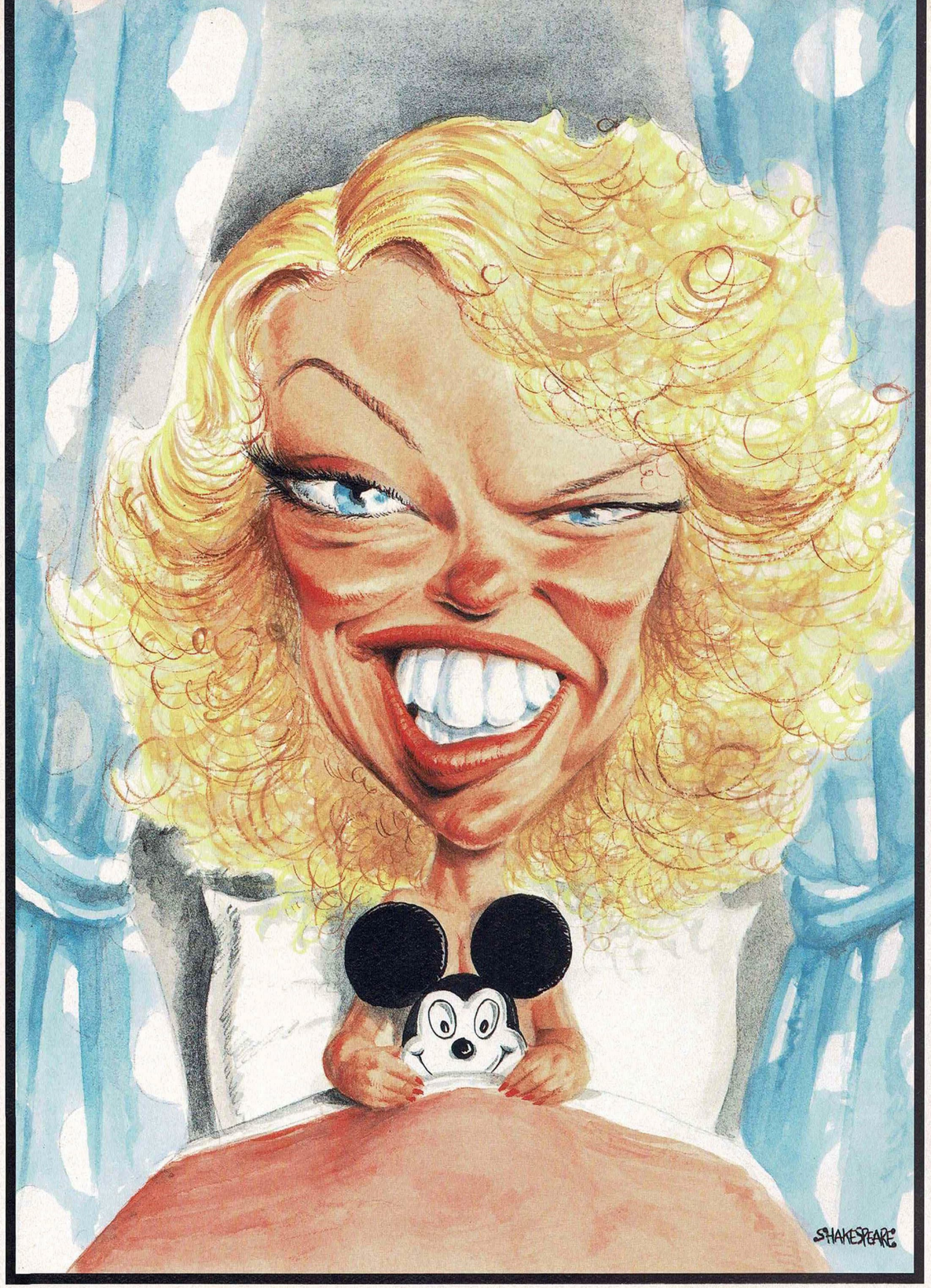
JULIE ANTHONY

JEROME GASK

For too long there was only Chloe, the lavishly proportioned naked siren of Melbourne's Young & Jackson's Hotel. It was high time Australia had a few more famous nudes. So, by way of redress (for want of a better word), *Penthouse* commissioned seven of our leading media artists to create visions splendid of their favorite women in seductive poses. The result, presented over the next eight pages, is a collection of personality pin-ups you're never likely to see in *TV Week*.

ERIC LOBBECKE

JANA WENDT



KYLIE MINOGUE

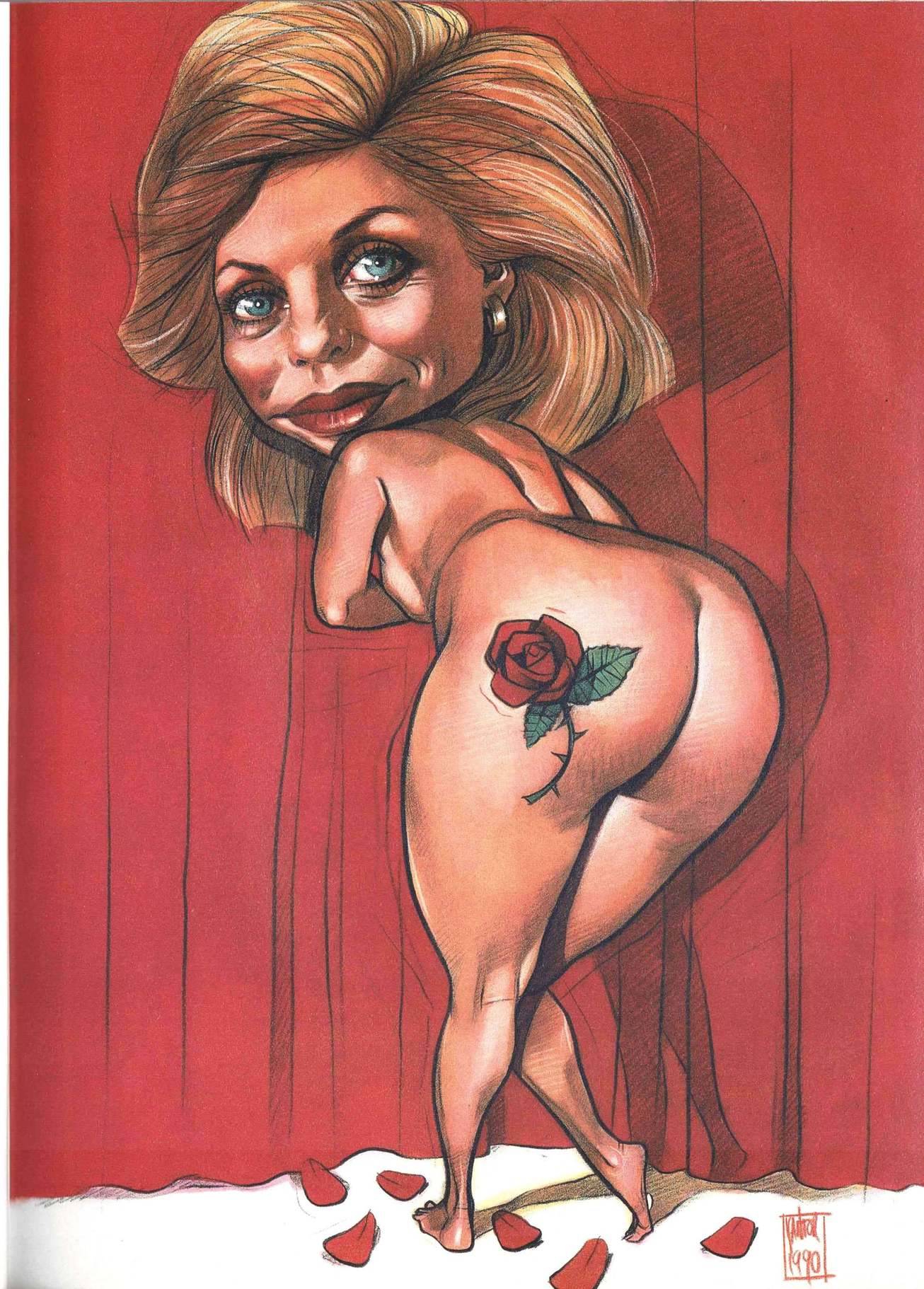
JOHN SHAKESPEARE

ULF KAISER

KATE CEBERANO

ELLE MACPHERSON

BERNARD TAIT

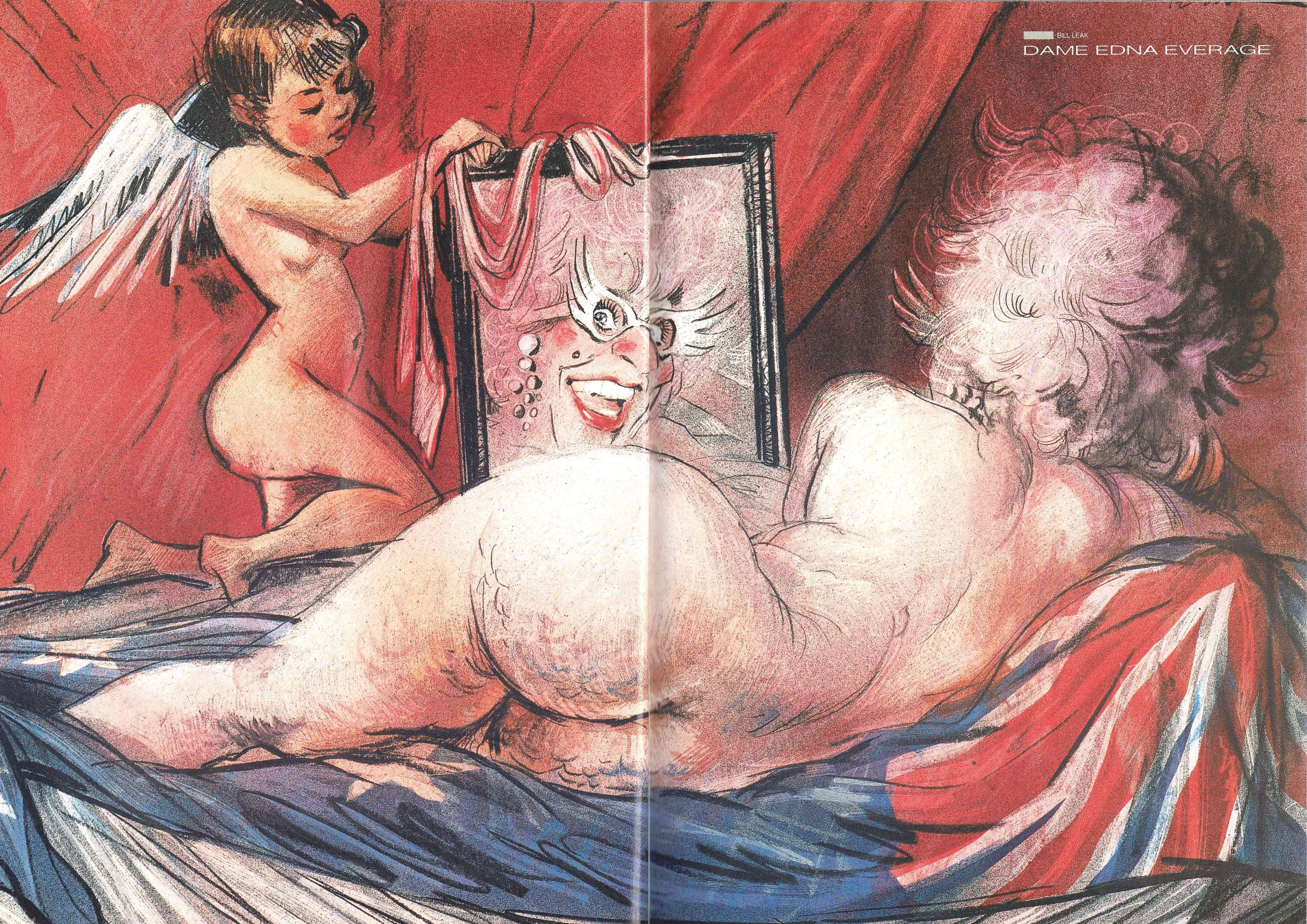


FRANTS KANTOR

ITA BUTTROSE

BILL LEAK

DAME EDNA EVERAGE



When The Wolf runs into The Dumptruck, the eyes of a nation are watching

LAND OF THE giants

As far as the rest of the world is concerned, Japan's national sport has always been a bit of a giggle. TV commentators have made little effort to conceal their amusement at the sight of two near-naked big fat boofy blokes engaged in what appears to be the simplest possible form of contact sport: pushing each other around.

Things are changing. A recent survey of foreigners living in Japan concluded that their favorite TV entertainment was sumo wrestling. Millions of English people, who surely can't all be eccentric, have become avid fans since the British commercial channel began to cover the sport with the famous writer, anthropologist and now sumo expert Lyall Watson as commentator. This has been followed by a minor explosion of English language books about sumo. While the Japanese remain utterly obsessed with the whole business, other populations are starting to take a serious peep through the keyhole.

BY IAN WILSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELIO LOCCISANO

giants

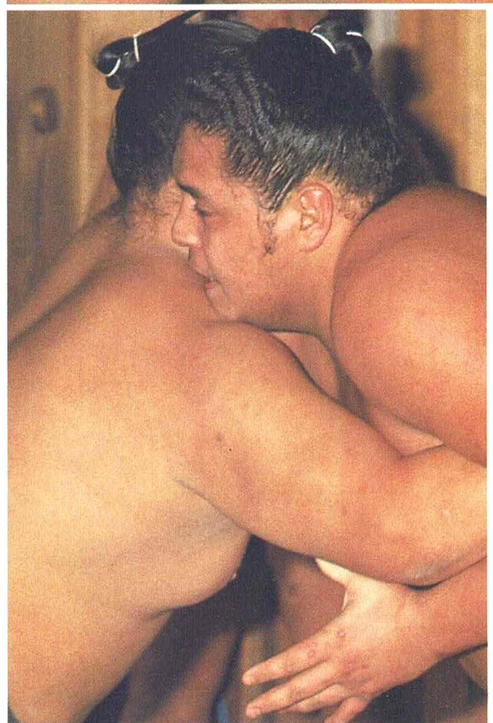
Why the sudden interest by foreigners in a sport with a 2000-year history? If you've ever seen rutting bulls, elephant seals or even fighting fish charging into each other, you probably found it a very interesting spectacle. Those ancient themes of dominance and submission are what sumo wrestling is all about: two colossal males of the species displaying their awesome power by attempting to flatten each other. And sumo, not at all surprisingly, is very big on tradition and ritual — worthwhile commodities in a world where newly invented sports rise and fade away in about the time it takes to learn the rules.

Sumo wrestlers are as much a part of the landscape of traditional Japan as straw-hatted rice farmers, coy *geisha*, arrogant *samurai* and wily old Zen masters. But they've survived intact, competing in 15-day marathon tournaments held in various cities every two months while millions of devoted fans tune in to watch from 3pm to 6pm on the main government channel, NHK 1. And for all those salarymen too busy fighting the economic war during the day, there's always the half-hour of match highlights at night.

Foreigners (big ones) are getting out of their armchairs and into the sumo ring these days. More than 50 have tried going pro, but only a few have made it into the top ranks. The vast majority are Polynesian Americans, although a young Englishman called Nathan Strange gave it a go with moderate success for a couple of tournaments.

The first foreign star in sumo was a 190cm (6 feet 3), 180kg Hawaiian called Jesse Kuhaulua, whose fighting name was Takamiyama. Owing to the Japanese presence in Hawaii, amateur sumo has long been popular there. Jesse joined an amateur sumo club in Hawaii to strengthen his legs, which had been injured in a car accident. In 1964, a Japanese sumo stablemaster called Takasago, whose wrestlers were giving an exhibition in Honolulu, watched him wrestle and asked him to come to Japan and turn professional. Jesse accepted, and in 1972, after a hard slog through the sumo ranks, became the first foreigner to win the top (*Makuuchi*) division championship. He never won again, and finally retired in 1984 after 1654 bouts — the all-time record. Two years later he opened a sumo stable under his retirement name, Azumazeki.

The only other foreign star is the massive 187cm, 222kg Konishiki. This man has actually lost weight, having been all of 248kgs in 1988. Konishiki (real name Salevaa Atisanoe, nickname "The Dumptruck") also joined the Takasago stable. A couple of years after entering the professional sumo world in 1982, he



Far Left, Top: Takamio's drawn-out limbering up ritual; Bottom Left: Akebono, the tallest man in sumo, shows a junior wrestler how it's done; Bottom Right: Opening ceremony prior to the main bouts in the top division. Sequence At Left: A contrast of style and physique — Chiyonofuji, "The Wolf", uses his immense power to displace the 195kg "Giant Panda", Onokuni, who subsequently kneels before the victor.

giants

was tournament championship runner-up and this provoked a xenophobic reaction among some Japanese aficionados who complained he was too big. They started a "Stop Konishiki" campaign and some wanted to ban foreigners altogether. However, a knee injury (aggravated by his immense weight) impeded his relentless progress, and the hysteria died down. Recently Konishiki has been back in form and finally became the Emperor's Cup tournament champion last November. Among his prizes: a congratulatory message from US President Bush, 1.8 tonnes of rice, and 5000 eels.

Further down the ranks is Akebono (real name Chad Rowan), who at 202cms (6 feet 7) is the tallest man in sumo, and at 168kgs, the heaviest in his division. Born in Hawaii, he originally had a basketball scholarship to Hawaiian Pacific College, but was unimpressed by college life and eagerly took up stablemaster Azumazeki's offer to join his stable in Japan. It seems to have been the right decision as he broke into the second (*Juryo*) division this January, increasing his salary tenfold to about $1000 per week and earning the title *Sekitori*, freeing him from the menial tasks of a junior wrestler. It normally takes around ten years for a sumo stable to produce a *Juryo* wrestler, but Azumazeki has done it in four; and with the battling Takamio (John Feleunga) almost there too, the Azumazeki stable has had amazing success.

Akebono thinks one reason for that success is that unlike most other stables, Azumazeki's wrestlers train seven days a week. They practise from 7am to 10am and weight train in the afternoon after a huge midday meal of *chanko nabe*, the traditional sumo wrestler's stew. Daily chores and another enormous meal in the evening complete the average sumo wrestler's highly structured existence.

Wrestlers below the rank of *Juryo* fight seven bouts every other day during tournaments, and between tournaments travel around the country with the senior wrestlers, giving exhibition matches and trying out their skills on the locals. Those in the top two divisions fight one bout a day during tournaments.

The top wrestlers often go out with their stablemaster to dinners and parties, where they at last get a chance to impress members of the opposite sex. The stars of sumo, especially the bachelors, have a very busy time fulfilling obligations to their patrons and fan clubs. Not surprisingly, many wrestlers end up married to the daughters of restaurateurs.

While sumo fans these days are much more enthusiastic about foreign wrestlers, the real stars, apart from Konishiki,

Top Right: Takamio in a pre-bout ritual which shows the gods he has no concealed weapons; Bottom Right: In a crowd of Japanese, any sumo wrestler has a certain presence; Far Right: The incomparable Chiyonofuji — swift, cunning, deadly. Opposite Page: Chiyonofuji accepts the tournament winner's trophy for the 30th time. His closest rival has won only six.

are all Japanese. Konishiki is an *Ozeki* (champion). Above him are three grand champions, or *Yokozuna*.

There is the huge Onokuni, 189cms and 195kgs, nicknamed "The Giant Panda", who has had a miserable time as *Yokozuna*. He's been injured and forced to withdraw several times, and will have to retire if he doesn't put in a good performance soon because *Yokozuna* can never be demoted.

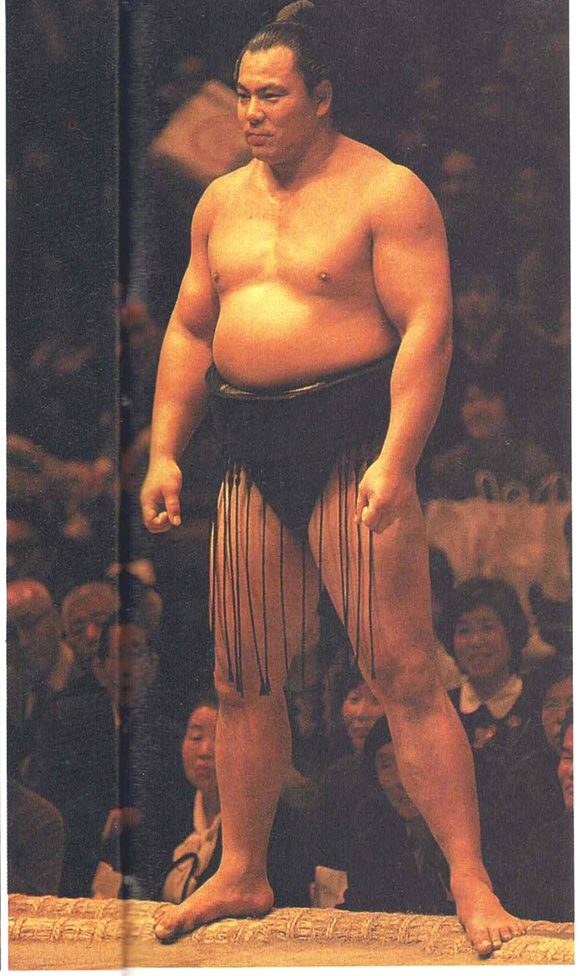
Then there is Hokutoumi, "The Bulldog" — smart, aggressive, very strong and as tenacious as his name implies. His initial charge is the most explosive in sumo; facing him would be like being hit by a Volkswagen Beetle at 100km/h.

Right at the top there is the noble Chiyonofuji, winner of 30 tournaments. To put this in perspective, his closest rival, Hokutoumi, has won six. Hokutoumi and Chiyonofuji both come from the Kokonoe stable, giving it immense prestige, but have only fought once in a tournament, and as stablemates never fight each other except in a championship playoff. On that historic occasion Chiyonofuji won, as expected. His nickname is "The Wolf." You only have to see his eyes during the pre-bout ritual to know why. He is swift, cunning and deadly: Muhammad Ali without the mouth.

This man alone is half the reason for sumo's current popularity. Thirty-four years old now, he has been in professional sumo since 1970, and entered the *Makuuchi* (top) division almost 15 years ago. He is estimated to have won more than $8 million from sponsorship and prizemoney, but given the closed nature of sumo society, his actual worth is probably considerably more.

Chiyonofuji's future in sumo seemed unpromising when he was demoted after only one tournament in the top division. He remained a second-grader for two years, and then clawed his way back up to *Makuuchi*, where he struggled to hold on to his position. He frequently dislocated his shoulders, a problem that has remained with him to this day, and had trouble keeping his weight above 100kgs. However, he trained relentlessly, quit smoking and slowly built himself up by using a weight training program. In January 1981, he finally won a tournament and became *Yokozuna* a few months later. The once scrawny little battler has never looked back, and is now a living legend.

Most of the other heroes are also handsome beefcakes, and are firm favorites



with the ladies judging from the squeals that greet their arrival in the ring. There is the suave Terao, lighter even than Chiyonofuji, and who at one point was less than half the weight of Konishiki. He is renowned for his fast and furious slapping attacks which stun his lumbering opponents, giving him time to pull a tricky manoeuvre to send them crashing to the ground. His striking features guarantee further media appearances when he retires.

Then there is the brawny Kirishima, who delighted fans recently with his long-awaited promotion to *Ozeki*. Aged 30, he should be winding down by now; most wrestlers reach their peak in their late 20s and then rapidly decline. However, the new breed of bodybuilders, epitomised by Chiyonofuji, seem to have more endurance than their flabbier opponents.

Mitoizumi, from the same stable as Konishiki, deserves a mention for his flagrant exhibitionism. At 194cms and 175kgs, this gangling and jolly showman with the vivid green *mawashi* (loincloth) is most entertaining during the pre-match rituals. He stares down his opponents; he punches his face and thumps his *mawashi*; he tries to hit the roof with what looks like about ten kilos of salt during the normally restrained salt-throwing ritual. And when he finally gets around to squaring off, he'll try to trick his hapless opponent into making a false start. When successful, he steps back with a long-suffering expression as the referee calls for a restart. He makes up in gamesmanship what he lacks in skill, and he'll probably be around for a while yet, to the delight of the crowd and the despair of the Sumo Association.

He doesn't mess with Chiyonofuji, though. Nobody does, even though the champ's slowing down a bit these days. No-one knows how much longer the old Wolf will remain leader of the pack, and sumo officials are anxiously scanning the lower ranks for a replacement.

Two likely future stars are the brothers Takahanada and Wakahanada. They are presently fighting with Akebono in *Juryo* division, and are both svelte lightweights in the Chiyonofuji mould. Takahanada, the younger brother, already has a big following because at 17 years and two months he was the youngest wrestler ever to be promoted to *Juryo*.

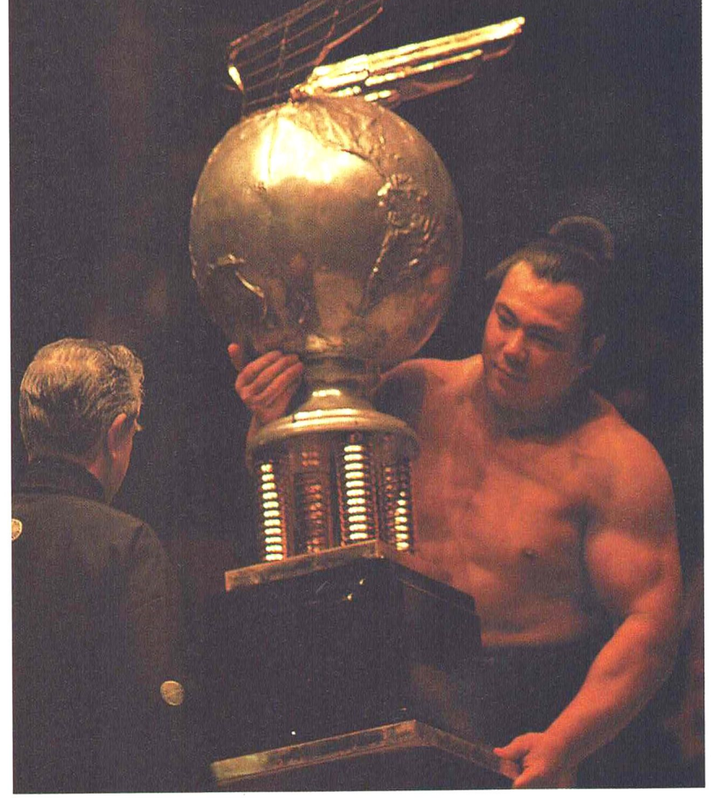
And what happens when the grizzled veterans begin to suffer indignities at the hands of the younger generation? The also-rans sometimes cling on for a few more years, slowly and inevitably heading down the ranks into oblivion. Some of the more enterprising ones open restaurants. But most of the wrestlers in the top two ranks give up before they are demoted to *Makushita*, with the consequent reduction in status and salary. The best open their own stables, like Takasago and Azumazeki, or if a stablemaster dies, they take over an existing one. They may become stable coaches, ringside judges or TV commentators. For those who've made it, there are plenty of retirement opportunities.

Since there'll soon be a vacancy for the top spot, maybe you feel like strapping on a *mawashi* and giving it a go. But first you'd better learn the rules.

The ring is about five metres in diameter. The object is to push the other guy out of the ring or make any part of his body (apart from the soles of his feet) touch the ground. Punching, clawing, choking, hair-pulling, eye-gouging, crotch-grabbing and kicks to the chest and stomach are forbidden. There are approximately 70 winning techniques that can be used during a bout, consisting of various throws, lifts, shoves, trips and pulls. During tournaments most will settle on six to eight of these.

In the *Makuuchi* division there is a four-minute limit on the pre-bout rituals, which

Continued on page 144



MR GOODBLOKE

Continued from page 53

lationship with anybody nice.

I rang 7862 up first. "Nuh thanks, I already got a girlfriend," he said. I was amazed at his alacrity, as the service had said all their messages were changed daily. But he'd had his gal for five months and was horrified to hear his plea for "intimacy" was still being broadcast. He'd only rung up one night when he was tired and emotional.

So I called up 7861 and spoke to a bitter young man. His tone sounded as if he was constantly on the verge of kicking somebody's head in: "You're not a freelance prostitute, are you?"

He hinted darkly that I would be amazed just how many hookers from up the Cross join dating agencies to get more clients.

7861 complained bitterly that all the girls who had rung him wanted to know how much he earned and how financially secure he was. He'd only used the service because it was free, but he'd been hassled by whores ever since.

Stifling my giggles, I asked him why he had . . . er . . . problems meeting women in everyday life.

"I've got no problems," he said violently. "But the only crowd I've got access to are the pack of Telecom queers my brother married into. They're all lezzos. You know all those directory and faults people? Lezzos. You're not a lezzo, are you?"

So much for the self-proclaimed sensitive and articulate Mr Right. My trepidation on calling 7860 turned out to be quite justified.

"Oh no. No way. I'm never going out with a girl again," he said.

He was quite sweet about it, but explained that he'd had his "worst night out ever" courtesy of the service. He thought the service would help him meet girls interested in having relationships, and that he might even fall in love. Sure enough, a nurse rang him up and she sounded just grand. The nurse seemed to be into all the things he was, and she described herself as attractive, tall and with a good, slim build.

"When I went over to her place to pick her up she opened the door and gave me this tight hug and tried to French kiss me," said 7860. "I don't feel comfortable being that intimate with a complete stranger. *And* she was gross. She did not have a good build. She wasn't even slightly plump or voluptuous — she was obese."

Having flirted with the two extremes, I next rang a video dating service.

It was hard sell from the second the phone was answered. "Do you realise what 99 percent of *decent* men and women did before coming to us? They stayed at home. *Yes* — that's right. They too were fed up with bars and clubs and being alone."

Without this company's intervention I had only a 5000 to 1 chance of meeting Mr Right. I was more likely to win Lotto or be shot down by a terrorist. Society does very little to help you find the right mate, but is quick to condemn you for making the wrong choice. This service eliminated all the chance factors in dating. And so on.

Exhausted, I put the phone down, having been assured that Mr Right was available and aching to hear from *me*!

Reams of pink pages detailing potential Mr Rights arrived in the mail. For example: "*Policeman:* Tall, good-looking Mark is seeking a girlfriend 18 to 25 years. Looks not important, but must have a sense of humor and not be snobbish. So girls, if you would like to have a steady boyfriend, call us and quote MM1521."

"*Managing Director:* Richard, mid-40s, tall, self-sufficient, seeks a lady 30-45 years who enjoys music, dancing, dining out and travel. If you would like to meet a sensitive, caring man Full Of Surprises, phone and quote LA3946."

After the tenth letter — "Did our letter go astray or have you been busy with work or study?" — I paid them a visit. There were no videos, as they don't use them, and there were no Mr Rights milling anxiously around awaiting my arrival. So I spent two hours of a sultry Sydney summer's day sitting in a fluorescent pit of a waiting room that stunk of the sort of air freshener you could tell wasn't Ozone Layer-Safe. A classic hits radio station played songs like "Fernando" and "Delta Dawn" endlessly in the background. Hell is probably somewhat like this firm's waiting room, only larger.

I filled out a form so they could start the intricate process of locating Mr Right. The only character analysis was a question asking: "Are you (a) flexible (b) outgoing (c) quiet (d) active or (e) reserved?

I ticked all of them, which wasn't the idea but it's a damn stupid question. Then you had to specify which of those categories you'd like your partner to fall into. Other questions: where you lived, what you did for a living, your religion, your weight, drinking and smoking habits, and how old you'd like your perfect match to be.

The consultant came galloping out of his office, looked at his watch and sighed. "You'd better come into my office, young lady," he said, sounding exactly like a harassed headmaster.

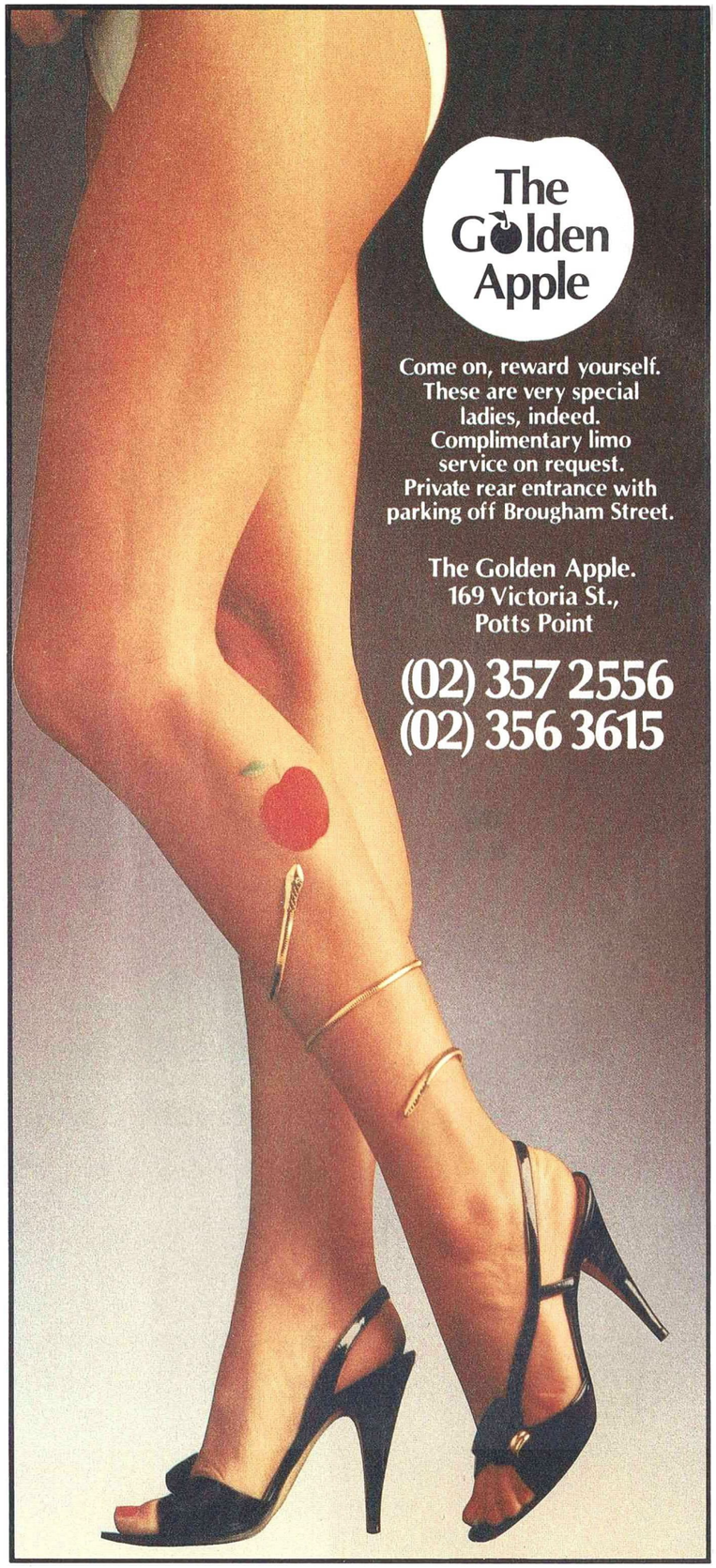
He gave my form the most cursory glance, not seeming even to care that I was apparently a flexible, reserved, heathen devil worshipper who worked for a company that imported lapis lazuli bathroom tiles.

Nor did he ask for any ID to prove I was Penelope Lane — which I wasn't — and he kept mispronouncing my pseudonym by saying it like "antelope", which is damn strange for someone who claims to have been in the human relations business for ten years. He threw three newspapers at me and said he'd just go into the office next door and attend to a few clients. On his return, he looked incensed when he saw I hand't signed the part of the form agreeing to abide by "any payment plan." *Would you*? So he thrust over a pile of files as bait and took a firm tack with me. "Penelope, we can find you someone. It shouldn't be very difficult at all. You're tall, attractive and with a brain. We'll get you someone who's also tall, attractive and with a brain." You can see how intricate the process is.

It dawned on me that this slimeball probably considered himself to be "tall, attractive and with a brain." I couldn't go through with it.

I took a friend of mine, who's also a shrink, out for coffee because I was too embarrassed to actually see him officially. He said the best way to meet Mr or Miss Right is still simply by chance. Fate, if you like. He said the most psychologically healthy way to go about mating was to stop looking. Don't even think about it and it'll happen when/where/how you least expect it. It sounds like boring advice — but it turned out he was right.

And of course, that's when the soppy love songs on the radio start making some sort of sense again.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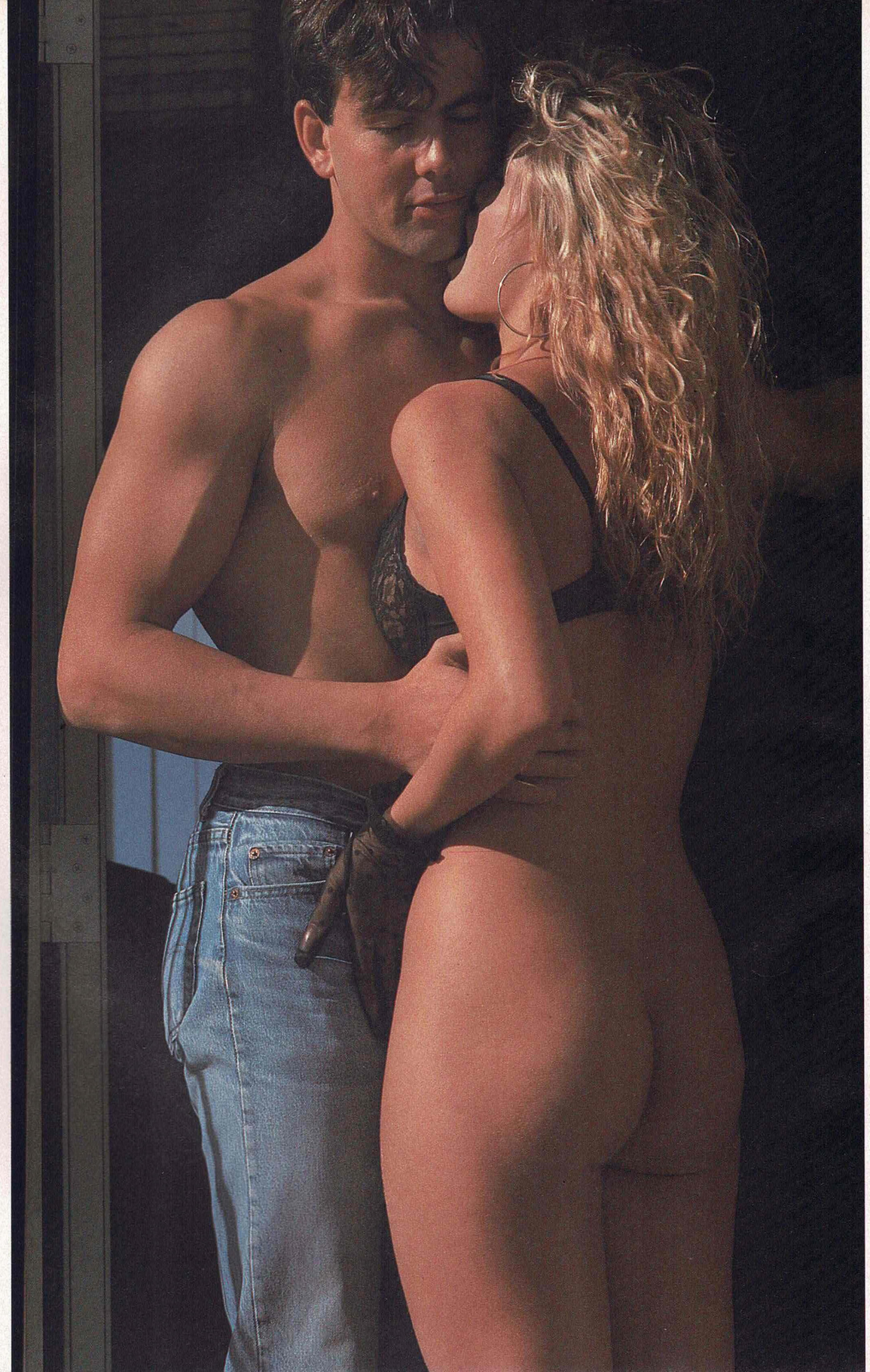
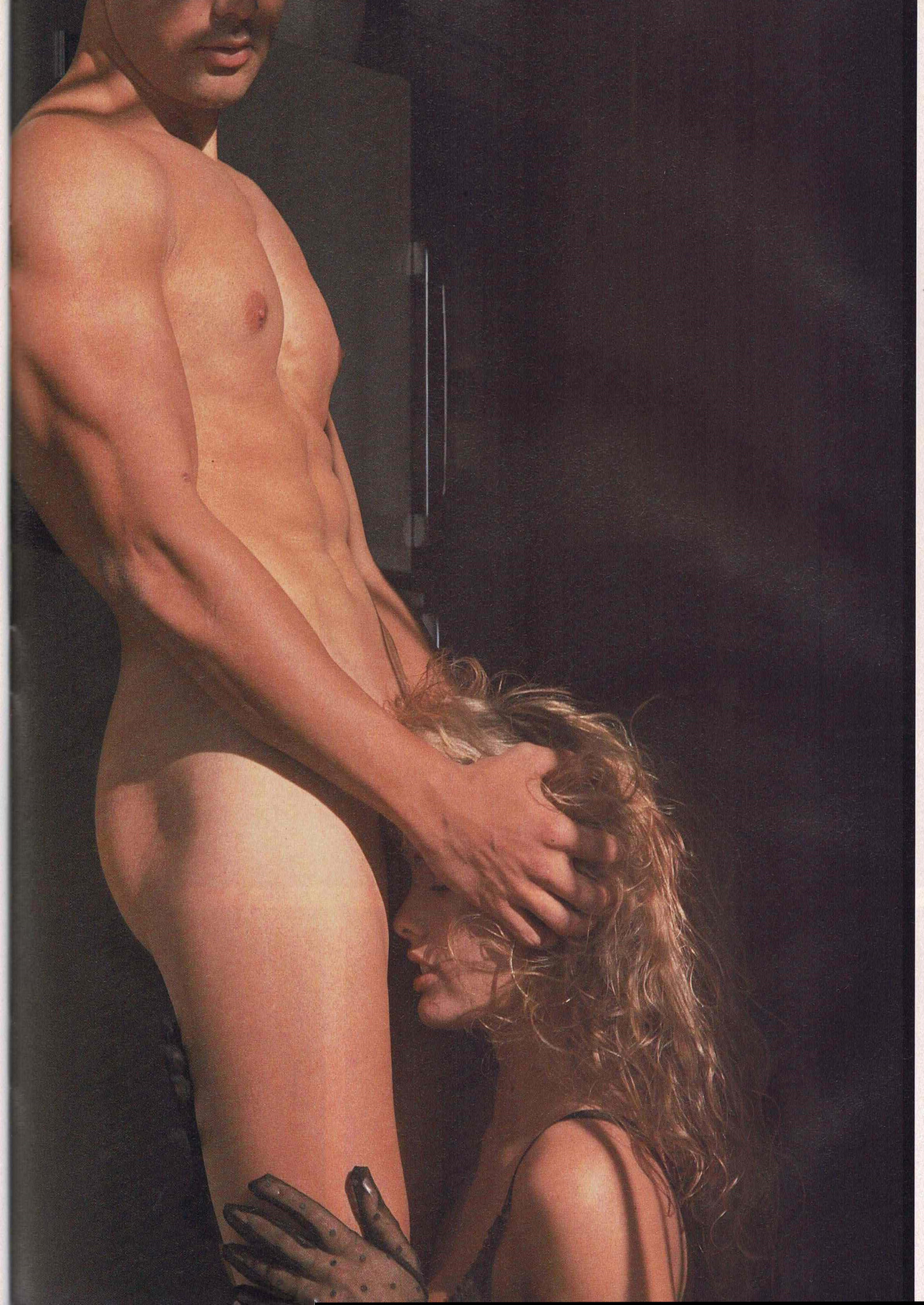
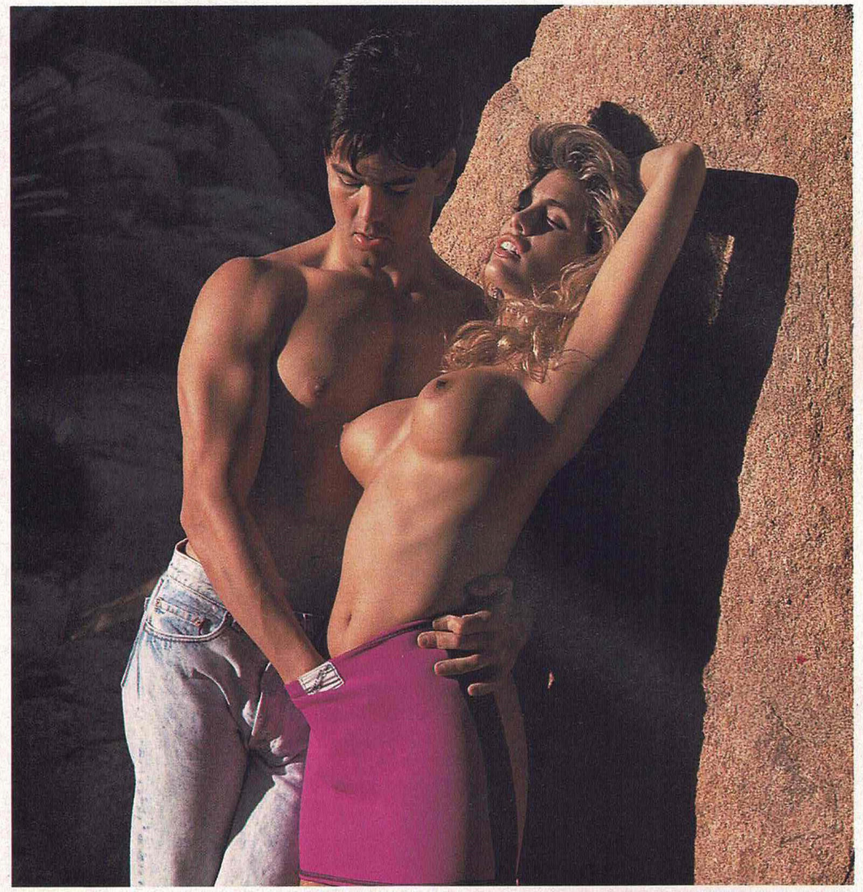
Too hot to handle

Being an indoor girl, Christa was at first hesitant to partake in Paul's desert expedition. She'd much rather scrounge for rocks in a jewellery store than in an arid wilderness. But Paul knew how to stroke her in all the right places and as usual, he got his way.

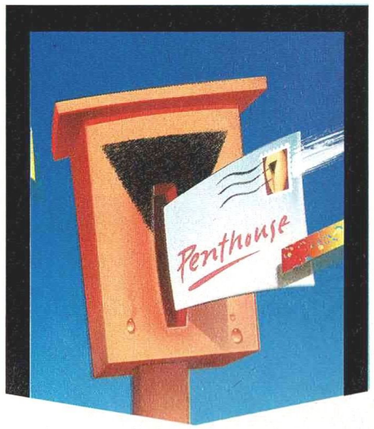




Never one to be comfortable when things became too hot, Christa pleaded with Paul to relieve her of the scorching sun's rays. But Paul's enthusiasm proved to be contagious, and Christa found herself eager to explore his philosophy of living off the land.



The pair scaled the desert walls to new heights, exploring familiar terrain in otherwise strange surroundings. Christa was amazed at the specimens she encountered. Enamored of her new discoveries, Christa realised she's always had a thirst for adventure — and a penchant for doing things the hard way.



forum

Continued from page 9

hard again and I was glad! He brought his dick up to meet my hole and plunged himself inside me. After thrusting away he burst inside me bringing me to a fourth orgasm and sucking my tender nipples as he slowed his pace. Then he withdrew.

The three of them stood there and helped me to my feet, all fussing over me, making sure I was okay and helping me get dressed. Walker asked for my number and they all left. I sat slumped on the seat and marvelled at what had just happened.

Walker and I have been living together for two years now, and our sex life is terrific. We also get together with Greg and Colin on a monthly basis. Greg has introduced his girlfriend to our love-making sessions. She was a bit afraid of Walker's giant cock at first, but has settled in nicely to our marvellous sessions that have been known to last all day and into the night. — *Name and address withheld.*

Buttoned down

I would like to tell you of an encounter that I had with this gorgeous 23-year-old hunk of a guy that I met through friends of mine. One night a group of us decided to go to the pub to listen to a band. I hadn't taken that much notice of Martin as I was married and not really looking around for anything but when he rubbed his hard-on against my thigh and ran his hands up and down my arse in the crowded bar I got so wet and horny that I realised he was quite tempting.

I am slim, 29 years old with olive skin and, so I've been told several times, a nice arse, long legs and small, firm tits. Anyway, the band ended and we got back into the car for an hour's drive home. Martin sat in the back seat with me while my husband fell asleep in the back of the station wagon. A few minutes later I felt Martin's hand on my thigh so I lifted my leg over his and rested it between his legs. I could feel his hard-on through his jeans, which made me even hornier. Next minute, he shoved his hand between my legs and started rubbing my clit. I was going crazy by this stage but unfortunately I was wearing skin-tight black pants, so that was as far as we could go without being obvious to everyone in the car. I rubbed my leg up and down on his hard-on and he whispered into my ear that if I didn't stop it he'd come right there and then. I don't remember the last time I was so hot for someone and I knew I had to have him soon.

Four long days passed and we all met again to go to the local club as usual. This time I was prepared for him and made sure that we all went back to his flat. The others wanted to kick on to the nightclub. I declined and said I would stay with Martin and have something to smoke. After they left, we talked for a while and then he said he was going to bed. I lay on the settee for half an hour deciding whether to go in or not.

I couldn't stand it any more so I went to his door, saying I was cold and would like to get into his water bed with him. He threw back the doona and I jumped in fully clothed. He cuddled up behind me and started rubbing my nipples though my leopard-skin dress. Luckily I had large buttons all the way down the back of the dress so it was easy for him to unbutton a few and slip his hand in to massage my arse and slip his finger inside my pussy while rubbing my clit with his thumb. I think I surprised him by wearing suspenders and a G-string. Anyway, next thing, my dress was off and I rolled over on top of him. He was an excellent kisser and we were sucking each other like vacuum cleaners. He pushed my G-string aside and started working his fingers inside me again.

I was so wet I couldn't stand it so I grabbed his cock, which was rock-hard, and slowly worked the head into my tight cunt. Then, sitting on top of him, I made a few short up and down movements to tease him before ramming him inside me as far as he could go. After a few minutes of savoring the feeling of his cock pumping in and out, I swivelled around so he could get a good view of my arse and legs in black stockings and slid up and down slowly so he could watch. I leaned back, lying on top of him so he could play with my clit and my nipples and then, without disengaging, we rolled over so he lay flat on top of my back. He pumped really fast, coming close to shooting his load.

Next thing he started pushing his fingers up my arse and telling me he'd fantasised about fucking me up my beautiful arse. So I carefully guided his cock in, slowly at first, as I had never experienced this before. Soon he was ramming his cock in and exploding his come as far up me as he could get.

We had sex all night in his water bed and had the waves really crashing. In the

early hours of the morning I rang a cab to go home, feeling satisfied if not a little sore. I've never in my life had better sex than with Martin, who can keep going for hours with barely a minute in between to catch his breath. We still see each other once a month and have excellent hours of frantic love-making. — *Name and address withheld*

One night in Bangkok

I'm in the Navy and frequently go overseas on six to eight month deployments. Many of the ports we visit are everything — believe me, everything — you hear about. Well anyway, to cut the chase, while in Thailand last summer, my friends and I were having a super time shopping, sight-seeing, and of course, bar-hopping. One of my fellow officers (I'll call him Dinty) has the knack of picking up women in any city, at any time, without any effort (I hate him).

One night while we were visiting a little out-of-the-way establishment, in walked an attractive Aussie girl (I'll call her Linda). She seemed available, but, with all the competition from the local talent, wasn't doing so well. She was wearing a skin-tight T-shirt that really accentuated her great figure, and her shorts barely contained the most perfectly shaped arse I'd ever seen. There was a sensuous air about her that made my whole body hard. She and Dinty locked eyes, and after that it was all over.

In no time, they were getting along fabulously. They started out sharing the same stool in the cramped and busy bar. Suddenly, she acted as though she had dropped something and was bending down to pick it up. She disappeared for quite a while, and being the curious soul that I am, I leaned over the bar to see what was up. I found out it was Dinty. Linda was down there smoking his pole right in the bar! A hush fell over the whole place, and all you could hear was Linda slurping and sucking on Dinty's love organ. Then, to top it off, she stuck her hand right down the front of her shorts and started to work away on her love button! I was in shock, but I could tell she was quite adept at her work by Dinty's crossed eyes and quizzical smile. When she finished, she stood up as though nothing had happened and continued to drink her beer and chat casually. The evening seemed to drag by after that bit of excitement, and feeling ready to cash in my chips, I bid my friends adieu and returned to my hotel room to catch some Zs.

About midnight, there was a commotion at the door joining my room with the adjacent one (where some of my other friends were asleep). All of a sudden, there was Dinty, stark naked, walking through my room and opening the front door. I was still groggy and before I realised what was going on, in walked Linda, completely nude in all her glory. They had just finished skinny-dipping in the hotel pool. Although the room was dark, the moonlight leaking through the curtains revealed her pear-shaped breasts with their pert and swollen nipples jutting out into the night. Dewy droplets glistened off her golden pubic mound.

They were heading for the spare double bed when, all of a sudden, Linda saw me and froze in her tracks. Dinty hopped on to the vacant bed and told her to join him. Linda said that she wanted no part of this action, with me "asleep" in the room. Now, I've known for years how fickle women can be, but for the life of me, I'll never work out why this lady, who just a few short hours before publicly blew my mate's tube in a bar, wouldn't go for a roll in the hay because I was asleep in the room.

Dinty got out of bed and walked to the foot of my bed, where she stood. There were a lot of quiet whispers and slurping. I thought she was playing with his little guy again, but I couldn't be certain because I was "asleep." So, as inconspicuously as possible, I adjusted my view and there they were.

Linda was bent over, just mere feet from my face. Her pendulous breasts were rhythmically bouncing to and fro while Dinty's face was buried between her thighs. A few minutes later he dived in, repeatedly thrusting his massive, throbbing love weapon in and out of her dripping cunt. She was trying like a real trooper to keep her moans down to a whisper, but it wasn't working. She was digging her nails into what she thought was my mattress but, in reality, was my leg. The harder he pumped, the harder she moaned and the worse my leg hurt. After what seemed like forever, Dinty pulled his cock out. Linda pivoted around almost instantaneously and gulped down his willy, reviving it from a rapidly withering condition.

After about five to ten minutes of cavorting and making funny faces, Dinty jumped into his bed, with Linda hot on his heels. They spent the next few hours trying every position known to mankind. Eventually, just listening tired me out so much, I fell asleep. When I woke up, Linda was gone, and Dinty was snoring with a big smile on his face. Maybe next time we get shore leave I'll ask Dinty to share. — *Name and address withheld*

Vegetable friend

My husband travels two or three days a week due to his job. When he's away, I have on occasion used a vibrator. Last night, however, I used a very large cucumber. I saw it at the supermarket and bought it expressly to use for sex. When I got home, I washed it to remove any chemicals and soaked it in warm water for a few minutes to warm it up. Next, I took it to bed with my tube of K-Y Jelly. I started to think it might be too big, but hey, why not give it a try?

This cuke was eight inches around and just a bit over ten inches long. I lubed it up and started to push it into myself. My pussy was not up to it — too tight — so I worked it in and out for a few minutes, until I got hot, wet, and relaxed.

Finally, I got the monster inside me, and wow, it was big! Inch by inch I pushed it up inside me. It looked like it was going to fit after all, but, man, was I stretched! When I had the cucumber in to the limits of my cunt, I still had an inch or two left over. Would it go in all the way? I gave it a try, pulling on a skin-tight pair of spandex biker shorts to help wiggle that big boy in a little at a time. I started to thrust face down on the bed, inching it inside more and more. By now, I was so hot, I had to have all of it. I worked it in, and finally, the monster cuke disappeared inside me.

I reached for my vibrator and started on my clit. I had never felt so full before. My pussy was at maximum, and it felt, oh, so good. When I climaxed, I did so like never before, rocking and rolling on the bed.

I think that now I'll be able to cope with my husband's business trips — I have extra batteries for my vibrator and my favorite vegetable monster to keep me busy. — *Name and address withheld*

Study session

An old family friend of my mate Keith had just started her first year at my university. Lisa lives in a shared house and we decided to pay her a visit last Friday night on our way home from the movies. To give you an idea what Lisa looks like — she's on the women's swimming team, has flawless skin, killer blue eyes, and one of those smiles that guys tend to die for.

Instead of answering as usual, Lisa responded to our knock on her bedroom door by opening the door a few inches and holding out a handful of tampons. Keith, who was in a playful mood, grabbed her hand and tickled her through the partially opened door. After we had more or less barged into the room, Lisa apologised for the tampons (she thought we were one of her flatmates who needed to borrow some) and for wearing so little. She was obviously getting ready to go to sleep. We plopped down on her bed and this really huge vibrator came rolling out from under the pillow! Lisa turned about six shades of crimson, put her hands over her face, and leaned her head into my lap. That's when Keith and I went into action.

I put both my hands on Lisa's shoulders and started rubbing gently. She responded by leaning her head back, saying how good my fingers felt. Without missing a beat, Keith grabbed the monster vibrator and flipped it on. After teasing her for what seemed like a short eternity, Keith finally put the vibrator on the sweet spot between Lisa's nearly perfect legs.

I had no idea Keith was such a pro with a vibrator! Lisa was writhing back and forth, moaning as if every single cell in her gorgeous body was exploding with pure pleasure. Thanks to those good vibrations, her silk bikinis were totally soaked. Keith slipped them off, revealing her neatly trimmed patch of flaxen-blonde hair, the glistening tip of her throbbing clit, and the swollen valley of her steamy treasure.

Keith spread Lisa's legs wide open, and his loving tongue began chasing the stream of wetness that gushed from her quivering pink pussy. The sight was so perfect, I almost started squirting right there and then. Lisa must have sensed my excitement. Without saying a word, she ripped open my jeans and ravaged me with her pleading lips. Within seconds I was filling her hungry mouth with load after load of spurting white cream. Lisa kept sucking and slurping on my throbbing dick until she'd nearly milked my balls dry. That's when Keith ripped off his own jeans, covered his cock with a condom, and started fucking her from behind.

Considering what a truly fit young athlete Lisa is, there's no need to tell you that this was just the warm-up.

Keith and I haven't finalised our plans for next weekend, but Lisa said she had this feeling that her flatmate would be very interested in meeting the three of us for a late-night study session. After all, this is uni, and exams start next week. — *Name and address withheld*

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BAD GIRL BRAVADO

You may have been speechless at **Madonna's** previous attempts at acting, but now she's Breathless (at least in the recent film version of *Dick Tracy*). On *I'm Breathless* (Sire), sporting music from, and inspired by, the film, the Material Girl is back with a vengeance. Her blonde gangster moll image echoes a previous musical era. The three Stephen Sondheim songs from the film have the appropriate show/swing flavor. Elsewhere, the groove is still mostly miles from her familiar dance floor as she struts bad girl bravado ("you'd better like hanky panky, nothing like a good spanky") and the ghost of Carmen Miranda ("I'm Going Bananas"). The Thirties-style duet with Warren Beatty ("Now I'm Following You"), complete with tap-dancing accompaniment, rapidly changes gear into a funk stomp more in tune with the Batman Prince, as if she can't contain herself in this time capsule any longer. The closing track, "Vogue", has her running screaming for the disco once more and bears no relationship to the rest of the album except for its sentiment of "Strike the pose"!

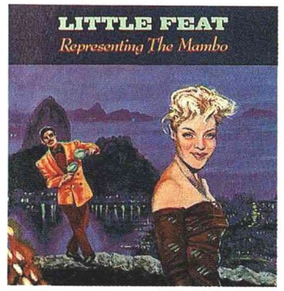
Guitar maestro **Gary Moore** is out to prove he's *Still Got The Blues* (Virgin). The cover is strewn with images of his former icons — John Mayall, Jimi Hendrix, B.B. King and Albert King (who duets with him on "Oh Pretty Woman"). Famous for his work with hard rockheads Thin Lizzy, Moore goes back to the types of tunes he first cut his musical teeth on — some covers and some originals. Most have a whiff of boogie-strut about them, except "Midnight Blues" and "Still Got The Blues." The lad shows a prowess with chords both fretted and vocal that should appeal to lovers of all colors of the rock-rainbow.

Another life in song comes from **Marianne Faithfull**, who can be heard *Blazing Away* (Island) in a church in Brooklyn NYC for her latest and live release. The songs are ones she feels express what she's been through over the years — some new, some covers and some she's previously done in the studio, like "Ballad Of Lucy Jordan" and "Why D'ya Do It." The all-star cast is very much subservient to her gravelly cafe style. "It is the evening of the day," she sings, but makes it sound like the wee small hours of the morning.

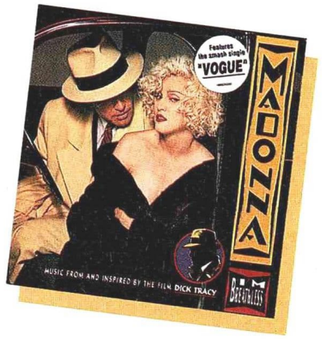
Clockwise from top: The Chills' second album is evocative and concise; Madonna strikes yet another pose; good-natured gusto from Little Feat; a life in song from Marianne Faithfull.

Also far from being lost at sea is Melbourne band **Girl Overboard**. Their debut proves that when they *Paint A Picture* (RCA) they are prepared to use the whole sonic palette from a bellow ("Tear It Down") to a whisper ("Dreaming") featuring the vocal talents of Lisa Schouw.

Marty Wilson Piper (guitarist with the Church) now has more than his reverb unit and a home four-track recorder — he has a fully-fledged studio album in *Rhyme* (RYKO). A gently caring, deeply lateral soul, MWP toys with not just his chiming lead work but accordian, bagpipes, cello saxes and poetry. This makes for a more diverse personal statement than probably any of the Church's records.



A more concise pop sensibility, but no less evocative, comes from New Zealand's **The Chills** on their second album, the ringing of *Submarine Bells* (Slash). They set up simple cycles that resonate and build on themselves like echoes in a deep sunlit canyon. The string and wind arrangement of the title track suggests the diamonds of light glistening on a dawn seascape. Elements like merry-go-round organ offer pop's bounce, but "I know deep down hidden in you submarine bells chime." When The Chills resort to full, driving guitar it's not to beat the ears into submission, but they are unrepentantly insistent. "No-one can take your memory away from me!"



The Angels are keen to see themselves in epic terms. Words like "legendary" feature heavily in their own personal mythology. After considerable globe-trotting, their new 11-track double-disc epic finds them *Beyond Salvation* (Mushroom). If nothing else, they have at least made themselves a reliable insititution on the Australian rock scene.

The cool calypso cad **Kid Creole**, aka **August Darnell**, parted ways with long-time collaborator Coati Mundi but "what the hell, why the fuss, I still got my coconuts." He's now ploughing *Private Waters In The Great Divide* (CBS), albeit with a huge supporting cast — including the purple one. Prince is on "The Sex Of It", which completes a trilogy of sexual dilemma from "I Love Girls" to "(No More) Casual Sex."

Lowell George might have taken the first steps in **Little Feat's** sailin' shoes, but the band has kept up the funky shuffle since his demise. They can currently be heard *Representing The Mambo* (WEA) and the chaps still exhibit all the good-natured gusto of their reputation. — *Jeremy Cook*

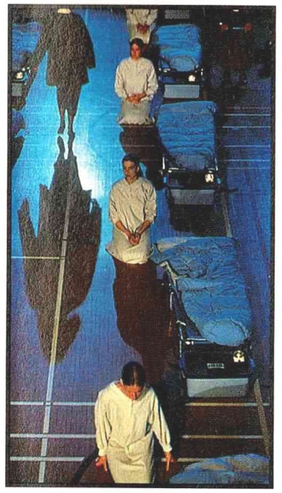
PROMISES, PROMISES

Great expectations have been the nemesis of many a reasonable film. **The Handmaid's Tale**, for instance, with a screenplay adapted by no less than Harold Pinter from Margaret Atwood's chilling futuristic bestseller of the same name, and directed by Volker Schlondorff (*The Tin Drum*), would appear to have everything the doctor ordered. Chuck in Robert Duvall, Fay Dunaway and the proven talents of Elizabeth McGovern, Natasha Richardson and Aidan Quinn and you can be forgiven for expecting, like I did, a couple of hours of bum-riveting cinematic escape. And yet, and yet, truncations and too many unanswered questions left this viewer at least kicking a can along the street afterwards and muttering: "It coulda been a contender . . ."

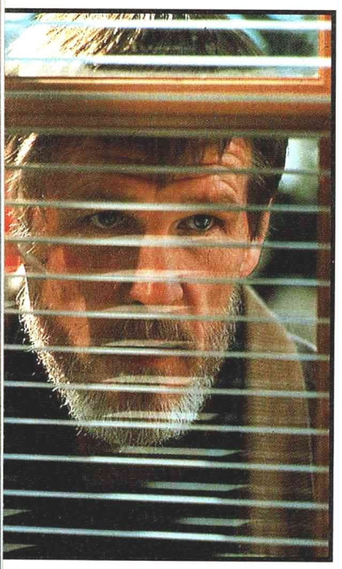
The storyline is right out of the box. Set in the US of the very near future when the Fundamentalists and pollution have rendered that land a sterile and God fearin' police state, it follows the lot of a young widow who, having transgressed by attempting to flee the country, is sentenced to life as the surrogate childbearing handmaiden of an infertile and influential couple. The extremist laws of this land, Gilead, favor institutionalised slavery and capital punishment, and military skirmishes and hypocrisy among the elite are rife. Our heroine endures all as she plots her escape.

There is no doubting that *The Handmaid's Tale* is among the more worthwhile and interesting films on offer right now, but still, it fails to deliver fully and clearly its intended cry for freedom of expression and warning against religious and political fascism. You may leave it, like I did, wanting the novel to get the Big Picture. ***

Another film that promises much and delivers little except a few embarrassed chuckles and niggling urge to throw Jaffas at the screen is **Everybody Wins**, starring Nick Nolte and Debra Winger, directed by Karel Reisz (*Sweet Dreams*) and written by Arthur Miller. Purporting to be a steamy and intriguing mystery that exposes the rot below the rosy surface of a small New England town, it is instead a frustrating, windy and thoroughly annoying piece of cinema. Debra Winger as the film's mysterious leading lady suffers from the handicap made famous by Sybil, that of multiple personalities. I wanted to strangle every one of them. * — *C.J. Mackay*



Clockwise from right: Institutionalised slavery in The Handmaid's Tale; Dwier Brown cops a scare in The Guardian: Nick Nolte in Everybody Wins.

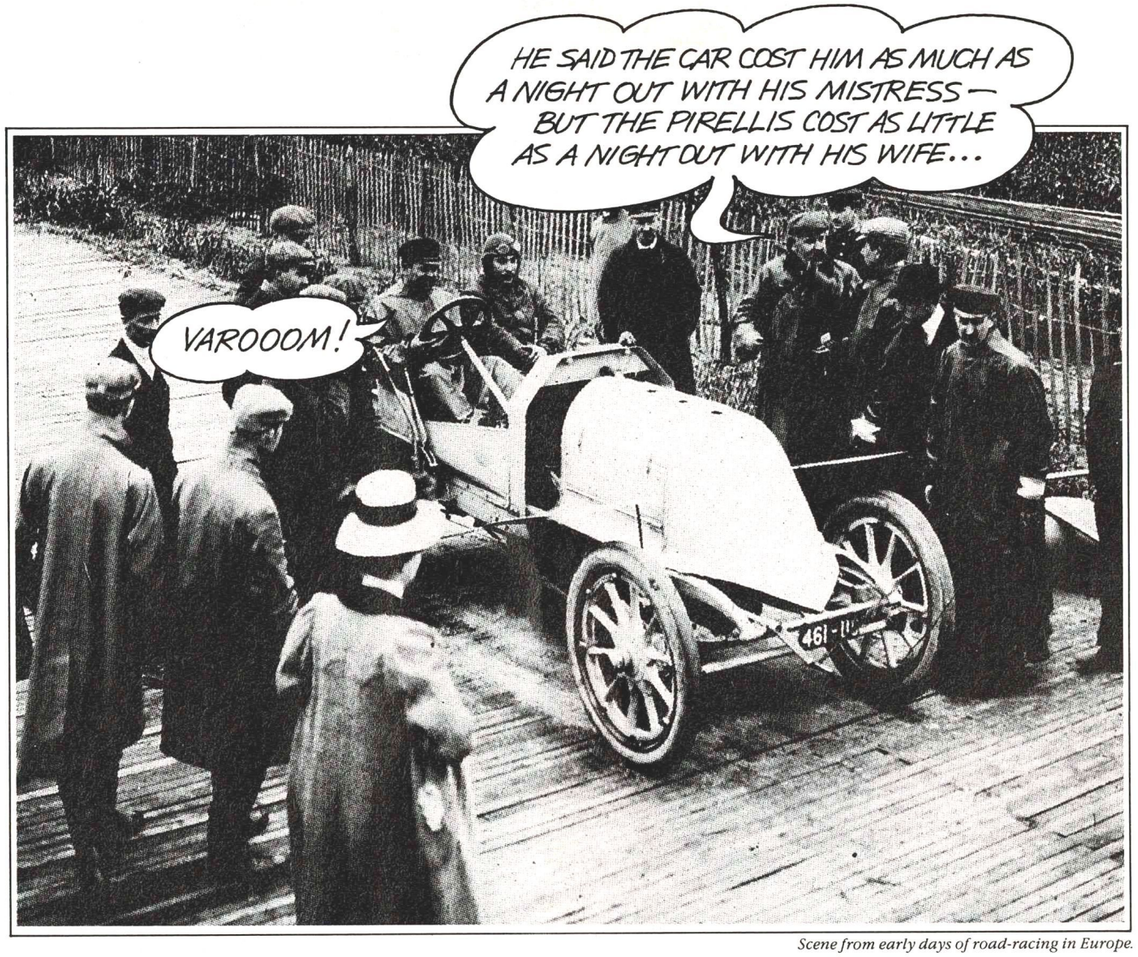


In **Q & A**, Sydney Lumet's attack on prejudice against blacks, gays, Jews and Hispanics, there's a slur for everyone except lesbians, who oughta sue for equal time. The good intentions overburden the good-cop-crooked-cop plot, but at least when this police flick makes noise, it says something. Timothy Hutton and Armand Assante stay afloat; Nick Nolte even kicks a little. Lukewarm. **7/8 — *Marcia Pally*

There is something primevally unsettling about being snarled at close-up by a larger than life creature with long fangs and yellow eyes. Equally unsettling are the fears, played upon in the **The Guardian**, of parents for their children. Throw in night-time forest scenes with shriek-thump music, a house with too many windows (*something* is watching), traces of the *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, and some gutsy jeep-driving and you've got a film that will keep you — more or less — on the edge of your seat.

Directed by William Friedkin (*The French Connection, The Exorcist), The Guardian* is based on Dan Greenburg's novel *The Nanny*, and is about parents trying to rescue their baby from the forces of evil. It stars Dwier Brown and Cary Lowell as the embattled parents and Jenny Seagrove as the nanny with a nasty secret. Brad Hall gives the best performance of the film as the affable neighbor Ned Runcie.

John Alonzo, director of photography, has employed the classic horror technique of shadow play to great tension-building effect. This contrasts with crisp, super-realistic sequences of normalcy and makes the insidious intrusion of the supernatural all the more chilling. It's a film aimed not at the intellect but at deeper, darker instincts. *** — *Trish Murphy*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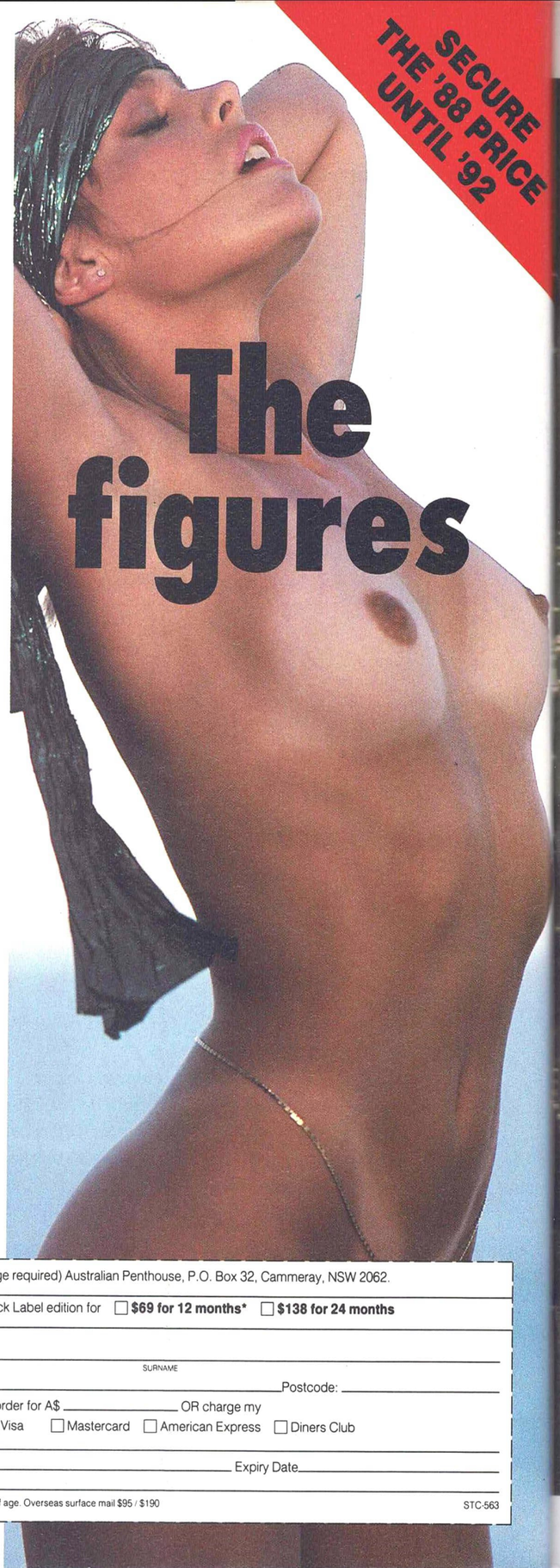


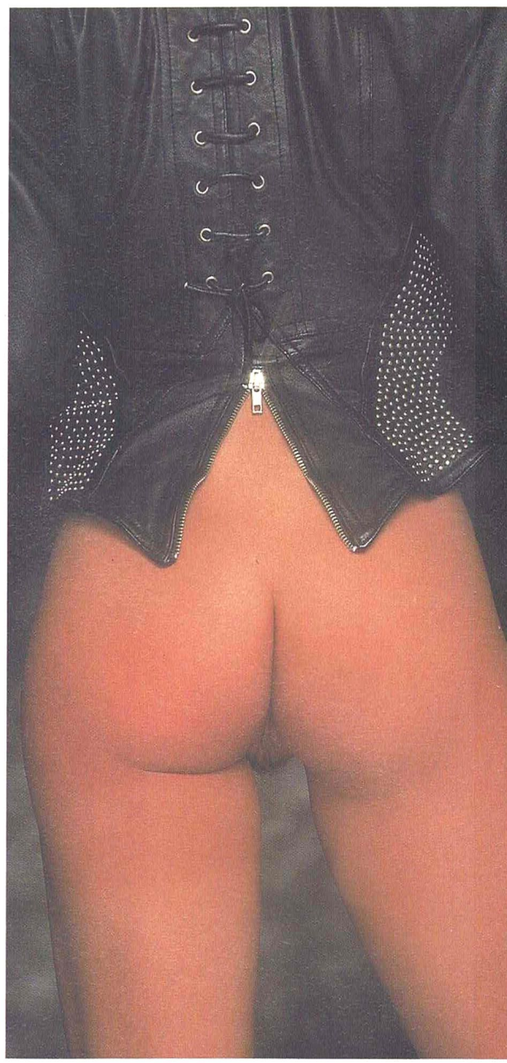
SECURE THE '88 PRICE UNTIL '92

The figures

vixen

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL

Simmering Sylvia Goncalvez's father was very strict, and sent her to a convent at an early age. "The nuns did their best," she admits, "but I was always a rebellious girl." When she was 16 she ran away to Rio, where she made a career for herself as a dancer.



"Now my father calls me a vixen, but secretly he's proud of me. Sometimes I feel guilty, but I can't help myself. I love men, and I need to share my passion as often as I can. I'm sure it's because of my Spanish blood — it runs so very hot."

Many influential men have tried to bring this wild Pampas child to heel. But Sylvia, a Scorpio, swears she's not suited to monogamy. "Marriage, to me, would be like being back in the convent. Eventually I would have to run away."

Photograph by APL/N. Kelly

THE TRAVELLING

hedonist

Al Goldstein is the notorious publisher of America's *Screw* magazine. He is an unabashed connoisseur of sensual pleasure with a wealth of knowledge on how to obtain it anywhere in the world.

A man is never more alone than when he is on a barstool, even when he's in the middle of a crowded pub. He needs someone to slap him on the back, tell him a story and slip him the number of a pretty girl.

You, the reader, are sitting on that lonely barstool. Me, Al Goldstein, I'm the guy who pushes down the bar to sit next to you and tugs on your sleeve. This sleeve-tugger is an opinionated swine who's known for his predilections: warm women, cold beer and getting hot under the collar. There are times when you want to bash his face in and other times you want to hug him for his wisdom. He's just gotten back from a trip, and he's going to tell you *all* about it. This monthly column is going to be the transcript of what goes on between us.

What this column won't be: bulletins from Antarctica, tips on alpine mountaineering, an account of biking in central Africa.

What I'm interested in is pleasure. That's what I travel for, and believe me, I do it with a vengeance. Have luggage, will travel. In the last year alone I've visited all six habitable continents (once again, fuck Antarctica). I came away with a slavish admiration for the world's women, a renewed respect for antibiotics, and a disgust for the zombie-like mentality of the average traveller.

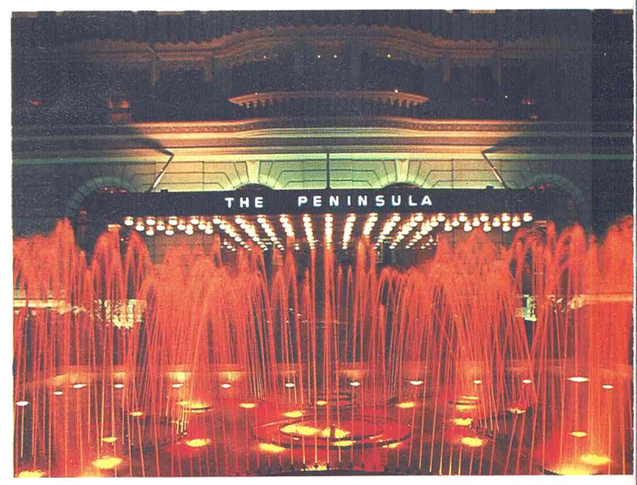
Most people who check into hotels or fly on the airlines are like a group of merinos, being duly herded along by the yaps of tour guides or the baleful stares of the concierge. Think of that, and then think of the one sheep who gets up on his hind legs, raises a clenched hoof and quotes a Hollywood movie: "I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore."

Part of the method for obtaining pleasure when travelling simply consists of avoiding discomfort. The way to do that, I've found, is to damn well insist on it. Yell, shriek, sue the bastards. The travelling hedonist is elegantly Pavlovian. Pleasure makes his mouth water. Displeasure makes his lawyer's mouth water. Airline didn't come through for you on that upgrade they promised? Hotel cut off your view of the Opera House with a ventilator shaft? Don't get mad, get even: this column will tell you how.

That's one part of it — the angry part. Another element is simply knowing where to go. Every faintly sophisticated traveller is at least dimly aware that there is a whole spectrum of pleasure available in every town of the world, with the possible exception of Vatican City. But what if our sophisticated traveller is stranded in Kuala Lumpur, say, or San Diego or Brussels? That "whole spectrum of pleasure" narrows when you're a stranger in a strange city, until it is reduced to a crack of light coming through your chained hotel room door, as room service shoves in your food. The sophisticated traveller would be up shit creek, but the travelling hedonist would know where to go.

There are literally thousands of places to stay listed in the official hostelry guide to the Hawaiian Islands. They range from foul sub-paradise bungalows to pleasure palaces worthy of the setting. But the travelling hedonist knows that the best hotel on the islands is the Kauai Westin. It is a phantasm of pleasure, a Disney World for adults, a Xanadu. The Kauai Westin is to hotels what the Empire State Building is to attics. The place has an endangered species habitat within its precincts, just like *Citizen Kane*'s zoo. You are pampered and swaddled in pleasure, regressing to infancy like a patient on a psychiatrist's couch.

How to avoid being treated like a merino while hoofing it around the world



Contrast this with the Kempinski in Berlin. Not for nothing was everyone speaking German: checking in, I felt like a Jew just off the box-car at Auschwitz. The gas would have been a relief, because at least my suffering would have ended. Less extreme but closer to home is the Sydney Regent. The Regent chain has a wonderful reputation and I hope to try them again. But when I served time in the Sydney Regent I felt like a Lebanese hostage, carving crude marks on the wall to keep track of the duration of my visit.

Sometimes the problem is simply location. Silky Oaks, a great hotel in the rain forest of Cairns, is a case of being the right space in the wrong place. The insects there pay the travel agents a commission to send victims their way. It's a great hotel in a rain forest, all right — but who the fuck besides Robert Redford and the environmentalists wants to stay in a rain forest?

Al Goldstein's 10 Best Hotels
1. The Kausi Westin, Hawaii
2. The Oriental, Bangkok
3. The Peninsula, Hong Kong
4. The Westwood Marquis, Los Angeles
5. The Portman, San Francisco
6. The Plaza Athenee, NYC
7. The Carlyle, NYC
8. Ritz Carlton, Chicago
9. The Okura, Tokyo
10. The Pfister, Milwaukee

Al Goldstein's 10 Worst Hotels
1. The Kepinski, Berlin
2. The Sheraton, London
3. Circus Circus, Las Vegas
4. Milford Plaza, NYC
5. Loews Monte Carlo
6. New York Penta, NYC
7. Outrigger Waikiki, Hawaii
8. St James Club, Queenstown, NZ
9. Silky Oaks, Cairns
10. The Regent, Sydney

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Gallery manageress Jo Philips, 21, has a fine eye for art. "I love modern abstract paintings in bold primary colors," she says. As for sculpture, Jo's cool curves have driven many a would-be Rodin to new heights of inspiration.

R A W

T A L E N T

Jo finds she is always impressed by raw talent, but best of all, her interests are aroused by the refinement of experience. "With a true artist, every brush stroke is an act of love," she says seriously. "Great art is created at the cosmic flash-point of body and soul."

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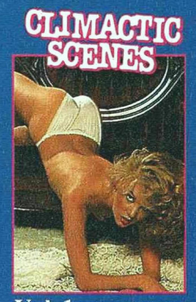

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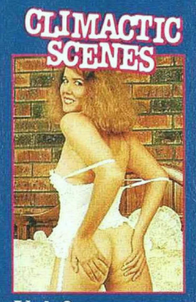

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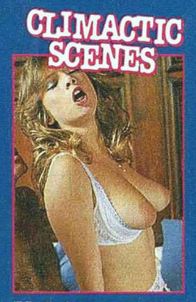

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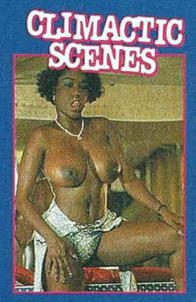

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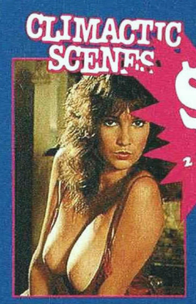

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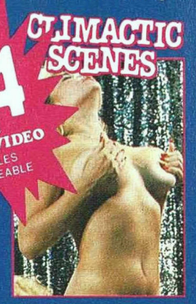

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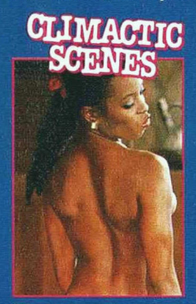

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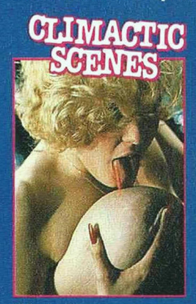

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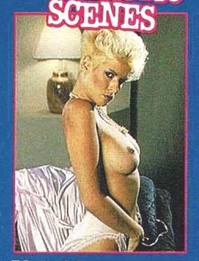

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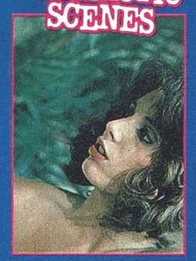

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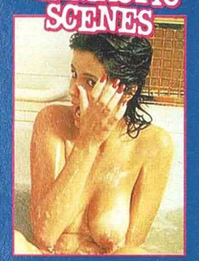

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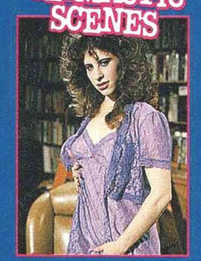

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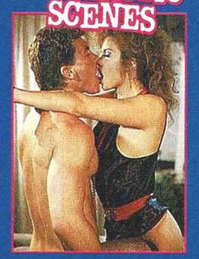

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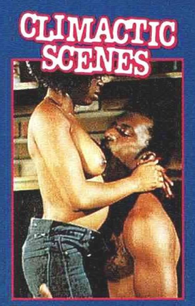

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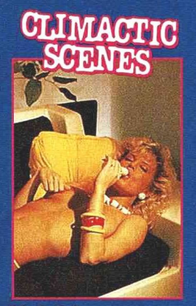

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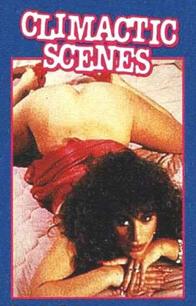

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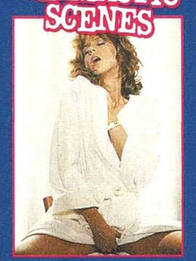
Other titles too hot to print.



Vol. 27 Cat. X6281
Hot Lips, Deep Probing, Munchers, Tickle My Pink.
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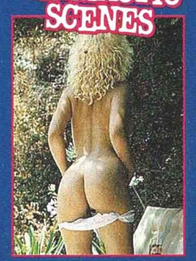

Vol. 28 Cat. X6282
Panty Peel, Clam Dip, Choc Pudding, Tunnel Of Love.
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Vol. 29 Cat. X6283
All That Jizz, Tit Freaks, Boob Ball, Sticky Stuff.
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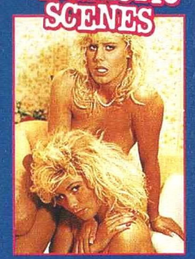

Vol. 30 Cat. X6284
Naked Nymphs, Nectar Of The Rod, Fiddle Fondle.
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All The Way, Black Balled, Hot Fingers, Creamers.
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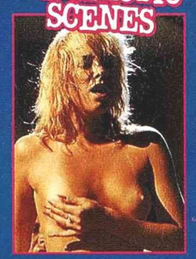

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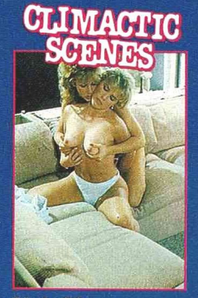

Vol. 33 Cat. X6287
Come 'n Bath, Dildo Dames, Tongue Teasing.
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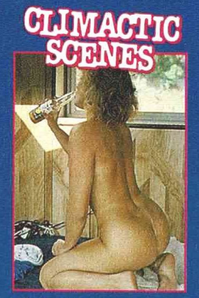

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Sweet Cheeks, Deep & Hard, Hot Clits, Watch Me.
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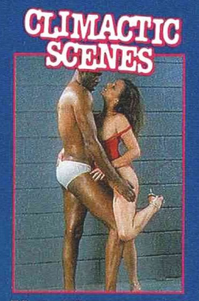

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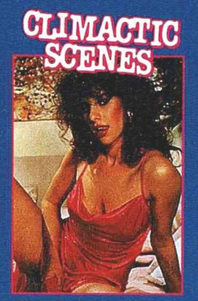

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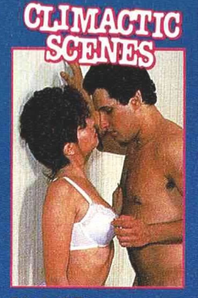

Vol. 37 Cat. X6291
Drippers, Mr Good Stiff, Breast Stroke, Come Craver.
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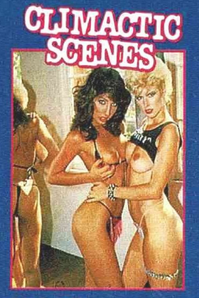

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Ride My Jock, Cover My Tits, Eat'n & Meat'n.
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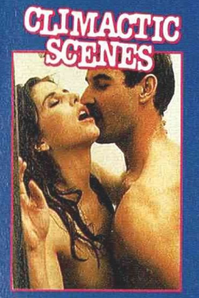

Vol. 39 Cat. X6293
Close Shaves, Up Theirs, Sloppy Tits, Shoot 'em All.
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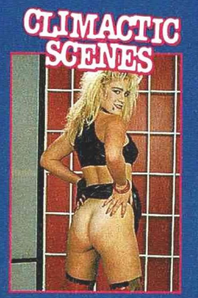

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dilemma

Continued from page 40

Penthouse: "And you can't consummate your lust then and there?"
Ellard: "Oh Christ no. No. No. No. There are no blacks and whites, except for the prohibition of sex during treatment. How long afterwards depends on how deeply you have been into the patient's personality. If you've been in very deeply, unless there are exceptional circumstances, I think the answer is never."

If the ethics vary according to opinion, they also vary according to cultural climate. In the Fifties, when uptight was the only way to go, sex in the surgery was doubtless secretive and guilt-ridden. When everyone started to relax in the Sixties, we may presume there was more shrink-patient sex.

By the Seventies, some psychiatrists had developed clinical rationalisations. The November 1976 *American Journal Of Psychiatry* reported that therapists who themselves had "erotic contact" with patients offered these reasons: "stimulating the clitoris helps a patient relax"; "intercourse was part of the therapy"; "it supports and reinforces a patient's sexual appeal" and "demonstrates a doctor's effectiveness to his patient."

Many who indulged also condemned the practice, which was "never beneficial", "happens but is an error" and "ended the relationship because the patient felt too guilty."

No Australian psychiatrist, at the height of the hedonistic Seventies, offered a public defence of sex with patients as a therapeutic practice. And at a RANZCP conference in Perth in May, Dr Suzanne Dobson, reflecting the profession's growing concern, said men involved with female patients often said they had done it "for the patient's own good." But the literature she had reviewed had failed to reveal even anecdotal evidence of sex benefiting the patient, she said. Sexual intimacy made it difficult, if not impossible, for the therapist to remain objective.

What say the greats? Sigmund Freud, in his letters to Hungarian analyst Sandor Ferenczi in 1931, assured Sandor that he, Freud, was not a prude, he was not a slave to *bourgeois* respectability, but "you have made no secret of the fact that you kiss your patients and let them kiss you." All right, said Sigmund, a kiss could be harmless, and in places such as Russia, people were very free with kisses. "But that does not alter the fact that we are not living in Russia and that with us a kiss signifies an unmistakable erotic intimacy." Patients in psychoanalysis were to be "denied erotic gratifications."

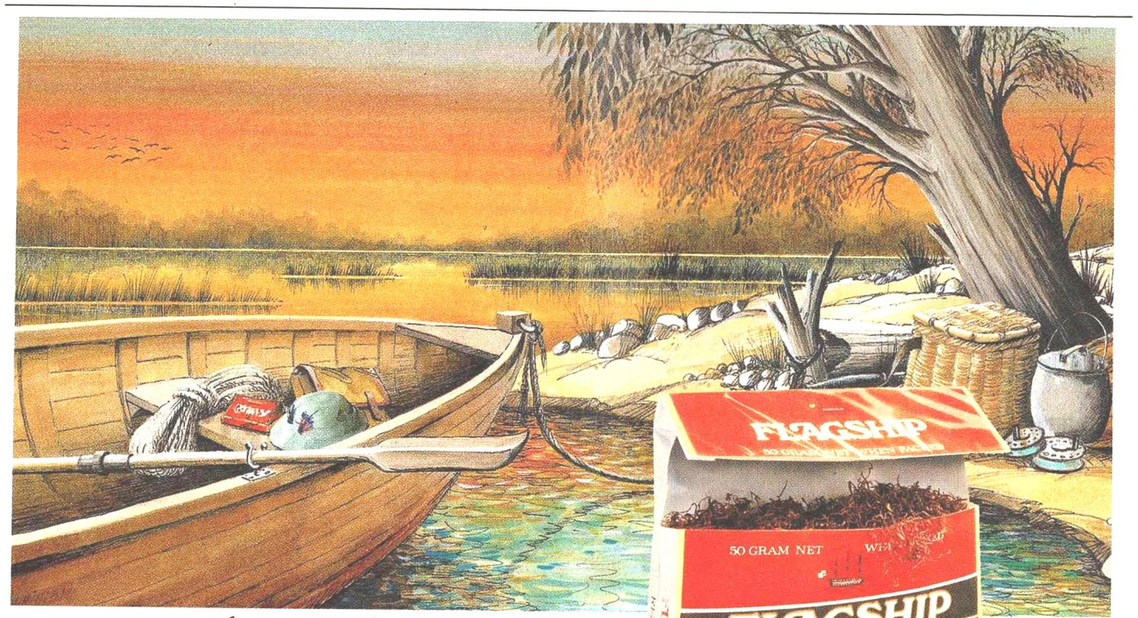
Wilhelm Reich, much encouraged by Freud and once thought by some to be his successor, was less puritanical. Myron Sharaf, in his biography of Reich, *Fury On Earth*, records Sigurd Hoel, a novelist friend of Reich's, telling him of "the one well-documented example of Reich's sexual indiscretion with a patient":

"[In late 1937 or early 1938] Reich took on a female patient, the ex-wife of a close colleague. She had gone into therapy with the explicit purpose of seducing Reich. In the beginning Reich told her that was out of the question. But in time she succeeded. The analysis stopped, the relationship began. Then the relationship would stop and the analysis resume. How long this went on I don't know, but at some point both the relationship and the analysis ended, the relationship, at least, at Reich's instigation. The patient was furious and was determined to tell the press about the incident. Reich suggested I speak to her, which I did. She poured out her hatred. I confined myself to listening and to pointing out how much she would hurt herself — not only Reich — through newspaper stories about the affair. She finally decided not to go to the newspapers."

When Hoel asked Reich the reason for the affair, Reich said simply: "A man must do foolish things, sometimes."

Indeed. Even the best doctors are human, regardless of whether they are male or female.

Win Childs, for her indiscretion, was suspended by the Medical Tribunal from practice for three years. She is appealing against the ruling.



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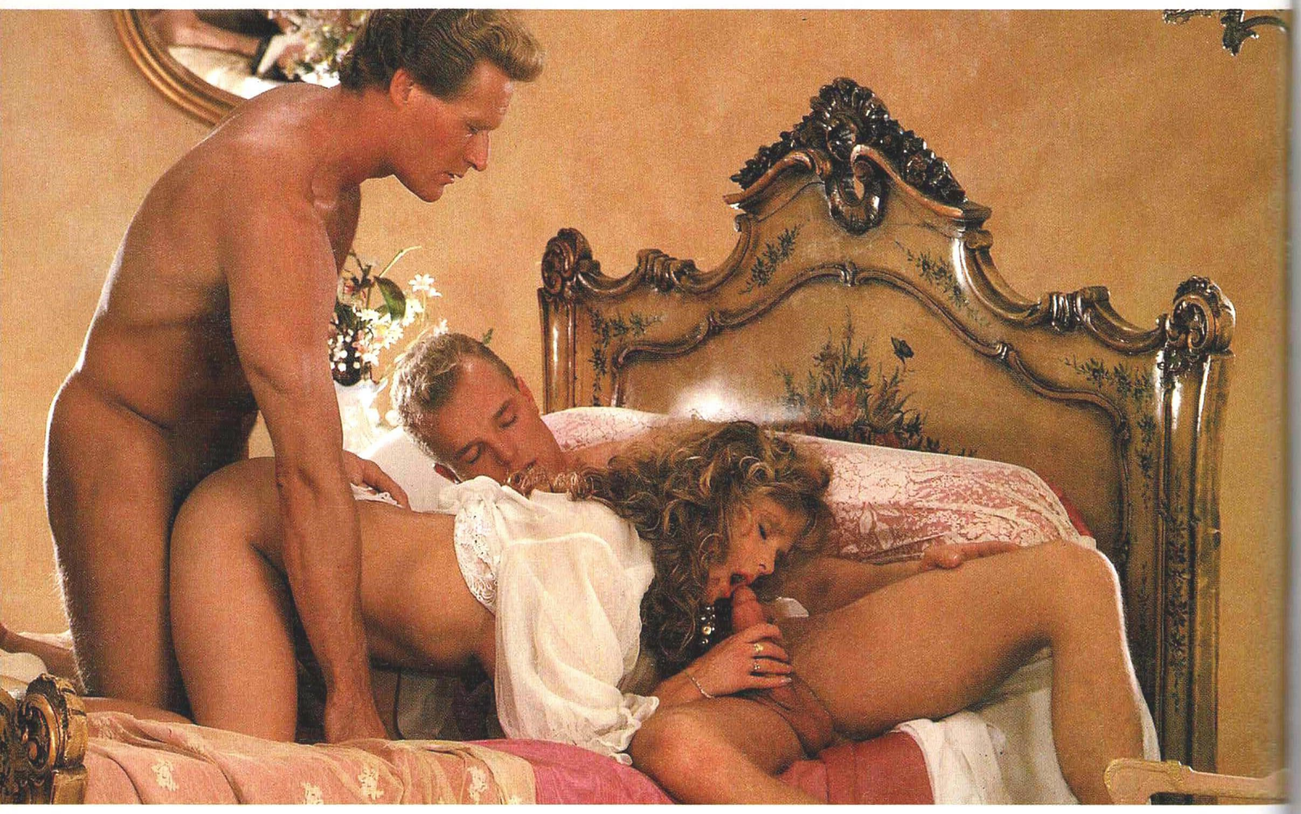
TRIPLE TREAT

Kathi, a 22-year-old secretary, had arranged to meet her sexy boss, Dale, for a secret rendezvous at a country hotel before the Grand Prix. She was surprised to find that he was accompanied by Sean, a new buck at the office.



When Kathi realised that there were three on the grid, she was afraid that it might be too hot to handle — she had never been part of a threesome before. But Dale and Sean were quick to slip the clutch and after a few laps Kathi was warmed up and revving to go.

She found that it wasn't difficult to adapt to their different styles of driving. As one changed up, the other would change down, and instead of double trouble, Kathi discovered double delight.

the MEN'S ROOM

Continued from page 78

women like *Penthouse*." A feminist gave me a little hand-made flyer a couple of months ago, which showed a bunch of guys jocking it up with the caption: "Men who *don't* like women like *Penthouse*." What do people think of that? Do you guys feel guilty about picking up *Penthouse*? What about hard-core porn? And what do your women think of it?

Mickey: My last girlfriend enjoyed *Penthouse* as much as I do — the articles and the pictorials. She'd comment on the girls, just the same as I do.

Dick: I've been in rooms with groups of people where there's hard core X-rated stuff showing, and the women are all saying: "God, turn that shit off." But as soon as the movie stops they'll grab the nearest bloke and head upstairs and they're porking like mad, re-enacting the whole thing.

Serge: When I've watched pornography with a girlfriend, it sort of turned me right off sex. And I'm a fan of pornography. But when you're with a woman, it just doesn't seem . . .

Chris: I think a lot of women agree with the proposition that men who like women like *Penthouse*. A lot of women didn't particularly like the radical feminist movement speaking on their behalf, just as I don't like an extreme group of any sort speaking on my behalf.

James: I've only ever watched video porn with a woman once, and she just couldn't wait for the end of the video to get it on. I've got a small collection of hard-core stuff at home and a girlfriend of mine found it and it just completely changed her attitude to sex. She suddenly discovered exactly what my fantasies were about, basically. It was really good for her. You get so many women who say: "Well, what do you really *like?*' Women I've met are quite prepared to accept the notion that you can get into bondage, you can get into all sorts of fantasy play, and it remains purely that. They don't see it as some sort of expression of deviance, of the ogre that you are — that this is the way you have to be. It's just one aspect of sexual play that you're allowed to play out, with the aid of pornography to assist your imagination and show what may be feasible.

MATES

Penthouse: The Australian concept of "mateship" seems unique, in that it has never really allowed men to talk about their personal problems and especially their genuine feelings. Subject matter was always limited to specific things: football, work, sex, whatever. Has this concept changed in recent years? Are Australian men growing up?

Dick: I believe it's definitely changed. I believe there's no solidarity now among the boys.

(General derision)

Dick: There is no solidarity. Take for example the traditional buck's night, where you go out with a team of blokes, you set the buck up with a hooker and he does the job on her, and all the boys go home and say nothing. These days there'll be one bloke lying in bed with his girl and there's a bit of pillow talk, he tells her what went on, and the next day she's on the phone and the next thing you know the rest of the tribe knows all about it. I'm sure in my father's era they used to do things like that and once you left the venue it was just taboo to say a word about it. I see it changing today. Guys will get home and have an attack of the guilts and spill the beans.

Penthouse: Are you saying that this is some sort of betrayal of the male ethos?

Dick: I certainly am. Yeah. If the boys are out for something like that, they all know what's going to happen. The girls can dream about what's going to happen, but the guy who goes back and actually tells — well, *whose fucking side is he on?*

Penthouse: I want a comment on this, James.

James: Sounds like an Aboriginal tribal ritual to me.

Serge: Don't knock the Abos, mate.

Dick: This ethos of mateship — it is a phenomenon around the world. People in America and Europe can't understand this mateship thing, where the bond between mates is so strong — and it goes back to the Anzacs, the idea of dying for your mates. It was like a club; a male club.

James: I reckon you're dead wrong. You look at the Greeks, you look at the Spaniards, you look at just about any culture in the world — they all have that same mateship ethos.

Chris: Do you know where it actually came from in Australia? In the early days, when there literally were no women in many parts of this country, you'd have 100,000 acres with sheep on them and it'd be two blokes together looking after the sheep. Boys will be boys and they sometimes get sick of sheep; and apparently the great Australian tradition of mateship came about through homosexuality.

Dick: That may be so. But what's happening today is that women are getting dragged in [to the "club"] by the bloke who does this sort of role reversal — well, not so much that, but he takes this sentimental sort of attitude and blabs, say, about who did what at the buck's night . . .

Chris: This has just happened to you, hasn't it?

Dick: No. But I've seen it happen. And I think there's a certain male domain, a tradition, in this country . . .

Chris: It's not Australian. You won't get any more of a male bonding thing than the Mafia. I don't think many women have been invited in on a Mafia hit.

James: I think what's happened is that it's a lot more acceptable now for blokes not to do things in purely male company that only blokes can do, like play football, be top-class sailors or whatever it may be. You don't have to be part of that bonding where you go out, sweat your guts out and commit your whole body to the event, then afterwards go back and drink beers and backslap each other . . .

Chris: And in comes bloody Tina Turner. I *hate* that.

James: A lot of blokes still do that — but a lot of blokes don't, and those who don't, don't have to feel guilty any more. It's like you don't get a white feather for being a wimp. So there's a rivalry now, if you like, between what you might call the "soft" men and the "hard" men.

Dick: The fact is that blokes are more aware now, and that's tended to kill those traditions I was talking about . . .

James: Guys are seeing more options for their own behavior, rather than the sort of gang mentality . . .

Dick: Yes. And I suppose I don't agree with that, because there are things that men have got to do that they go and do.

Chris: Anyone ever *been* to a buck's party?

James: Never been to one in my life.

Serge: I went to a buck's party *once*. I went and saw the buck locked up at Central Police Station — the only time I've ever been there. These guys are all dressed up in suits and they're all standing there in the dock, and there's all these drunks that came in the same wagon, guys with scabs on their faces, all of them off their heads, screaming: "Aaaaargghh, pretty boy, pretty boy . . ." It was the only time I've ever seen anything like this, and it was boring. I can't imagine a group of blokes having a good time doing this shit.

Penthouse: My question about the changing concept of mateship took a strange turn there. What I was getting at is this: there is a notion that as men we've loosened up a bit, that we're not as heavily stereotyped as our fathers and grandfathers were with the "us and them" — women vs men — mentality, a mentality which seems to be what Dick's defending. I was wondering if everyone here does feel more comfortable talking with males about things which would previously have been considered out of bounds — such as, for example, sexual problems with the girlfriend or wife — and if so, whether or not you're getting pleasure out of that.

Mickey: Like I said, I've got female friends that I can talk to about that.

Chris: But you're using that to chat them up, though. It's the greatest way to chat up girls.

Mickey: No, not at all. I've got a female friend who's stunning — if she walked in now everyone would say: "Oh, my God" — but she's such a good friend and I can talk about anything with her.

Penthouse: But what about guys? Can we only talk about certain things with women?

Mickey: I can talk with my mates about things like that.

Penthouse: Is that something that's changed?

Mickey: Yeah, I think so — but only because I've grown older.

Penthouse: Has it changed for everyone else? I mean, let's be honest about this — are we still sitting around bragging to our mates about who we fucked last Friday night, or are we more inclined to want to talk about how we feel about the woman we're involved with?

Mickey: I kiss and tell with the mates, only because it's the fun thing to do — talking about the root you had on Friday night.

Penthouse: But if some sort of emotional trauma happens, can you talk with them about that?

Mickey: I've just been doing it for the past three weeks, whingeing to my mates about this girl and what I might have done wrong with her, because I've done nothing wrong with her and she was perfect for me . . .

Chris: You weren't horrible enough to her.

Dick: "Treat 'em mean, keep 'em keen."

Chris: Five years ago I guess if you talked about those things with your mates you were a bit of a softcock. It feels a lot better to be able to talk with your mates and get it off your chest and for them to come back on you and give you some sort of positive response.

Penthouse: So things are changing in that area, and for the better?

Mickey: Shit yeah. I think they are.

Serge: I wouldn't do it because my friends are not interested.

Mickey: My friends are.

Chris: I don't think there's anything new about this — it's a stage of your life. When you're 18 hardly anybody's got a girlfriend; when you're 28 most people tend to be married and the divorces start popping up . . .

Serge: What happens when you're 37?

Chris: When you're 37 you start getting arrested for being Mr Bubbles.

Serge: Look, the fact is men are not being more open with each other *at all.*

James: I think they're being more open with the women in their lives, but they're not being more open with one another.

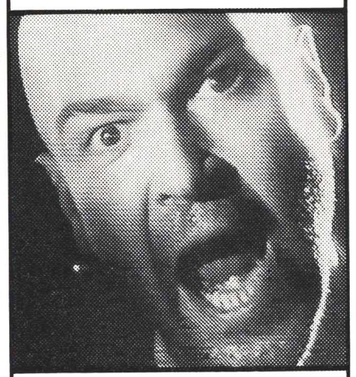
Serge: Because they don't see it as being worthwhile.

James: I don't know — and I don't think any of us know — whether things have changed for men, because none of us are old enough to judge when things were different. We can't tell.

Chris: We know things have changed superficially at least. There used to be ladies' lounges in hotels and now those rooms have all been turned into spaghetti restaurants.

Serge: All we know is we're all great blokes.

Chris: Dead right. Are you marching this year? ○+



WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF MS.

The fact is through research we are moving closer to finding a cure. A cure which will improve the quality of many people's lives. If you can help, please do. A cure could be only dollars away.

MS

10 weirdest

Continued from page 57

wad all over Mum's hanging macrame. As he moaned in ecstasy, I dropped my pants and mounted my prize. I plunged Little Grant deep into the swirling folds of creamy, crunchy delight. As I repeatedly impaled this perfect confectionery I realised that culinary climax was not far off.

The room was a mess. There was pavlova everywhere, and Sean had passed out. I cleaned myself up and played my bass until the coming of dawn. Next week Sean's mum is making a fruit cake and I can hardly wait. — *Name and address withheld*

Shit full of intellect

My wife Betty and I felt great when we moved out of the noise, congestion, and smog of the city into a small cottage in a peaceful town where there's plenty of space and clean air. But after a few weeks in our new home we began to feel that maybe it hadn't been a wise move.

The population of the town was so spread out that casual acquaintances were the only company we had, and they lacked the sophistication we were used to back in the city. "This is an awfully nice place to live," Betty remarked, "but there's no meeting of the minds."

"That's just the way I feel about it," I told her. "How about having some of our old friends come up and spend the weekend with us? If it works out we'll make a regular thing of it."

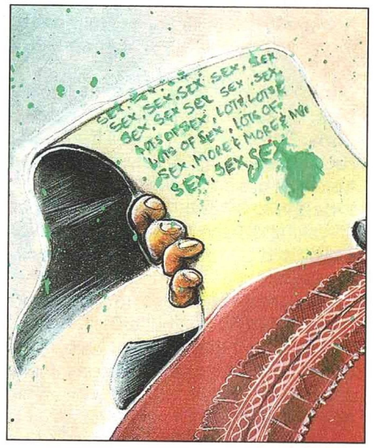
When a dozen or more of our city friends arrived the following Saturday we served them a big dinner and a lot of drinks, and all of us were in high spirits. When dinner was over we went into the living room and sat around enjoying each other's company. Betty was sitting on the lounge between Jim and Larry and Jim was so pleased to know we hadn't forgotten him that he put his hand under Betty's skirt and was affectionately caressing her pussy. Betty was flattered by this gesture of affection and so was her pussy, for she pulled her skirt up all the way, exposing to everyone present that patch of blonde hair they all loved so much. Then, gratefully, she reached over and took out Larry's cock as Jim went down on her.

This scene drew a round of applause from all the other guests, and when Betty got up to take off her clothes, they saw this as a cue to do the same. As I undressed, Margaret's bare boobs happened to be right near me, so I took the nipple of one in my fingers, started squeezing it, and took the other one into my mouth and chewed and sucked on it till she was gasping with pleasure. Miles knelt before her to finger-fuck her throbbing cunt while his wife Pamela licked my balls. Suddenly there came a high-pitched rippling outcry.

It was from Betty, now lying on the floor in an explosive orgasm, a stiff cock up her arse, another up her cunt, a third in her mouth, and one in each hand. And each of those cocks was attached to one of our guests! Richard opened his fly, and Karen grabbed his throbbing prick and began masturbating him like crazy.

When each guest had come at least once, there was a lull. But it didn't last long. Harold, his cock now at half-mast, but his desire for a dame to caress not withheld, put his hand under his arse, shit into it, and rubbed the shit all over Tom's balls as he vomited on Catherine's cunt. And the party ended ecstatically with all these lovely naked people joyfully throwing shit at each other.

I'm happy to say that this kind of get-together now takes place in our little home every weekend and Betty and I couldn't be happier. We not only love our new home,



we now also have the intellectual companionship we'd been missing. — *Name and address withheld*

Discovery tour

I thought your readers would like to hear of an interesting oral sex technique practised on me recently by a boyfriend who helps compile road maps. We were leaving a friend's dinner party, both a bit squiffed, and we were hardly inside his Toyota Land Cruiser when he pushed me back on the seat and ripped my gauzy panties from my pussy.

At first I tried to struggle but then he began murmuring *Woolloomooloo, Woolloomooloo* into my nether regions. The subtle and delightful reverberations this caused calmed me and involuntarily I began to moan. Sensing my enjoyment, he began hissing *Wingecarribee, Wingecarribee* with a viciousness that made my pussy hairs stand on end.

I began writhing and pulled him by the ears closer to my sopping sex. It was his turn to struggle now as he gasped for breath but somehow he summoned the strength to spit the word *Coonabarabran* at my swollen clitoris. I came in shattering spasms for what seemed like hours.

I highly recommend this form of travel. You may not catch much scenery but it certainly makes NSW seem like the State of Excitement. — *Ms Jane Stephen, Woolloomooloo, Sydney*

Pee for two

One night after work, a few of us girls went to a bar for a drink. After two or three beers, I left to go home. Well, on the way, I got caught in a terrible traffic jam. There I was, in the middle of the highway with cars all around me moving along at about two miles per hour. The effects of the drinks started to show and I realised that I was going to have to pee. I started to squirm to help ease the urge, but to no avail. It didn't take too long until I could see the warm wetness seeping out. Once I started to pee I thought I would never stop. One consolation I had, though, was that the other motorists around me didn't know what was happening.

When I got home and told my husband what had happened, he was very understanding and offered to clean my car.

A few nights later, when we were out in the backyard having a few beers, he mentioned what had happened. I thought he was going to tease me about it, but he surprised me when he told me that it made him feel horny seeing me with wet pants. As we talked about it I told him that oddly enough I had to pee. He said that was great because he wanted to see me in wet pants again. Well, it must have been the beer, because I said, "Sure" and jumped up in front of him and gave him a good view of my pee soaking my crotch and pant legs. When I finished, he dropped his shorts and we had a fantastic fuck right there in our backyard.

Since that night, we've done it often. Sometimes my husband tries it, too. We've also wet our pants in crowds. But no matter the locale, it always leads to a fantastic fuck. — *Name and address withheld*

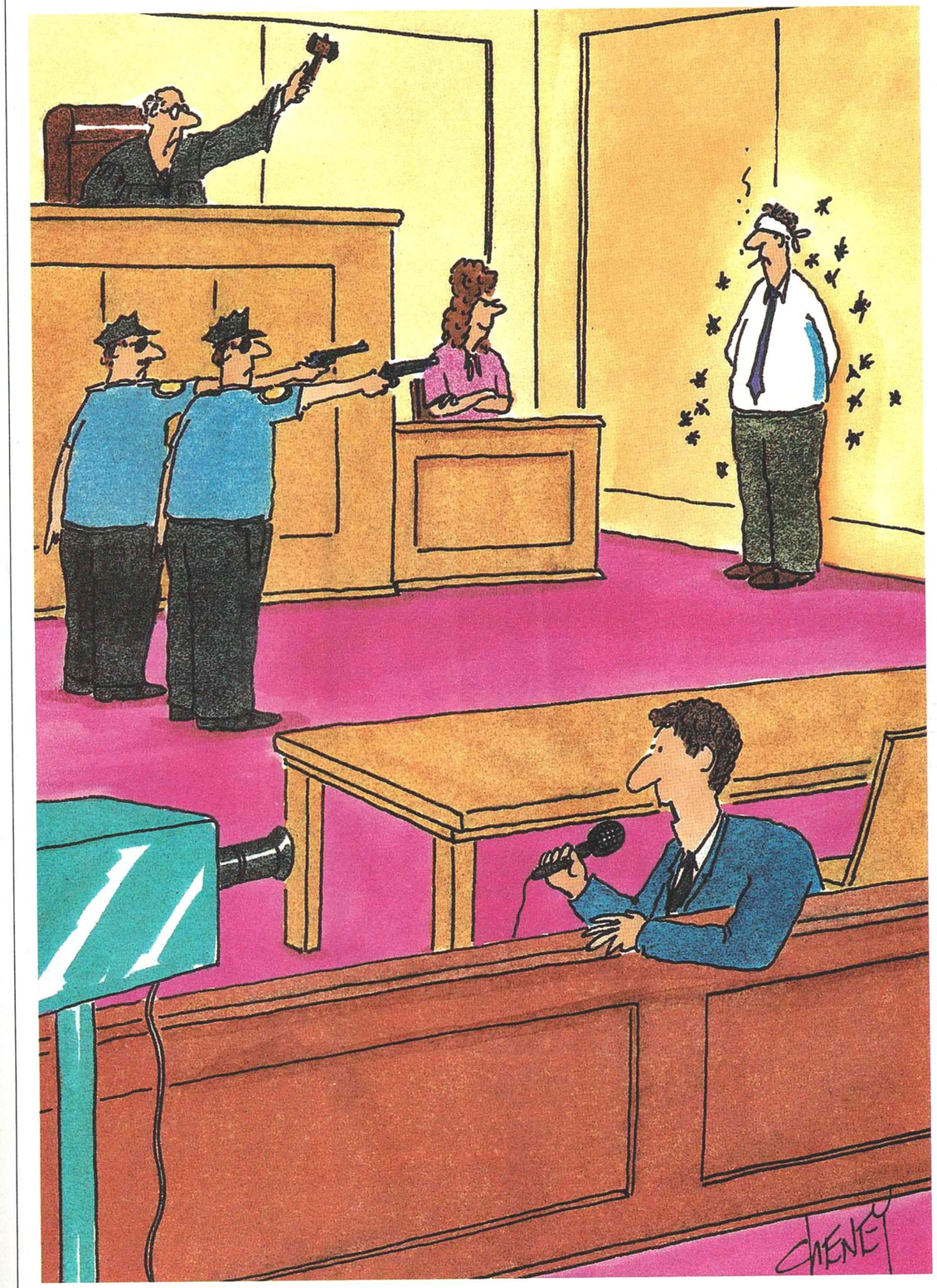
The ultimate screw

In my day I have heard outrageous tales of people who screw bananas, watermelons, bath taps, milk bottles and holes in trees. But none was good enough for me.

I had to find, for myself, the ultimate orgasm that man has sought ever since woman came from rib, a quintessential and a completely glorious experience.

It took months before I conceived what had to be the super-screw of all time. Once I made up my mind, I had only to prepare myself for this ultimate sexual confrontation. For weeks I spent long hours in rigorous masturbation, teaching myself ever-increasing self-control and, most important, the ability to eject sperm great distances.

Once I could strike the ceiling from a position on the floor, I felt I was ready. Two



"Welcome to today's session of divorce court . . ."

10 weirdest

days later, conditions were perfect. It was a wonderful night with brilliant clear skies and stars spread from horizon to horizon. I left my place and drove excitedly to a nearby park.

I was so thrilled and horny just from the contemplation of my plans, I could hardly control my old car. With my heart pounding, I strode across the lawns and bushy areas of the park until I located open ground which was treeless and totally deserted.

I undressed and lay on my back under the night sky. Gazing up, I looked at the object of my love and mad lust — the universe.

How my unsatiated desire to screw the whole universe gripped my body! Boiling with mad desire, I began to make long, slow upward thrusts, as my erection built and built. Within five minutes I was nearly erect and before ten minutes had passed the overwhelming passion in my loins had made me completely hard.

I gazed fondly at what I had wrought, then turning my attentions to the sky, I began to make love in thrusts that made the very stars twinkle. In response the wind came up and gently stroked my organ with tender, reciprocal affection.

Let me say that considering the challenge of the task I had set for myself, I did my mighty best. When at last I was at the peak of passion, arms and legs spread wide, groin heaving in rhythmic convulsions to the sky, my sperm spurted wildly up, arcing in a fountain that disappeared into the darkness.

At that instant, I saw a wonderful thing. From the southern sky, a shooting star blazed across the firmament, waxing brighter and brighter, then fading and finally disappearing beyond my vision.

I lay there on the grass, spent, limp and exhausted. But, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had not only fucked the universe . . . I had even made it come. — *Name and address withheld*

True confessions

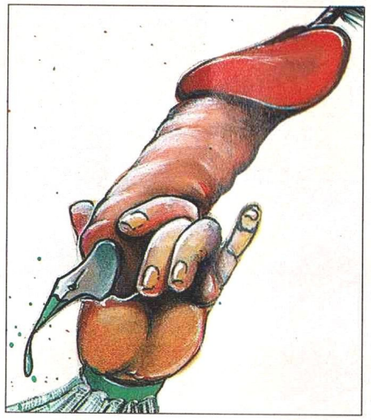
I spent half of my teenage life with a hard-on. Oscar Wilde was right when he said it was too bad that youth was wasted on the young. I couldn't agree more. I just wish I had half the sexual power I had then.

Now that I have the girls, I don't have enough hard-ons to go around. In my teens the situation was reversed. Not only was I a kid with sex on the brain almost every waking hour, but I was an Irish-Catholic kid. I hated confessing my sins of lust and masturbation to Father O'Neill, who advised cold showers and prayer. These penances never worked. I just had to get a screw!

My cousin Tom came to my rescue. Tom gave up being a Catholic because he liked sex too much. My parents warned me to stay away from him, but I liked going to his place because he had all these sex magazines that I could jerk off to. He told me that it was natural and healthy for me to be interested in naked ladies and to want to pound my beef for satisfaction. Tom lived just across the street from the church, so I felt even guiltier enjoying my evil lifestyle just steps away from Father O'Neill.

One day Tom told me he had a surprise waiting for me in the wardrobe. When I opened it I found a nude woman standing there looking at me! Tom laughed when I let out a scream of surprise. When I took a second look I realised that it was one of those rubber love dolls that are sold in porno stores. She had great big tits and a slit between her legs. As he placed her on his bed, Tom told me that it was time I lost my cherry.

I heard the church bells ringing across the street and saw people pour out of the



church. A wedding had just taken place, and the bride and groom, along with dozens of family members, were gathered on the steps. Tom pulled out his cock and jerked on it. "Just look at that bride," he sighed. "Tonight that lucky bastard will screw her virgin pussy."

I paid no attention to him. I was more interested in screwing my virgin cock into this love doll. I knew she wasn't real, but it was a change of pace.

Tom told me to take off my clothes and get started. I did as I was told. He gave me a few instructions, and I was on top of the doll fucking my iron-hard dick into her phony quim in no time. My head swam. I was in a frenzy of sexual heat. Her big tits were firm and smooth, and I could easily imagine myself actually screwing a real woman for the first time in my life.

My cousin stood next to me pulling on his prick while taking turns looking down at me, then across the street to where the wedding party had gathered together outside. Now and then he muttered something about the bride's unbroken cherry and what a lucky bastard the groom was.

I kept thrusting my pubescent prick into the doll, which was not only tight but grasping. It didn't take long for me to come. My juice spat out of my dick and into the gash. I let out a long, satisfied moan.

"Now suck her pussy," my cousin told me. "Suck your come out of it," he whispered.

I couldn't refuse because, after all, he was letting me stretch my sexual wings by fucking his love doll. I pushed my face between the doll's legs and tasted my own load as I sucked. Tom then told me to suck the doll's tits.

I brought my hungry mouth down on one of her scarlet nipples and chewed on it. Suddenly a rush of warm air passed over my lips and the doll shot past me and out the window! I had bitten a hole in the rubber tit and let out all the air!

I watched in amazement as the doll flew across the street and danced in the air above the wedding party. The people below looked up and shouted in horror at the naked woman who looked as if she was flying on her own power. After a few loops, she fell. The deflated doll draped itself over a flagpole.

The people in the wedding party started to chatter while the bride, in her virginal white, simply stared at the doll, aghast.

To this day I haven't gone back to confession. As a matter of fact, I quit being a Catholic, just like my cousin. How could I ever tell Father O'Neill about what I did? — *Name and address withheld*

A night to remember

I'm a student at a small local college and I never thought I'd be writing to you, but . . .

Last week I had an important mid-year exam coming up. My roommate was out for the night so I decided to stay in for the night and do some necessary reading. I sat taking notes until about 9.30. The telephone didn't ring, nor was there a knock at the door. I didn't have to get up to answer it only to find some blonde, brunette or redhead cheerleader whom I had lusted after in physics class standing at the door in a flimsy nightie. Nor did I have to invite her in, only to have her confess that she secretly lusted after me.

She didn't grab my rampant nine-incher and force it down her throat. Following this, she didn't rip her clothes off and beg me to fuck her for hours on end. I didn't come in quarts, and when we weren't finished she didn't give me a little peck on the cheek and promise to come back the next night with her girlfriend, one she "knew I'd like."

Instead, what happened was that no-one interrupted me that evening. I studied until 11, had a beer and went to bed. I rose early the next morning, showered and shaved, then attended a class for the exam. My mark was an A. While I was in class, a sexy blonde ignored me. — *Name and address withheld*

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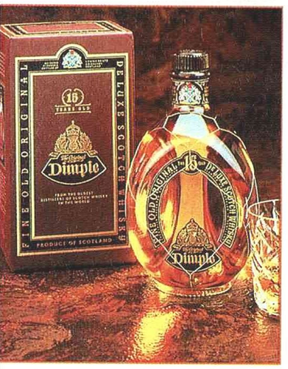
LOOSE ENDS

first class

Bugatti Games, an elegant designer series of traditional games featuring a distinctive black and grey finish, are now available to discerning Australian players. Shown here is a selection of Bugatti backgammon sets, available in nine-inch zip, and 11, 15 and 10-inch attache cases. They feature a classic black finish with a grey stripe and the Bugatti nameplate. Also shown are mahjong lines and the small compendium is a combination backgammon and chess set. Very modern and very well finished, they are imported exclusively by Intergames. For stockists, phone (02) 660 2800.



THE ESSENCE

The Dimple, a superb deluxe 15-year-old Scotch whisky from the oldest distillery in Scotland, has a magnificent heritage. It is blended from fine old malts and precious reserves of specially matured grain whisky with a lineage dating back to the first distillery established in 1627 at Fife. It is a Scotch with a medium amber color, matured in oak, and its refinement appeals to those who prefer the modern trend of lighter-bodied Scotch. The emphasis is on malt rather than peat so the palate is fresh and lightly aromatic with only a hint of smoky peatiness. The Dimple is the choice of connoisseurs the world over.

ON ITALIAN TIME

This eye-catching timepiece from the Italian house of Alessi represents a benchmark in clean, streamlined European design and reliable performance. The Momento, designed by Aldo Rossi in 1986, can be worn either as a wrist-watch or pocket watch thanks to a double case. Swiss-made and featuring a sophisticated "screw and press" crown which controls compression within the watch allowing water resistance to 100 metres, the Momento comes with a two-year international guarantee. For price and stockists, contact G. & C. Ventura on (02) 555 7277.

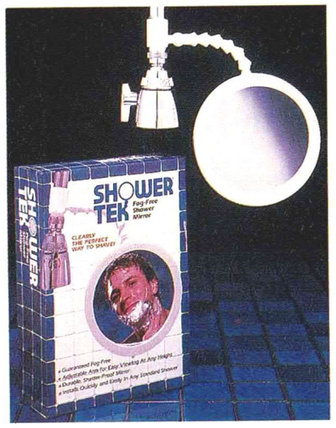
These great new looks from Faberge sunglasses are currently available across the land for surprisingly affordable prices. He's wearing tortoiseshell round frames with detachable sunglass lenses, retailing for a recommended $39.95. She's wearing Faberge rimless frames with detailed gold nose and arms. All Faberge lenses provide 100 percent protection from UV and reflected glare. Available at optical outlets, department stores and pharmacies.

VISION SPLENDID

Keeping things well-cut but casual, Sunski has just launched a new range of lightweight windcheaters, made in Australia. Long-sleeved double-knit with knit collars and inset non-knit cloth shoulders, the shirts are 100 percent cotton. They are available in black print on white, or neon yellow on black, and feature snappy, color-co-ordinated piping and press-studs at the neck. Cost is $59, from Sunski (02) 540 2233.

KEEPING IT CASUAL

A tearaway best-seller in the States soon after its invention in 1987, the ShowerTek fog-free mirror is now available in Australia through department stores, hardware shops and bathroom suppliers. Attached to the shower head, it allows men the time-saving pleasure of shaving under the shower, where heat and moisture soften the beard and residue is washed away. Its fog-free qualities come courtesy of a simple principle: hot water circulates behind the mirror,



MIRROR, MIRROR

heating the viewing surface above the dew point and rendering condensation impossible. The ShowerTek also swivels and has slight magnification for better viewing. It sells for a suggested $49.95.

SEVEN STAR

Most Australian spirit drinkers will be familiar with St Agnes 3 Star Brandy, perhaps the most popular local brandy. Harder to find, but worth the effort is its big sister, St Agnes XO 7 Star Brandy. St Agnes XO is guaranteed to be a blend of fine old pot-still brandies that have been matured in oak for not less than 20 years. Some components of the final blend are over 50 years old. While not allowed to be called a Cognac because it doesn't come from France, St Agnes XO can nonetheless hold its head high, having beaten Cognacs on two occasions in open world competition. It sells for around $45.

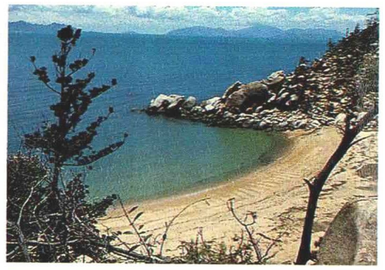
LOOSE ENDS

Backpacking is a freewheeling, no-deadlines way of travelling based on the philosophy of "the less you spend in transit, the longer you can stay on the road." Exploring Australia has posed difficulties for backpackers in the past because distances are great (and costs therefore relatively high), bus schedules are often inflexible and backpackers end up being dropped off in the middle of nowhere in the middle of the night.

To fill the gap, Deluxe Coachlines is now running the Backpackers Express from Sydney to Cairns and back again. The brightly-painted, five-star coaches feature the latest in rock music and movies, stopovers for barbecues and pub breaks, and also give travellers information on the destination they are about to visit. Coaches pick up and drop off at the most popular backpackers' destinations. A Backpackers Pass costs $130 and is valid for six months, *in one direction*, with unlimited stopovers.

Deluxe is offering two double Backpackers Passes as prizes to be won by *Penthouse* readers. All you have to do is answer the question below and post your entry to BACKPACKERS COMPETITION, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. Write your name and address on the back of the envelope. Entries close on Friday October 26.

WIN A FREEDOM TICKET



Question: For how long is a Deluxe Backpackers Pass valid?

New from Angove's, the venerable family-owned wine and spirit company from South Australia, comes the Butterfly Ridge range of table wines. Developed in response to market research that revealed growing consumer demand for quality wines that are attractively packaged, yet represent real value for money, the Butterfly Ridge range of four wine styles sells for around $5 a bottle at most liquor outlets.

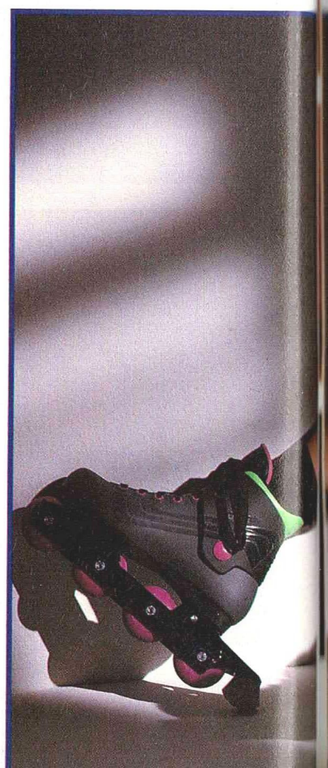
FLUTTER BUY

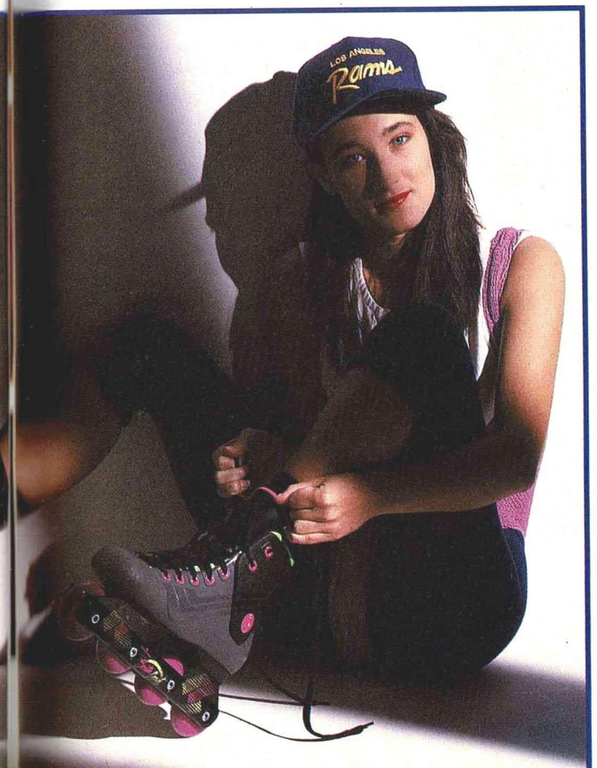
AVIATION CLASSICS

When these two model planes were on loan to *Penthouse* they attracted an almost unhealthy share of attention and wolf whistles from male admirers. If you get the chance to see one of these Aviation Classics in reality, you'll understand why. All hand-made and hand-painted in careful detail, the range available spans some 200 models (from pre-WWII, through Vietnam to the present, including helicopters and spacecraft) guaranteed to satisfy any aviation enthusiast. They're British-made, they come assembled and with stands, and they're not cheap, but a small (35.5cms) model is a guaranteed talking point, while the larger (91.5cms) examples can form the centrepiece of a room or promotional display. For information and catalogues phone Zimbler Pty Ltd on (03) 429 6977.

ROLLER DERBY

While this funky rolling stock may look difficult to control, it is in fact less tricky than your traditional roller skates. Solid, moulded boots fully support the feet and ankles, and the single roller blades are positioned on the boots in such way that they provide excellent end-to-end balance, and a back stop lessens the likelihood of you ending up on your arse. First marketed widely as road training devices for North American ice hockey players, roller blades are now a common sight in the States, where blading is a big-time leisure activity among the 16 to 35s. As high-quality product is now becoming readily available, blading's making waves here too, in the cities and on beach promenades. We've pictured the Roller Derby South Coast line (rrp $315), available from most skate stores. For stockists phone Skateboard World on (02) 744 2785.





two in one

This stylish pen features an inbuilt stamp for adding that extra seal of authority. Made by Heri and imported from Germany, they come in a range of colors and styles from plain to gold-plated and are available with both a three or four line stamp. Retailing for between $60 and $180, they're distributed by Pro Moda Profile, contactable on (02) 559 1940.

HEAD CASES

This mean line-up of motorcycling kit is the latest range of Shoei GRV replica helmets now available through McLeod Accessories in Sydney, Brisbane and Melbourne. On the starting grid we've got the Eddie Lawson 1990 replica, the Kevin Magee 1990, the Wayne Rainey 1990, the Dominique Sarron 1990 and the Kenny Roberts replica. Renowned for its high calibre and comfort, Shoei gear is high-tech, top of the range, and conforms with the highest international safety standards. These helmets sell for around $530. Shoei also produces the GRV in plain black and plain white. These sell for around $435.

Queensland's Pet Of The Month, Jade

A QUICK PEEK AT NOVEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Rorting The Sport — Since the communist bloc began to crumble, bizarre confessions have emerged from disgruntled coaches and dismayed athletes whose bodies were subjected to science fiction drug and training methods with flagrant disregard for their long-term welfare. *Penthouse* next month presents a comprehensive guide to the scientific nightmare that took place behind the Iron Curtain in the name of sport.

Radical Green — When Ben Elton wrote a very funny book called *Stark*, about a ragtag bunch of activists who were willing to put the Earth before their own lives, he might have inspired some of the over-the-top environmental antics going on right now in the States — and, increasingly, here in Australia. *Penthouse* investigates next month.

Hard Times — $25,000 won't get you far in a car sales yard in the Nineties. It's the price of a common Holden Commodore. But you can still look upmarket for 25 grand. Next month Motoring Editor Peter McKay picks the cars that will keep you looking upwardly mobile without sending you broke.

Glittering Prize — Queensland dancer Jade glides through the pages of October *Penthouse* in a softly sensuous pictorial that will have you demanding an encore.

giants

Continued from page 93

involve rinsing the mouth with water, wiping the body with a towel, throwing salt into the ring and staring down the opponent. When both fighters are psyched up to the maximum they squat, simultaneously touch their knuckles to the ground, then slam into each other. It's usually all over within ten seconds. Sumo is a sport requiring short bursts of explosive power rather than stamina. When wrestlers are interviewed after an exciting bout, a few catatonic grunts is all the enthusiastic reporter usually gets.

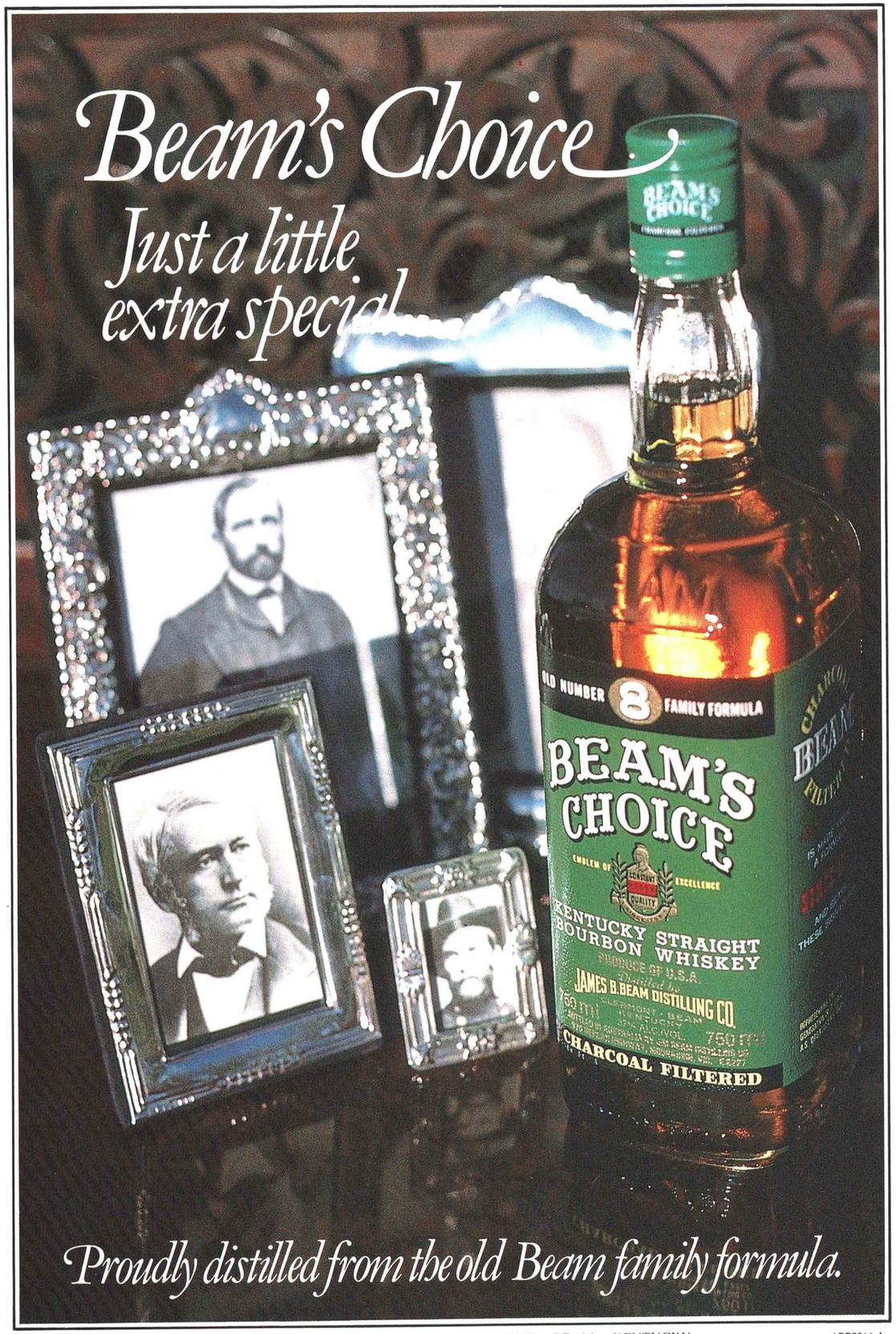
Some techniques have been exhaustively catalogued, but basically they involve thrusting your opponent back out of the ring with blows to the head and body (Terao's speciality), bellying him out (Konishiki's forte), grabbing his *mawashi* and throwing him down or out (for which Chiyonofuji is renowned), or felling him with a leg trip (one of Kirishima's favorites). Anyway, technique isn't a big worry if you weigh more than 150 kilos.

First stop on the way to sumo stardom is *Jonokuchi* division, then *Jonidan*. The number of wrestlers vary in these divisions: around 100 in *Jonokuchi* and 300 in *Jonidan*. The other divisions have fixed numbers, there being 200 in *Sandanme*, 120 in *Makushita*, 26 in *Juryo* and 38 in *Makuuchi*, providing a total of around 750 professional sumo wrestlers. Even the lowliest appear on the traditional *Banzuke*, a sheet listing the rankings and published before every tournament.

So if you're built for comfort rather than speed, and don't mind flaunting your natural assets in front of a crowd, why not give it a try? The hours are good, there's all the food you can eat, and you get free lessons in colloquial Japanese. If you succeed, your fabulous physique will appear in living rooms throughout the world as people turn on to the latest sports sensation.

For the ladies, the same opportunities unfortunately don't exist. They did once, though. Fans of GLOW (Gorgeous Ladies Of Wrestling) would have had a ball in 18th Century Japan. That's when *onnazumo*, or women's sumo, was in its heyday. Female wrestlers performed in brothels in the gay quarters, and went by names such Tamanokoshi (Holder Of The Balls), Harayagura (Watchtower On The Loins), Chichigahari (Big Boobs) and Kaigazato (Where The Clam Lives).

Some spoilsport managed to get this stimulating version of sumo outlawed back in 1926, no doubt to the dismay of buttock appreciators everywhere. If the ladies were included on the fight cards today, who knows how far the sumo boom might go?



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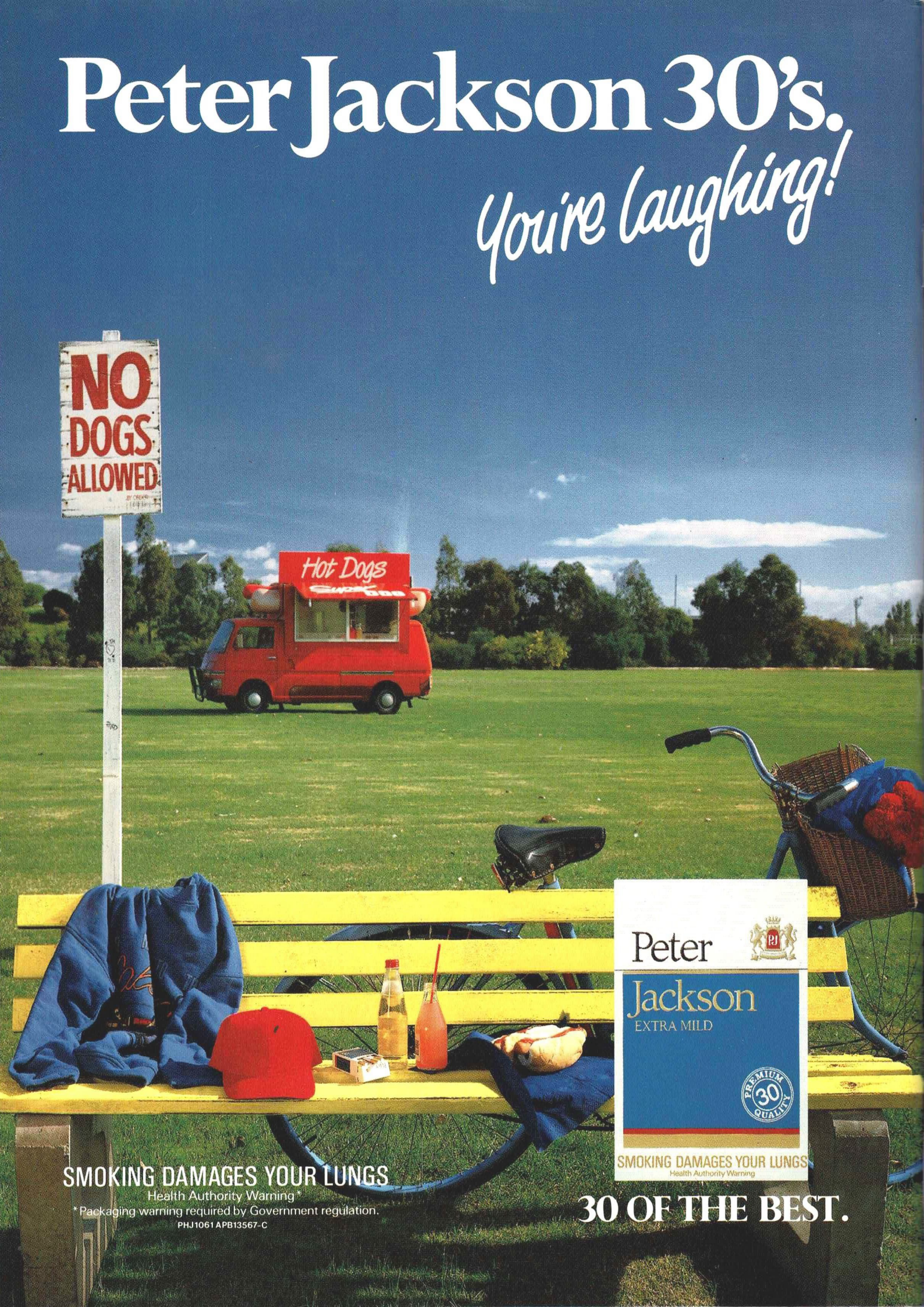
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Health Authority Warning
SMOKING DAMAGES YOUR LUNGS
Health Authority Warning*
*Packaging warning required by Government regulation.
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